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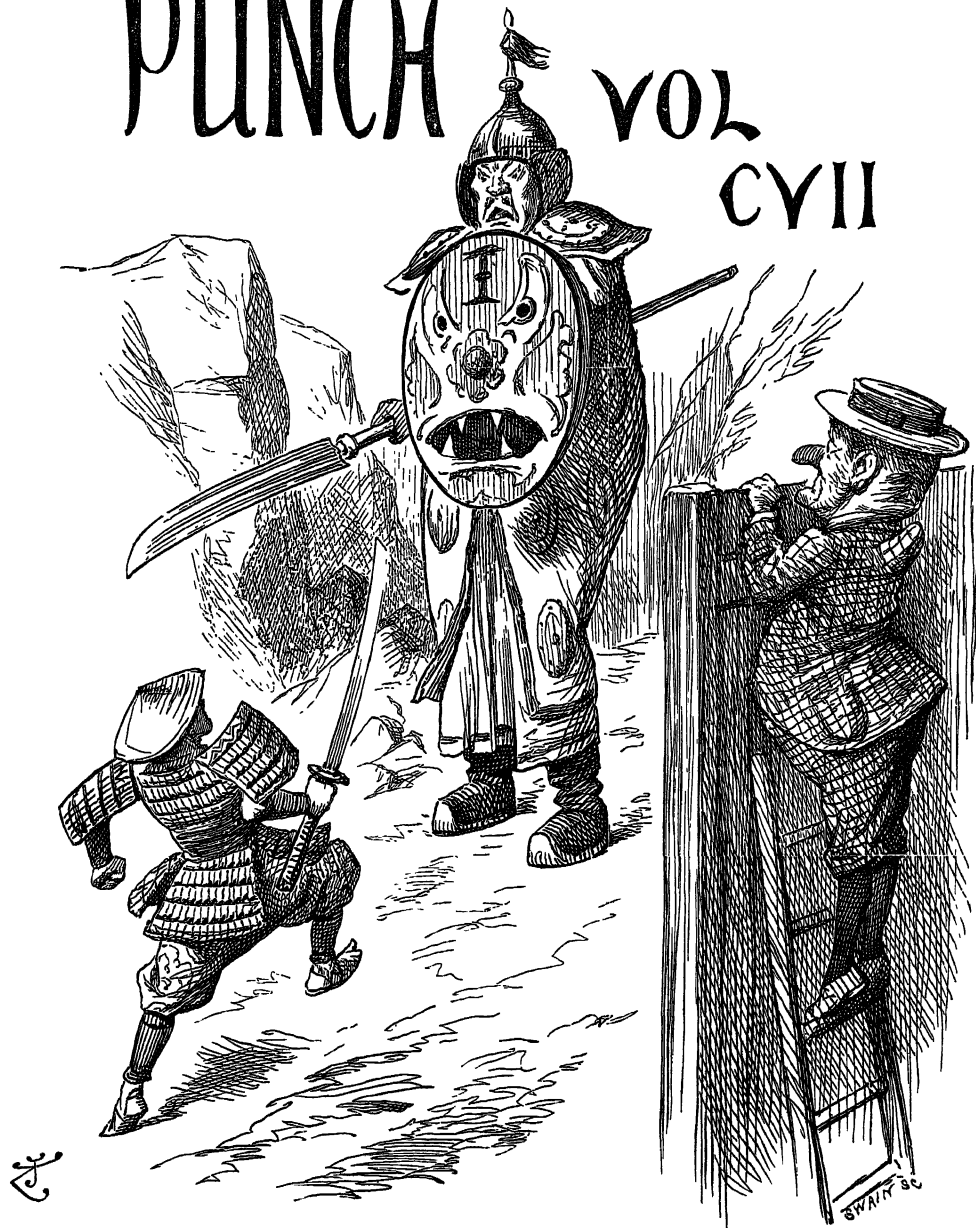






# PUNCH

## VOL CVII



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## PREFACE.

SCENE—Mr. PUNCH's Sanctum at "the Season of the Year." Enter Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Dr. SYNTAX.

"YOU may not recognise me, Mr. PUNCH," quoth the old Knight, with stately modesty.

"Not recognise Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY?" rejoined Mr. PUNCH, urbanely. "Why, even disguised as a Saracen's Head—ha! ha! ha!—I should know those well-loved lineaments."

"I perceive, indeed," said the Knight, with scarcely-veiled complacency, "that you have perused my friend ATTICUS-ADDISON's all-too flattering account of me and my several adventures."

"I know my *Spectator* by heart," replied Mr. PUNCH. "Nor," added he, turning to the quaint, black-vestured, bob-wigged figure at Sir ROGER's elbow, "are Dr. SYNTAX's Tours unfamiliar to my memory. Like yourself, I can say—

You well know what my pen can do,  
And I employ my pencil too.

I *vide*, and *write*, and *sketch*, and *print*,  
And thus create a real mint;

I *prose* it here, I *verse* it there,  
And *picturesque* it everywhere."

"Marvellous man!" cried Dr. SYNTAX, lifting his eyebrows until they almost met the downward curve of his tilted wig.

"TOBY," cried Mr. PUNCH, "call for clean pipes, a roll of the best Virginia, a dish of coffee, wax candles, and the Supplement (otherwise my Christmas Number). Tell them, TOBIAS, to follow with a bowl of steaming punch—my own particular *merum nectar*—and Sir ROGER shall see what I have forgotten of his story, his tastes, and the duties of *Amphitryon*!"

In two minutes the Illustrious Trio were "making the centuries meet" under the benignly blending influences of Good Tobacco, Sound Tiptle, and Cheery Talk.

"And how fares 'Our Village' (to quote Miss MITTFORD) in these revolutionary days?" queried Dr. SYNTAX. Mr. PUNCH smiled, and promptly quoted:—

"And liquor that was brew'd at home  
Among the rest was seen to foam.  
The Doctor drank, the Doctor ate,  
Well pleased to find so fair a treat.

Then to his pipe he kindly took,  
And, with a condescending look,  
Call'd on his good Host to relate  
What was the Village's new state."

"Exactly so," cried the pursuer of the picturesque, profoundly flattered by Mr. PUNCH's prodigious memory.

"Aye, prithee, Mr. PUNCH," said the old Knight, seriously, "tell us what means all this new-fangled nonsense of Parish Meetings, Village Councils, Hodge pitchforked into power, and Squire and Parson out of it, and I know not what revolutionary rubbish and impious absurdity?"

"It means, my dear Knight," replied Mr. PUNCH pleasantly, "that power and responsibility, otherwise the Village Vote, are, like a new *IPHIGENIA*, to rouse the rustic CYMON into manhood and manners, till he of whom it was said that

'His corn and cattle were his only care,  
And his supreme delight, a country fair,'

shall learn to rule not only himself, but his own village. You remember your DRYDEN, Sir ROGER?"

"Humph!" groaned the Knight, "too well, too well!"

'A judge erected from a country clown'

might do well enough in poetry, but may mean ruin in practice. My misguided and stubborn friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, should have lived to see this day, and acknowledge the prescience of the testy old Tory he was wont to deride."

"Tilly-vally, my dear Sir ROGER," returned the host, cheerily; "trouble not thine honest soul with such gruesome forebodings. 'The old order changeth, yieldeth place to new.' But 'tis 'lest one good custom should corrupt the world.' CYMON, with a vote, will not capsize the Commonwealth, any more than the British workman hath done, despite the prognostications of BOB LOWE and other cocksure clever ones. I'll see that the 'Good Old Times' are not banished, save to give place to Better New Ones! The New Village, Dr. SYNTAX, may not be quite as picturesque—in the old artistically dilapidated, damp, dirty, disease-gendering sense—as the old one. As you yourself said—

'Though 'twill to hunger give relief,  
'There's nothing *picturesque* in beef.'

No, nor are cleanliness, sanitation, education, fair wage, an independent spirit, and the capacity for self-government. These things, dear Doctor, make the Man, not the Picture, and Man-making is—or should be—the aim of modern statesmanship."

"Mr. PUNCH," said Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY earnestly, "my only wish is that Merry England, in going in for the New Politics may not lose the old humanities and humours and heartinesses."

"As described, Sir ROGER, in your own words, of which your presence and the festive season, remind me:

'I have often thought that it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a-running for twelve days to everyone that calls for it.'

(*The Spectator*, No. 131, Tuesday, July 31, 1711.)

"Trust me, gentlemen," continued Mr. PUNCH, "all that was really good—like this—in the Good Old Times you know can be preserved in the Better New Times we hope for. There will be plenty of work for the Sir ROGERS, the Dr. SYNTAXES, for your humane Vicar, Doctor, and your Squire HEARTY and Squire BOUNTY, in the New Village as in the old one. We love the old country customs, but our country dance cannot for ever be to the same old tune—even the loved and time-honoured one of '*Sir Roger de Coverley*'!"

"Sir," said the good old Knight, gladly, "you are doubtless right—as you always are—and I shall return to the Shades greatly solaced both by your good cheer and your good counsel!"

"Sorry to lose your company so soon!" cried the Fleet Street Amphitryon. "I perceive, Dr. SYNTAX, that your old grey mare, *Grizzle*, awaits you at the door. '*Vale! O Vale!*' You ride pillion-wise, Sir ROGER, I suppose. Well, to cheer your journey, brighten the Shades, and reassure ye both as to the safety of the New Village under the guidance of the Old Counsellor, take with ye my

One Hundred and Seventy Volume!!





MR. PUNCH AT WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND.

"DON'T MAKE A NOISE, OR ELSE YOU'LL WAKE THE BABY"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ABOUT the reminiscences of GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA there lingers a before-the-Flood flavour which abashes my Baronite. In *Things I have Seen*, and *People I have Known*, two volumes, published by CASSELL, there is nothing merely modern. The only thing G. A. S. doesn't appear to have seen was the world in the state of chaos, and almost solitary among the people he has not known was METHUSELAH. That is an illusion due to the art of the writer, for, as a matter of fact, his recollections commence in the year 1839, when he was a boy at school in Paris, snubbed, flippied, tweaked, punched, and otherwise maltreated, by way of avenging Waterloo in his person, and redressing the petty injuries inflicted upon NAPOLEON at St. Helena by Sir HUDSON LOWE. Mr. SALA has not only lived long, but, like ULYSSES, has travelled much, and has had singular good fortune in being around when things were stirring. Thus, for example, in the year 1840, as he happened to be strolling down the Rue de la Paix, he saw a carriage draw up at a jeweller's shop, escorted by a troop of shining cuirassiers. In it were two handsomely-dressed ladies, "in cottage bonnets, with side-ringlets." There was also a Norman peasant-woman, and in her lap reposed a greatly glorified baby. One of the ladies was the Duchesse D'ORLEANS, Consort of the Heir Apparent, and the bundle of pink flesh was the Comte de PARIS, who seemed at the time to have nothing to do but to grow up to man's estate, and take his place among the kings of France. Sixteen years later, in the Rue de Rivoli, Mr. SALA saw another carriage; more glittering cuirassiers; another little pink face; again two little pudgy hands, and a surrounding wave of lace. Baby number two was the Prince Imperial, and the scenes culled from the flowery field of the great journalist's memory mark two memorable epochs in French history. A mere list of the people Mr. SALA has known, and the things he has seen, form of themselves an enticing, even an exhilarating chapter. THACKERAY and DICKENS he knew, and worked with, and he throws some fresh light on their characters. Soldiers, actors, statesmen, kings, murderers, and *habitats* of debtors' prisons, have all come under his observation, and live again in his pages. He is careful to make it clear that this is not his autobiography. On that he is still engaged. This work, presented as a sort of *hors d'œuvre*, effectually serves to whet the

appetite, and makes the world hope he will hurry up with the remaining dishes in the rare feast. "So says my Baronite, and the Court is with him."

In reply to a question, which is "not a conundrum," at least so says an Inquirer, as to "why the Baron spells 'sherbet' with two 'r's' instead of only one," the Baron would remind his interlocutor that, *firstly*, "genius is above all rules"; that, *secondly*, the Baron would rather err with two "r's" than have anything to do with a "bet" when it can possibly be avoided; *thirdly*, that being of a generous disposition, in this hot weather he loves prodigality in liquids; not ashamed of avowal. *Finally*, he states that he unconditionally withdraws the "r" in the second syllable of "sherbert," because in "sherbet" there is no 'ert' to anyone. So here's to his eminent Inquirer's jolly good health, says

THE BOUNTIFUL B. DE B.-W.

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

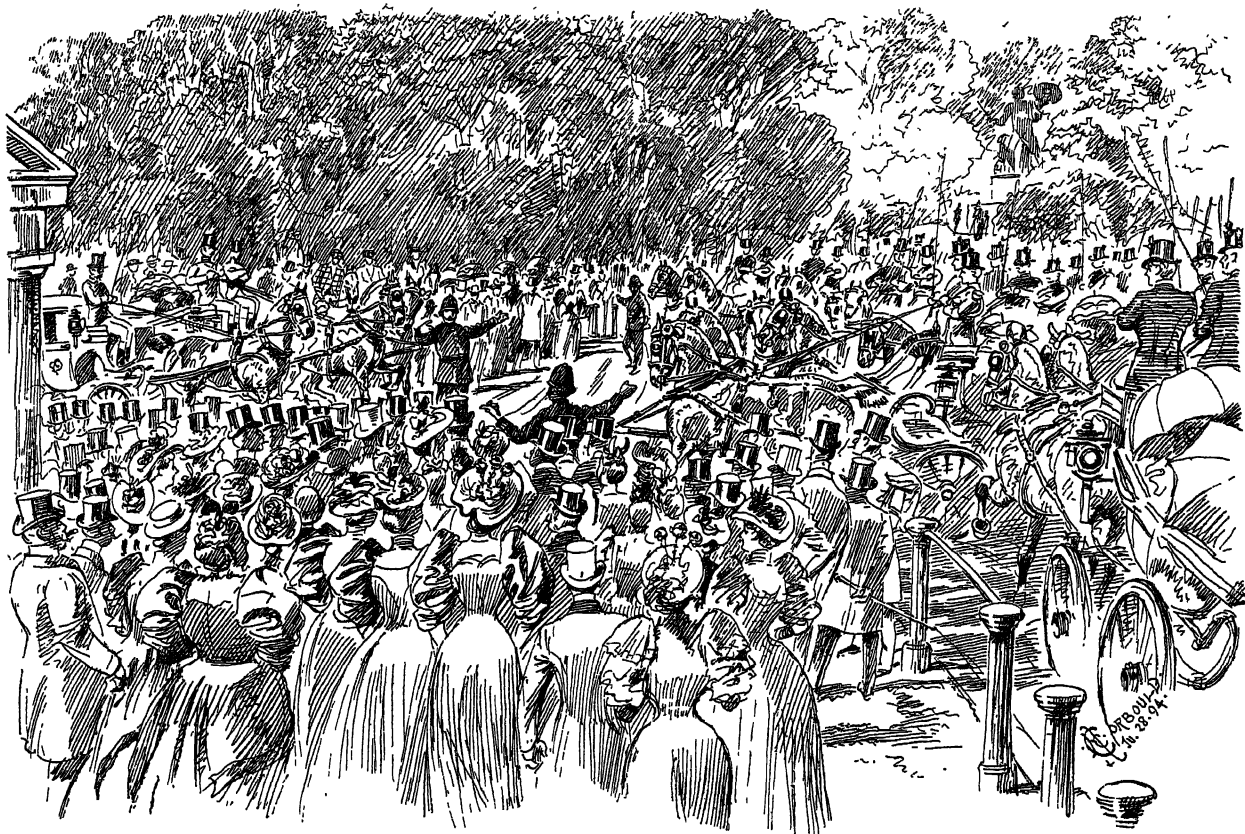
ONE of the most pleasing incidents at the opening of the Tower Bridge was the introduction by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN of the Recorder of London to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES. "Our Own Special" was not sufficiently near to hear the dialogue that passed between them, but he has reasons for believing that LORD CARRINGTON observed to H.R.H., "Sir, I have the honour to present to your notice Sir CHARLES HALL." Not to be outdone in courtesy, the Recorder immediately added, "And I, Sir, am delighted to make known to your Royal Highness LORD CARRINGTON." Then returned the Prince, with his customary gracious kindness, "I am rejoiced to meet two officials of so much distinction; but, do you know, — I fancy we have met before! Indeed I am certain that the excellent make-up of Sir CHARLES' wig and the easy carriage of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN could only have been acquired by long practice on the boards of the Cambridge A.D.C. I congratulate you my Lord, and you Mr. Recorder upon the excellent use to which you have put the educational advantages that you and I have derived from our common *Alma Mater*." At this point the Tower guns began to be fired, and consequently the remainder of the conversation was lost in the reverberations of heavy artillery.





"OLD KASPAR."

(Vide Poem, "The Battle of the Budget.")



### THE SOCIETY CRUSH AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

*Constable (in foreground, regulating Carriages and Pedestrians going North and West, to comrade ditto going East and South). " 'OLD ON THAT LOT O' YOURN, BOB, WHILE I GITS RID O' THIS STUFF! "*  
*[Indicates with his left thumb the crush of Loungers who are patiently waiting his leave and help to get across to "The Ladies' Mile." ]*

### THE BATTLE OF THE BUDGET.

*(Some Way after Southey's "Battle of Blenheim.")*

"Old Kaspar" . . Sir W. V. H.-RC.-RT.

I.

It was a summer evening,  
 Old KASPAR's work was done;  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was resting in the sun,  
 And by him sported on the green  
 BUNG's little daughter, WITLERINE.

II.

She saw BULL's youngest, JOHNNYKIN,  
 Roll something large and round  
 Which he beside the village pump  
 In playing there had found;  
 He came to ask what he had found  
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

III.

Old KASPAR took it from the boy,  
 And winked a wary eye;  
 And then the old man shook his head,  
 And with a natural sigh,  
 "This is some Landlord's skull," said he,  
 "Who fell in our Great Victory!"

IV.

"This jug of ale, my WITLERINE,  
 Seems rather thin and flat!  
 Eh! 'Budget-Beer,' of the new tap?  
 Watered, and weak at that!  
 Humph! With it, then, I mustn't quarrel,  
 It is that sixpence on the barrel!"

V.

"There is some comfort in this skull.  
 Hope there'll be more about!  
 Death has its Duties, may have more,  
 As rich folk will find out;  
 For many wealthy men," said he,  
 "Were 'hit,' in our Great Victory!"

VI.

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
 Young JOHNNYKIN he cries;  
 And little WITLERINE looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes;  
 "Now tell us of that Budget war,  
 And what they whopped each other for."

VII.

"It was the Rads," old KASPAR cried,  
 "That put the Nobs to rout.  
 But what we whopped each other for  
 Some people can't make out.  
 But 'twas a long, hard fight," quoth he,  
 "And we'd a well-earned Victory!"

VIII.

"Eaton Hall, Chatsworth, Blenheim, then  
 Raised quite a Bitter Cry;  
 Dukes said their dwellings they'd shut up,  
 (Though that was all my eye!)  
 They'd be hard put to it (they said)  
 To keep a roof above their head."

IX.

"With protests loud the country round  
 Was ringing far and wide;  
 Our 'Predatory Policy'  
 (As usual) was decried."

But such things will attend," said he,  
 "A Democratic Victory!"

X.

"They said it was a shocking sight  
 After the fight was won  
 To see rich Landlords quake with fear—  
 And to their lawyers run!  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 After a Liberal Victory."

XI.

"Great terror seized on Brother BUNG;  
 The brewers all turned green."  
 "That was a very cruel thing!"  
 Said little WITLERINE.

"Nay, nay, you naughty girl!" quoth he;  
 "It was a—People's Victory!"

XII.

"And everybody praised the Knight  
 Who such a fight did win!"

"But what good comes of it—to us?"  
 Quoth little JOHNNYKIN.

"Ah! if you live, you'll learn!" said he;  
 "But 'twas a Glorious Victory!"

XIII.

"I don't quite like this Budget-Beer,  
 It savours of the pump.  
 But—there's a meaning in that skull  
 Will make the Landlords jump,  
 Both Peers and Bungs; and *that*," quoth he,  
 "Makes it a fruitful Victory!"

A GREAT many young ladies have a literary taste just now, and during this warm weather are *rushing into print*.

# LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART I.—SHADOWS CAST BEFORE.

SCENE I.—SIR RUPERT CULVERIN'S Study at Wyvern Court. It is a rainy Saturday morning in February. Sir RUPERT is at his writing-table, as Lady CULVERIN enters with a deprecatory air.

*Lady Culverin.* So here you are, RUPERT! Not very busy, are you? I won't keep you a moment. (She goes to a window.) Such a nuisance it's turning out so wet with all these people in the house, isn't it?

*Sir Rupert.* Well, I was thinking that, as there's nothing doing out of doors, I might get a chance to knock off some of these confounded accounts, but—(resignedly)—if you think I ought to go and look after—

*Lady Culverin.* No, no, the men are playing billiards, and the women are in the Morning Room—they're all right. I only wanted to ask you about to-night. You know the LULLINGTONS and the dear Bishop and Mrs. RODNEY, and one or two other people, are coming to dinner? Well, who ought to take in ROHESIA?

*Sir Rup. (in dismay).* ROHESIA! No idea she was coming down this week!

*Lady Culverin.* Yes, by the 4.45. With dear MAISIE. Surely you knew that?

*Sir Rup.* In a sort of way; didn't realise it was so near, that's all.

*Lady Culverin.* It's some time since we had her last. And she wanted to come. I didn't think you would like me to write and put her off.

*Sir Rup.* Put her off? Of course I shouldn't, ALBINTIA. If my only sister isn't welcome at Wyvern at any time—I say, at any time—where the deuce is she welcome?

*Lady Culverin.* I don't know, dear RUPERT. But—but about the table?

*Sir Rup.* So long as you don't put her near me—that's all I care about.

*Lady Culverin.* I mean—ought I to send her in with Lord LULLINGTON, or the Bishop?

*Sir Rup.* Why not let 'em toss up? Loser gets her, of course.

*Lady Culverin.* RUPERT! As if I could suggest such a thing to the Bishop! I suppose she'd better go in with Lord LULLINGTON—he's Lord Lieutenant—and then it won't matter if she does advocate Disestablishment. Oh, but I forgot; she thinks the House of Lords ought to be abolished too!

*Sir Rup.* Whoever takes ROHESIA in is likely to have a time of it. Talked poor CANTIRE into his tomb a good ten years before he was due there. Always lecturing, and domineering, and laying down the law, as long as I can remember her. Can't stand ROHESIA—never could!

*Lady Culverin.* I don't think you ought to say so, really, RUPERT. And I'm sure I get on very well with her—generally.

*Sir Rup.* Because you knock under to her.

*Lady Culverin.* I'm sure I don't, RUPERT—at least, no more than everybody else. Dear ROHESIA is so strong-minded and advanced and all that, she takes such an interest in all the new movements and things, that she can't understand contradiction; she is so democratic in her ideas, don't you know.

*Sir Rup.* Didn't prevent her marrying CANTIRE. And a democratic Countess—it's downright unnatural!

*Lady Culverin.* She believes it's her duty to set an example and meet the People half way. That reminds me—did I tell you Mr. CLARION BLAIR is coming down this evening, too?—only till Monday, RUPERT.

*Sir Rup.* CLARION BLAIR! never heard of him.

*Lady Culverin.* I suppose I forgot. CLARION BLAIR isn't his real name though; it's only an alias.

*Sir Rup.* Don't see what any fellow wants with an alias. What's his real name?

*Lady Culverin.* Well, I know it was something ending in "all," but I mislaid his letter. Still, CLARION BLAIR is the name he writes under; he's a poet, RUPERT, and quite celebrated, so I'm told.

*Sir Rup. (uneasily).* A poet! What on earth possessed you to ask a literary fellow down here? Poetry isn't much in our way; and a poet will be, confoundedly!

*Lady Culverin.* I really couldn't help it, RUPERT. ROHESIA insisted on my having him to meet her. She likes meeting clever and interesting people. And this Mr. BLAIR, it seems, has just written a volume of verses which are finer than anything that's been done since—well, for ages!

*Sir Rup.* What sort of verses?

*Lady Culverin.* Well, they're charmingly bound. I've got the book in the house, somewhere. ROHESIA told me to send for it; but I haven't had time to read it yet.

*Sir Rup.* Shouldn't be surprised if ROHESIA hadn't, either.

*Lady Culverin.* At all events, she's heard it talked about. The young

man's verses have made quite a sensation; they're so dreadfully clever, and revolutionary, and morbid and pessimistic, and all that, so she made me promise to ask him down here to meet her!

*Sir Rup.* Devilish thoughtful of her.

*Lady Culverin.* Wasn't it? She thought it might be a valuable experience for him; he's sprung, I believe, from quite the middle class.

*Sir Rup.* Don't see myself why should he be sprung on us. Why can't ROHESIA ask him to her own place?

*Lady Culverin.* I daresay she will, if he turns out to be quite presentable. And, of course, he may, RUPERT, for anything we can tell.

*Sir Rup.* Then you've never seen him yourself! How did you manage to ask him here, then?

*Lady Culverin.* Oh, I wrote to him through his publishers. ROHESIA says that's the usual way with literary persons one doesn't happen to have met. And he wrote to say he would come.

*Sir Rup.* So we're to have a morbid revolutionary poet staying in the house, are we? He'll come down to dinner in a flannel shirt and no tie—or else a red one—if he don't bring down a beastly bomb and try to blow us all up! You'll find you've made a mistake, ALBINTIA, depend upon it.

*Lady Culverin.* Dear RUPERT, aren't you just a little bit narrow? You forget that nowadays the very best houses are proud to entertain Genius—no matter what their opinions and appearance may be. And besides, we don't know what changes may be coming. Surely it is wise and prudent to conciliate the clever young men who might inflame the masses against us. ROHESIA thinks so; she says it may be our only chance of stemming the rising tide of Revolution, RUPERT!

*Sir Rup.* Oh, if ROHESIA thinks a revolution can be stemmed by asking a few poets down from Saturday to Monday, she might do her share of the stemming at all events.

*Lady Culverin.* But you will be nice to him, RUPERT, won't you?

*Sir Rup.* I don't know that I'm in the habit of being uncivil to any guest of yours in this house, my dear, but I'll be hanged if I grovel to him, you know; the tide ain't as high as all that. But it's an infernal nuisance, 'pon my word it is; you must look after him yourself, I can't. I don't know what to talk to geniuses about; I've forgotten all the poetry I ever learnt. And if he comes out with any of his Red Republican theories in my hearing, why—

*Lady Culverin.* Oh, but he won't, dear. I'm certain he'll be quite mild and inoffensive. Look at SHAKESPEARE—the bust, I mean—and he began as a poacher!

*Sir Rup.* Ah, and this chap would put down the Game Laws if he could, I daresay; do away with everything that makes the country



"What on earth possessed you to ask a literary fellow down here?"

worth living in. Why, if he had his way, ALBINIA, there wouldn't be—

*Lady Culv.* I know, dear, I know. And you must make him see all that from your point. Look, the weather really seems to be clearing a little. We might all of us get out for a drive or something after lunch. I would ride, if *Deerfoot's* all right again; he's the only horse I ever feel *really* safe upon, now.

*Sir Rup.* Sorry, my dear, but you'll have to drive then. ADAMS tells me the horse is as lame as ever this morning, and he don't know what to make of it. He suggested having *HORSFALL* over, but I've no faith in the local vets myself, so I wired to town for old SPAVIN. He's seen *Deerfoot* before, and we could put him up for a night or two. (To *TREDWELL*, the butler, who enters with a telegram.) Eh, for me? just wait, will you, in case there's an answer. (As he opens it.) Ah, this is from SPAVIN—h'm, nuisance! "Regret unable to leave at present, bronchitis, junior partner could attend immediately if required.—SPAVIN." Never knew he had a partner.

*Tredw.* I did hear, Sir RUPERT, as Mr. SPAVIN was looking out for one quite recent, being *hasthmatical*, m'lady, and so I suppose this is him as the telegram alludes to.

*Sir Rup.* Very likely. Well, he's sure to be a competent man. We'd better have him, eh, ALBINIA?

*Lady Culv.* Oh, yes, and he must stay till *Deerfoot's* better. I'll speak to POMFRET about having a room ready in the East Wing for him. Tell him to come by the 4.45, RUPERT. We shall be sending the omnibus in to meet that.

*Sir Rup.* All right, I've told him. (Giving the form to *TREDWELL*.) See that that's sent off at once, please. (After *TREDWELL* has left.) By the way, ALBINIA, ROHESIA may kick up a row if she has to come up in the omnibus with a vet, eh?

*Lady Culv.* Goodness, so she might! but he needn't go *inside*. Still, if it goes on raining—I'll tell THOMAS to order a fly for him at the station, and then there *can't* be any bother about it.

### SONGS OF THE STREETS.

No. I.—BOUQUET DE BABYLON; OR, THE CITIZEN'S EVENING WALK.

*PHEUGH!* Doctors may talk, but—I've been for a walk, which they swear will keep down adiposity,

And preserve your liver from chill and shiver, or growing a shrivelled callosity.

So I put on my hat—for I am getting fat!—and I've been for a walk—in the City.

The result of that walk? Well my mouth is like chalk and my eyes feel all smarting and gritty;

I've got a sore throat from the matter afloat in the air. It may sound like a fable, But I'm game for betting that London is getting one large and malodorous *stable!*

Dear days of MCADAM! If *only* we had 'em, with all disadvantages, back again!

Oh! to hear the rattle of well-shod cattle upon the old granite-laid track again.

But this wooden pavement, e'en after lavement is simple enslavement to nastiness, For when it is dry 'tis foul dust in your eye, and when moist mere malodorous pastiness.

Oh, slip-sloppy Cabby, this *Bouquet de Babylon* sniffs of ammonia horridly,

And stable-dust flying is terribly trying when Phoebus is pouring down torridly!

My palate quite hot is, my larynx and glottis feel like an Atgean Sahara,



BLASE.

*Kitty* (reading a fairy tale). "ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A FROG——"

*Mabel* (interrupting). "I BET IT'S A PRINCESS! GO ON!"

I'm frantic with drouth, and the taste in my mouth is a mixed Malebolge and Marah. The water-carts come; but they're only a hum, for the sun and the wind dry it up again,

And then on manure in a powder impure the pedestrian's fated to sup again.

It's worse than a circus. If men from the "Vorkus" were turned on to keep it well swept up,

There *might* be improvement. But there's no such movement; the dire thorax-torture is kept up.

Manure-desiccation sets up irritation and then infestation will follow,

Your tonsils get red, you've a pain in your head, and you find it a labour to swallow.

And as to your nose!—well, I do not suppose for that organ reformers feel pity,

Or I really can't think every species of stink would find such ready home in the City.

There's nothing more foul than your grim Asphalté-ghoul,—save that dread Tophet Valley of BUNYAN'S!—

And then manhole whiffs! Or nose-torturing sniffs from the shops that sell "Sausage-and-onions"!!

What everyone knows is the human proboscis this *Bouquet de Babylon* bothers.

Surely pavements of wood cannot be very good when they lead to such stench and smother.

Ah, Sir, and dear Madam, I'm sure old MCADAM—though scientist prigs may prove sceptic—

Would be welcomed back by the sore-throated pack. Mother Earth is the true Antiseptic!

And so ends my talk on a late evening walk, and the woes of this dashed wooden pavement,

Which worries my nose, sets my thorax in throes, my nostrils stuffs up, till I'm like a pug pup, all snorts, sniffs, and snuffles; my temper it ruffles; gives me a choked lung, and a coppery tongue, a stomach at war, and a nasal catarrh; a cough and a sneeze, and a gurgle and wheeze; a thirst quite immense, and a general sense that the bore is intense; and a perfect conviction, beyond contradiction, that till the new brood paved our city with wood, and its air made impure with dust-powdered manure, I never was sure that at last I had hit on one poor true-born Briton who *was* for a sore-throated slave meant!

### CABBY'S ANSWERS.

(To Mr. James Payn's *Conundrum*.)

[“Why does a cabman always indignantly refuse his proper fare?”—JAMES PAYN.]

OH well, becos fare is *not* fair!

Becos sech lots o' fares is shabby!

Becos yer Briton is a bear,

Or else a blessed ignerent babby!

Becos bare fare comes bloomin' 'ard,

And wot is 'ard cannot be "proper"!

Becos we're worrit by the "Yard,"

The British Female and the "Copper"!

Becos if yer takes wot is guv,

Yer fare thinks 'e's too freely "parted"!

The more you shows yer "brotherly love"

The more the fare gets 'arder 'earted.

Becos if one bob for two mile

You takes, wivout a botheration,

Fare sniffs a diddle in yer smile;

(That's wye we puts on hindignation!)

Becos "strike-measure" do *not* pay,

In sububs lone, with fare's wot's shabby.

Becos—well fin'ly. I should say,

Becos Fare's Fare, and Cabby's Cabby!





### OUR DECADENTS.

*Flipbutt (the famous young Art-Critic).* "ULLO! WHAT'S THIS PENCIL SKETCH I'VE JUST FOUND ON THIS EASEL?"

*Our Artist.* "OH, IT'S BY FLUMPKIN—THE IMPRESSIONIST FELLOW ALL YOU YOUNG CHAPS ARE SO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT YOU KNOW. CLEVER, AIN'T IT?"

*Flipbutt.* "CLEVER! WHY, IT'S DIVINE! SUCH FRESHNESS, SUCH NAÏVETÉ! SUCH A SPLENDID SCORN OF MERE CONVENTIONAL TECHNIQUE! SUCH A—"

*Our Artist.* "ULLO, OLD MAN! A THOUSAND PARDONS! THAT'S THE WRONG THING YOU'VE GOT HOLD OF! THAT'S JUST A SCRIBBLE BY THIS LITTLE SCAMP OF A GRANDSON OF MINE. HIS FIRST ATTEMPT! NOT VERY PROMISING, I FEAR; BUT HE'S ONLY FOUR!"

### "VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!"

ENGLAND TO FRANCE.—JUNE, 1894.

AYE! Long live the Republic! 'Tis the cry  
Wrung from us even while the shadow of death  
Sudden projected, makes us catch our breath  
In a sharp agony of sympathy.  
Her servants fall, but she—she doth not die;  
She strideth forward, firm of foot as Fate,  
In calm invincibility elate;  
The tear that brimmeth, blindeth not her eye,  
So fixed aloft it lowereth not to greet  
The writhing reptile bruised by her unfaltering feet!

*Vive la République!* How can we who love  
Fair France's charm, and sorrow at her sorrow,  
Better bear witness, on the bitter morrow  
Of her black grief, than lifting high above  
Even the mourning that all hearts must move,  
That cry, blent of goodwill and gratulation?

*Vive la République!* In the whole stricken nation  
Doth not the dumbness of Pretenders prove  
The land's possession by that cleansing fire,  
Which purges patriot love from every low desire?

Sister in sorrow now, as once in arms,  
Of old "fair enemy" on many a field,  
In valiant days but blind, we will not yield  
To any in that sympathy which warms  
All generous hearts, or love of those gay charms  
Nature and Genius gave you as your own  
To wear, inimitable and alone;  
And now the asp-hearted Anarch's mad alarms  
Make monstrous tumult in the midst of peace  
We cry "let brothers band till Cain-like slayers cease!"

The slaughtered son you bear from forth the fray,—  
Like some winged Victory, or a Goddess high,  
With steps unshaken, glance that seeks the sky,  
Such as your glorious sculptors shape from clay,—  
Was noble, brave, and blameless; him to slay  
Was the blood-blinded phrenzy of black hate.  
Through him the Anarch struck at your high state,  
Fair choice of France, but baffled crawls away.  
Prone at your feet your faithful servant fell,  
But you stride calmly on, unscathed, invulnerable.

So may it be till Anarchy's stealthy blade  
Falls pointless, shattered, from its palsied grasp,  
And helpless, harmless as a fangless asp  
It slinks from freedom's pathway, foiled, afraid,  
Whilst the Republic, strong and undismayed,  
With robe unsmirched, its hem no longer gory,  
Strides proudly on the true high path of glory.  
Take, France, a sister's wreath, before you laid,  
In honour of you, and of your hero brave.  
Love's garland shall not fade on gallant CARNOT's grave!

### A PUZZLER.

SIR,—I enclose a cutting from the *Manchester Guardian*, June 25.

"Yesterday the Darwen police arrested THOMAS BECKETT, a weaver. During a disturbance in a local public-house on Saturday night BECKETT was kicked under the chin, and died immediately."

Query when was THOMAS BECKETT arrested? What became of the man who, in the "disturbance," kicked BECKETT under the chin?

Yours, SNIPPER.

"THE NEW BOY."—Doing wonderfully well. "Going strong."—  
*White Lodge, Richmond.*



“VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!”

“THE TEAR THAT BRIMMETH, BLINDETH NOT HER EYE,  
SO FIXED ALOFT IT LOWERETH NOT TO GREET  
THE WRITHING REPTILE BRUISED BY HER UNFALTERING FEET!”



## GAIETY "SANS-GÊNE."

*Madame Sans-Gêne*, represented by Madame RÉJANE, at the Gaiety Theatre, has made a decided hit. The plot of the piece by Messieurs SARDOU and MOREAU is poor, but it shows what an experienced dramatist can do with meagre materials and one strikingly good notion. It seems as if the plan of the play was started from the idea of an interview between the great NAPOLEON, when Emperor, with a washerwoman whose bill for washing and mending he, when only a poor lieutenant, had been unable to discharge. This scene is the scene *par excellence* of the piece. It is here that both Madame RÉJANE and M. DUQUESNE are at their very best. Besides this, and the scene between *Napoléon*, *La Reine Caroline*, and *Madame de Bulow*, when there is a regular family row admirably acted by

M. DUQUESNE, with the tongs, and Mmes. VERNEUIL and SUGER with their glib tongues, there is very little in the piece.

M. CANDÉ, as the sergent who rises to *Maréchal*, is very good, as is also M. LERAND, as *Fouché*. Madame RÉJANE is a thorough *comédienne*, but it is most unlikely (good as are historically the stories told about this same washerwoman elevated to the rank of Duchess) that she, in an interval of nineteen years—i.e., between 1792 and 1811—should not have been able to wear her costume with, at all events, some grace and dignity, and it is most improbable that the clever *blanchisseuse* of 1792 should, in 1811, have found any difficulty in managing her Court costume without rendering herself outrageously ridiculous. All this hitching up of the dress and kicking out of the leg "goes" immensely with the audience; and this must be the *comédienne's* excuse for overdoing the farcical business of her chief scenes, save the best of all, which, as I have already surmised, was the motive of the piece, namely, the scene with the Emperor in the Third Act. Here she is perfect, only just assuming so much of her old manner as would

"the little Corporal" over naturally come to her when chatting with old times.

As to M. DUQUESNE as *Napoléon premier*,—well, middle-aged playgoers will call to mind Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER as a far more perfect portrait of the great Emperor than is M. DUQUESNE, but the latter has the advantage in manner, and realises the Emperor's traditional eccentric habits in a way which at once appeals to all conversant with the story of the eccentricities of the Great Emperor when he chanced to be in a very good humour. Perhaps nowadays there are very few who read LEVER's works, but a dip into *Charles O'Malley*, with PHIZ's spirited illustrations, will give exactly the phase of NAPOLEON's character that Messrs. SARDOU and MOREAU have depicted in this piece.

The play is well mounted, and the acting of all, from the leading parts to the very least, is about as good as it can be. The incidents of the drama are not particularly novel, but they are safe, and to every Act there is a good dramatic finish. Madame RÉJANE may congratulate herself and "Co." on a decided success in London.



Madame Sans-Gêne "going Nap."

Mrs. R. was driving lately in a friend's barouche, which seemed to swing about a great deal, and made her feel rather uncomfortable. She was not surprised at this, however, when she heard the carriage was on "Sea" springs!

## ROBERT ON THE WONDERFUL BRIDGE AGAIN.

I REELY begins for to think as how as a truly onest Waiter, as knos his place, and his wariuous dooties, and is allers sivil and hobbligins, gits more respected and more thort on the holder he gros. Here have I bin attending at the werry best houses both at the West Hend, and also at the pride of all Hed Waiters, the onered Manshun Ouse, for nearly twenty long ears, and I can trewly say as I allers gets a sivil word from everybuddy. And when sumbuddy was speshally wanted the other day to sho that most himportent Body, the London Press, all over the Wunderfool Tower Bridge, so that they could give a trew and correct account of all its wunders for the newspaper people to read and wonder at, who did the clever Chairman select to help in that most himportent hoffice but me, tho I am only ROBERT the City Waiter! And when the thowsends and tens of thowsends of people red the gloing accounts as filled the Press a day or too arterwards, they little thort perhaps of the many risks as the pore Waiter ran to save himself and the reporters from the fallin Granit, and the blocks of mettel, as every now and then fell about us!

One of the werry biggest and blackest of the hole lot fell within about six foot of where I stood, so jest another six foot mite have put a hend to a Waiter who, I fondly hopes, has done his duty like a man and a Brother, tho many people did sumtimes larf at him.

Strange to say, only jest 2 days before my honered wisit to the wunderfool Bridge, I was arsked to take a jurney to Boolong, which I bleeves is in France, and back again in the same day! but I aint a werry good Sailer so I thort I had better decline it. So BROWN went in my place, and werry much he says he injoyed it, tho he didn't git home till eleven o Clock at night!

I don't think as he's a werry good sailer, so, if he did enjoy it, the sea must have bin werry uncommon smooth, and both ways, too! He says it ways a butiful new wessell, and called the *Margerreet*, which, strange to say, was his Grandmother's name, which may account for its treeting him so smoothly.

Most of the Gents of the London Press on their wisit to the Big Bridge seemed to think most of the opening and shuttin of the enormers shutters as they opened and shut all of their own acord to let the big ships go thro, and werry wunderfool they suttenly was, but to my poor mind, ewery body as reelly wants to see the most butiful part of the hole show should have hisself took up in the lift to the walk along the top, which is only about 240 feet high, and then he can have such a grand view of our butiful river Tems as werry few has ewer had since it was fust made. One of the Press Gents, seeing me staring at it with wonder and admiration, came up to me and sed, "Why, Mr. ROBERT, you've most suttenly picked out the most lovely view of the lot. I don't know what enormus distance we can see, but if you looks just where I'm a pinting you will see the Kristel Pallis, and it don't look more than a mile or two away!" No more it did! And as for the crowds of ships as we could see with our naked eyes, I schod have thort they was more than ewer entered the River in a month or two, and all round was the butiful hills and grand houses, and everythink looking choek full of bussel and prosperity, and all quite reddy to make use of the butiful Bridge as soon as ewer it was opened! as it was by the nobel Prince of WALES on the following Saterdag.

ROBERT.

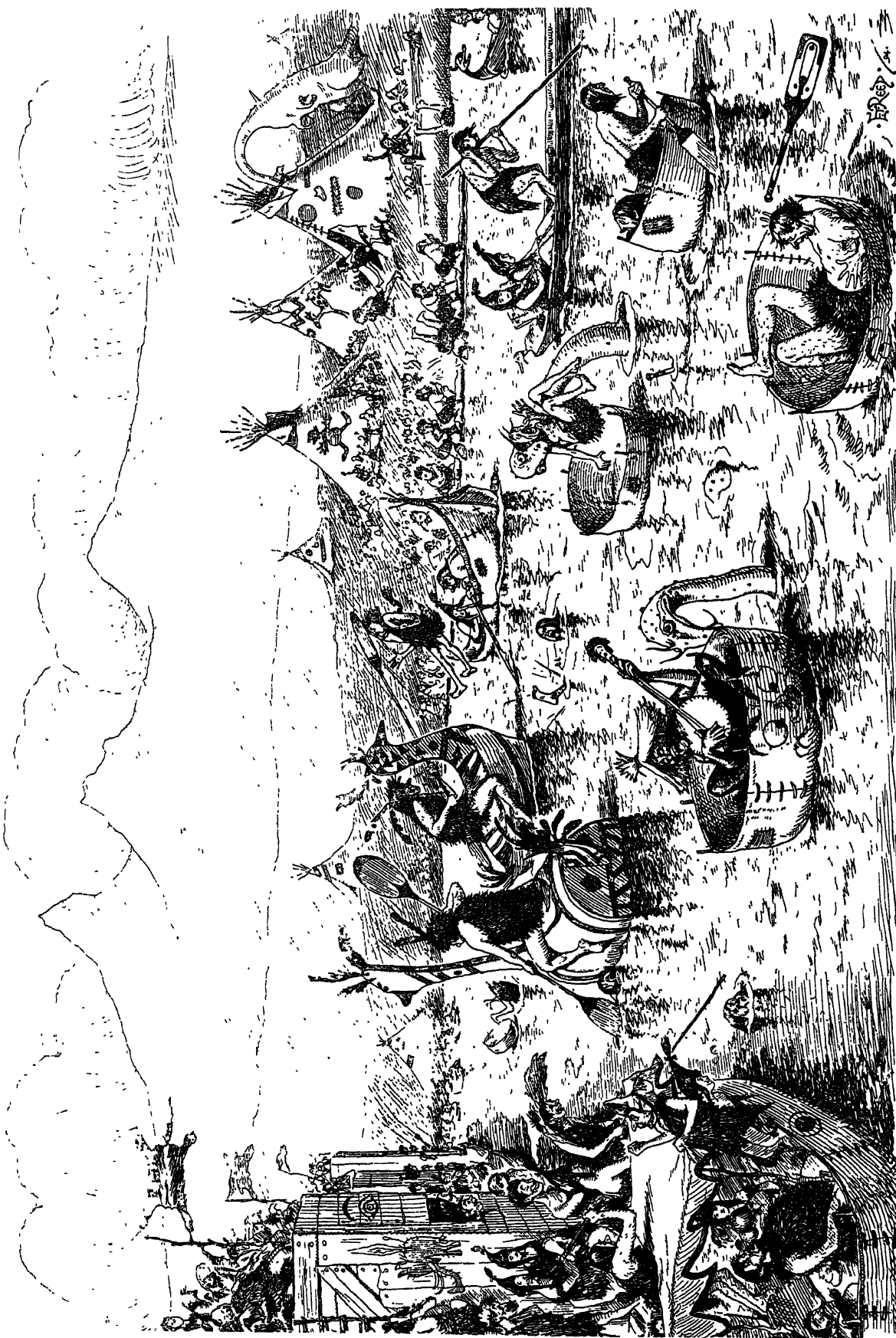
## WHITHER AWAY?

Must it be Margate?  
Shall it be Dover?  
How hit the target,  
Spend summer in clover?  
Why not to Filey  
Flit, or to Yarmouth?  
Will the Welsh rile me  
If I try Barmouth?  
South Coast's entrancing,  
East builds and braces;  
Blue waves are dancing  
At hundreds of places!  
Soon must I settle,  
Unless I'm a craven,  
And grasping the nettle  
Decide on a haven.  
Fine hills at Malvern;  
Harrogate haunts me;  
Lynmouth is all fern;  
What is it daunts me?

Well, to speak truly,  
There's no place like London,  
In March or in July,  
When well, or when run down!  
Train in a twinkling  
Brightonward bears me;  
If I want sprinkling [me.  
In the face a "chute" stares  
Summer's delightful  
In Town—nerves feel regal;  
Cabbies not spiteful  
Offered what's legal!  
Yes, I'll take holiday  
When it grows chilly;  
Why at *this* jolly day  
Flee Piccadilly?  
Is the end rapid? [time  
Can't help it!—Next snow-  
By "P. L. M. Rapide"  
I reach Nice in no time!

BEWARE!—As wood pavement is said to be injurious to throats, specially in summer time, it would be advisable not to reside in the Northern district, as the roads there must be all St. John's Wood pavement.





### PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

IT IS QUITE A MISTAKE TO SUPPOSE THAT HENLEY REGATTA WAS NOT ANTICIPATED IN EARLIEST TIMES.

## THE LOWER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

1. What are the duties of a cook? Do these duties differ from those of (a) a housemaid, (b) a parlour-maid, and (c) a general servant?

2. Can money be saved by a deposit account at the stores? If so, compare the store prices with the charges made at a West End shop for beef, mutton, potatoes, muslin, and mixed biscuits?

3. If a dinner (with wine) for four costs £6 10s. at a club, how much should a dinner for eight (four males and four females) cost at home?

4. What do you know of the School for Cookery?

5. Give briefly the best way of living on £500 a year on the basis that your husband is a clerk in a Government office, and your family consists of a daughter, aged fourteen, and a son rising seven.

### HISTORY.

1. Give a short account of the life of any one of the following eminent wives who were a comfort to their husbands—CATHERINE PARR, QUEEN MARY, and HENRIETTA MARIA, Consort of CHARLES THE FIRST.

2. Point out the mistakes of MARIE ANTOINETTE in special regard to the career of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

3. Give some of the reasons why Queen ELIZABETH preferred celibacy to marriage, and prove that those reasons were fallacies.



### POOR VENUS OF MILO!

"WHAT! YOU DID THIS, AND YOU NEVER TOLD ME BEFORE! HOW CARELESS OF YOU, MARY!"

"WELL, MA'AM, I THOUGHT IT DIDN'T MUCH MATTER, AS THE ARMS WERE BROKEN OFF ALREADY!"

4. Give a short account of the married life of DAVID COPPERFIELD, and criticise the ménages of his first and his second wife.

### GENERAL.

1. What are the duties of a wife and a matron?

2. Supposing your husband to have come home weary from a hard day's work, should you read him your latest novel, or see that he gets his supper?

3. In your opinion which is of greater importance, your gown, or your knowledge of Greek?

4. Write an essay upon the respective merits of being known as the wife of your mate, or your poorer-half being called "Mrs. So-and-So's husband."

### A SOFT ANSWER.

(An Unpublished Letter to a Whistical Wesleyan, which shows the infinite possibilities of historic parallels.)

DEAR SIR, — I am much obliged to you for your letter, in which you call my attention to the widespread practice of whist-playing, and in particular to the deteriorating effect of threepenny points.

May I remind you of the fact, which I make no doubt you have temporarily overlooked, that JOHN WESLEY's favourite game was whist? Like JOHN WESLEY, I play whist, and I do not mind confessing that when I get a good hand I am none the worse pleased. Believe me, Yours faithfully, R-S-B-RY.

## BALLADE OF IMITATIONS.

(With Apologies to Miss Loftus "or calling her "Cissie.")

THE weary worldling of to-day  
Uneasy wanders to and fro  
To find in all things, grave or gay,  
Just nothing that is "worth a blow,"  
(Forgive the curious phrase,) although  
It's absolutely certain, this—he  
Will praise in phrases all aglow  
The imitative charms of CISSIE.

The orchestra begins to play,  
The lights are high that once were low.  
Then CISSIE comes without delay,  
Her simple dress tied with a bow.  
How kind of Fortune to bestow  
On this captivating Missie,  
'Twere vain to try to overthrow  
The imitative charms of CISSIE.

Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN's artless way,  
Miss YORK in her ballad "Oh,  
Oh, Honey, Honey!" or JANE MAY  
As Pierrette and Pierrot,  
YVETTE GUILBERT's superb argot,  
Miss LETTY LIND in "Kissie, Kissie,"  
Are all invoked to help to show  
The imitative charms of CISSIE.

### L'Envoi.

Friend, if you chance to find it slow,  
And seek a joyous form of dissipation,  
quickly get to know  
The imitative charms of CISSIE.

## PARTIALLY UNREPORTED DIALOGUE.

"A DEANE should be more reverend," said Mr. WILLIS, Q.C., in the BETTINI case.

"Where there's a Will is a way," retorted Mr. DEANE, Q.C. "If you will be honest with me, I will be honest with you."

"The whole matter is very clear," interposed the learned Judge, severely. "Mr. BETTINI-WILLIS expects from the DEANE, chapter—"

"And verse," interposed Mr. DEANE, Q.C., and straightway broke out melodiously with—

"'Tis good to be merry and wise,  
'Tis good to be thorough and true,  
If you will be honest with me,  
My Q.C.,  
Then I will be honest with you!"

Chorus of everybody. Harmonious proceedings, and Court adjourned.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 25.—ASQUITH back on Treasury Bench quite a changed man. Anxious air that marked his appearance through last week disappeared. Painful to watch him as he then sat on Bench with one eye on the door. Started at rustle of paper of amendments. Half rose from his seat if a book fell.

"Yes TOBY," he said, when I congratulated him on the happy accomplishment of the event; "it's not the kind of thing I should like to go through every six months. Till he's tried it, no one knows what it is to have a steam engine stationed at his front door night and day with steam up ready to whisk him

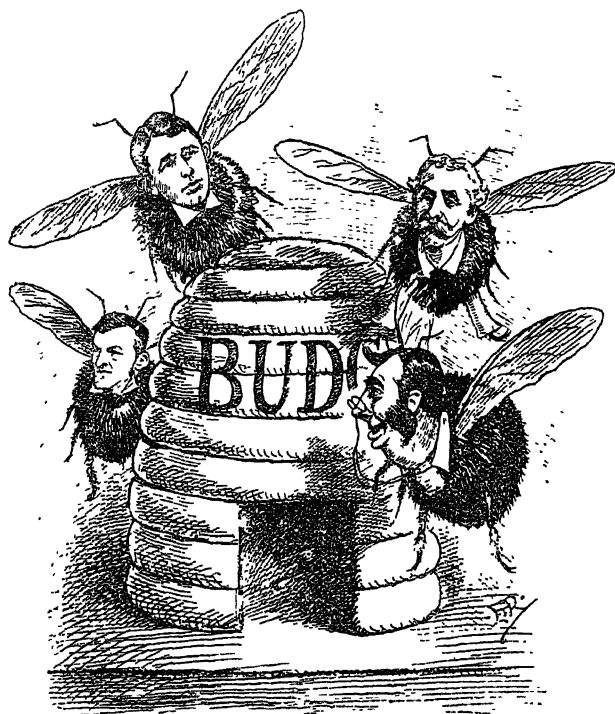
off to White Lodge at a moment's notice." HOME SECRETARY managed to keep much cooler than the Mayor of RICHMOND. This morning the papers ablaze with telegrams from that functionary. SZLUMPER is his name, Surrey is his county. As soon as notification made of birth of prince, SZLUMPER took off his coat and set to work. First telegraphed to happy Duke and Duchess of Teck at White Lodge. Then bethought him of happier father; so Duke of YORK hears from SZLUMPER who "trusts Her Royal Highness and son are doing well." SZLUMPER's appetite growing with what it feeds upon, he next approaches HER MAJESTY with "loyal and sincere congratulations." Finally, the Prince and Princess of WALES at Marlborough House hear from him. SZLUMPER always signs his name *tout court*, like a peer of the realm.

"He's splendid this SZLUMPER," said the Member for SARK. "Reminds me of a story I heard in America about Judge HOAR. He had great dislike to WENDELL PHILLIPS. When the great orator died they gave him a splendid funeral. A friend meeting the judge on morning of event said, 'Aren't you going to the funeral?' 'No,' said HOAR, 'but I approve it.'"

It wasn't SZLUMPER's accouchement. But he approves it.

Still on Budget; getting near end of first part, which deals with death duties. The Busy B's, seeing the close of opportunity at hand, dash about with redoubled vigour.

Oh! 'tis BARTLEY and BOWLES and BYRNE,  
And BYRNE and BARTLEY and BOWLES.  
Till the throbbing pulses burn,  
And BUTCHER piles on the coals.



The Four Busy (Budget) B's.

*Business done.*—Clause XVIII. added to Budget Bill.

*Wednesday.*—GRANDOLPH sails to-day in the track of COLUMBUS, only going much farther. He will cross Continent and Pacific to pay a morning call on the MIKADO; afterwards to India and Burma. "I want," he says, with certain proud pathos, "to see the frontier I extended, and Burma which I annexed."

You remember the old French song written about GRANDOLPH's great ancestor? It was sung as a lullaby to the little son of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH, and NAPOLEON never mounted his horse for the fight without humming the air,—

MARLBROOK s'en va-t'en guerre—	Ne sais quand reviendra!
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!	Ne sais quand reviendra!
MARLBROOK s'en va-t'en guerre...	Ne sais quand reviendra!

There is a sad last verse to the old ballad. But we all hope to see our GRANDOLPH back again, bringing his sheaves with him in the shape of renewed health and strength. *Business done.*—Budget.

*Thursday.*—DON'T KEIR HARDIE confided to House to-night the interesting fact that in particular he Don't Keir for the Royal Family, and is "indisposed to associate himself" with effort to do them special honour. Like old *Eccles* in *Caste*, he upbraids the baby in the cradle with being a young aristocrat. Yet there are limits even to his uncompromising Republicanism. The question before House is the presentation to HER MAJESTY of address of congratulation on birth of son of Duke and Duchess of YORK. "If I had the opportunity of meeting the parents," says DON'T KEIR, "I should be pleased to join in the ordinary congratulations of the occasion." He did not hesitate, standing in his place in Parliament as representative of the electors of 'Am, to add that he "had been delighted to learn that the child was a fairly healthy one." Beyond that, stern principle would not permit him to pass.

Note that he felt constrained to modify even this approval of proceedings at White Lodge by introduction of the word "fairly." ASQUITH, who knows all about it, seemed for moment inclined to resent this aspersion on the perfect soundness of the object of his recent attentions; on reflection he let it pass. SAUNDERSON, of whom House has seen lamentably little of late, was under less complete self-restraint. When DON'T KEIR turned his attention upon Prince of WALES, proposing to appraise his value to the nation, SAUNDERSON leaped to his feet, and moved that "the hon. Member be no longer heard."

A difficult moment this. The Motion being made, the SPEAKER must put it from the Chair. Many Members, whilst justly angered with DON'T KEIR's grotesque performance, would have felt bound to resent what might be construed as attempt to throttle free speech. There would have been long and angry debate; a succession of scenes; and DON'T KEIR HARDIE would have been triumphantly advertised. Happily, though, strictly considered, irregularly, the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD interposed; expressed hope that Motion would

not be persevered in. SAUNDERSON perceiving his mistake acquiesced, and DON'T KEIR HARDIE went on to final ignominious collapse. When in crowded House question put that Address be presented, a solitary cry of "No" answered the loud shout "Aye." House cleared for division; but when opportunity of taking final step presented itself, it turned out that HARDIE Didn't Keir to take it.

"Now if this were France in the days when the Empire was tottering to its fall," said SARK, "I should suspect the secret police to have put up DON'T KEIR to play their game in stirring up embers of popularity of Imperial Family. In England to-day, of course, no necessity for such manoeuvre. But if by outside influence the popularity the Prince of WALES has worked out for himself could be increased, DON'T KEIR HARDIE's the man to do it."



Scene from "Caste," adapted for representation in the House of Commons.

*Eccles* (played by Don't Keir H-rd-e) addresses the Royal Infant. "Everybody in the House is sacrificed for you! And to think that a Working Man, a Member of the House of Commons, and one of the Committee of the Banded Brothers for the Regeneration of Human Kind, by means of equal diffusion of intelligence and equal division of property, should want the price of half a pint, while you are lying in the lap of luxury!" &c., &c., &c.

*Business done.*—QUEEN congratulated on birth of latest great-grandson.

*Friday.*—Been much struck through week by appearance of stranger in Speaker's Gallery. Every night about quarter of an hour after questions over he has come in; gone out again a little after eight, about time SPEAKER, when in chair, leaves for his chop. Comes back punctually in half an hour; remains till fifteen or twenty minutes before progress is reported, and Chairman of Committees makes way for SPEAKER. Something about him familiar, though never before that I remember have I seen that stubbly red beard, or those green, goggle spectacles. Quite fascinated me. To-night went up and sat in gallery behind him.

At ten minutes past eight, amendment before Committee disposed of, the stranger rose; heard him exclaim under his breath, "Order! Order!" saw him clutch at imaginary robe, and stride forth with stately tread. Truth burst upon me with a flash.

*It was the SPEAKER!*

"You're a dangerous person to have about the premises, Tony," he said as we made our way by circuitous route to Speaker's Court. "Every day for last fortnight I have written out myself an order for the Speaker's Gallery, have passed the doorkeepers unobserved, and remained hour after hour unnoticed. Then your eagle eye falls upon me and all is lost. Pray don't let the secret go any further. Fact is, for weeks and weeks I've been shut out of my proper place by this Budget Bill. Questions last half an hour or an hour. Then House goes into Committee, and I'm shunted save for few moments after midnight, when I adjourn the House. Couldn't stand it any longer. Might as well be in Kamtchatka. So have had recourse to this innocent device, and have thoroughly enjoyed my evenings."

*Business done.*—Once through Committee on Budget Bill. Pick up dropped threads next week.

## THE DIURNAL FEMININE.

LET others read the "latest news"  
Our daily papers offer,  
Take pleasure in the smart reviews  
And chuckle with the scoffer,  
Enjoy the leaders, or appraise  
The newest "Labour Crisis,"  
Or smile to learn that Brighton A's  
Maintain their recent prices.

I only find such trifles vex,  
I do not seek instruction  
Upon the blemishes which X.  
Perceives in Y.'s production,  
And stocks may fall like anything,  
They'll not affect my fate, or  
Compel less cheerfully to sing  
This *vacuus viator*.

The reason why I daily make  
My sacrifice of pennies,  
Is merely for a column's sake  
Which scarce, perhaps, for men is,  
And yet it elevates, refines,  
It stirs the noblest passions,  
That article whose moving lines  
Are headed "Latest Fashions."

What joy to ascertain in print  
The latest mode in dresses,  
To learn the new artistic tint  
Adopted by Princesses,  
To roam the galleries with her  
Whose eulogies and strictures  
To hats and dress alone refer,  
And never deal with pictures!

Let troubles still oppress the State  
With all their usual rigour,  
Let politicians still debate  
With undiminished vigour,  
Of such the common person reads,  
But give to me the papers  
That chronicle at length the deeds  
Of milliners and drapers!

## STATE AID FOR MATRIMONY.

(By a University Extensionist.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—What a charming little theatre that is at Burlington House! I missed you at the *matinées* there a few days ago. Of course you know the Travelling Provincial Company of the Universities' Guild for the Extension of High-Class Comedy? Well, they visited the Metropolis for their coming-of-age, and gave the new extravaganza of *Hodge, B.Sc.*, or *The Vision of Peers and the Plowman*. This had nothing to do with *Jupiter, LL.D.*, though no fewer than three noble Chancellors took a leading part at the different performances. After all it was nothing but a dished-up version of the old play of *Gentleman Georgie*, or *The Cultured Collier*; only the pitman business is a little played out, and the victim of Agricultural Enlightenment is just now the vogue, thanks to the County Councils.

But what interest, you will say, *can* this weary work have for "the young person" (is not that the phrase?). Why should *ETHEL* and I and the other country cousins, who are up to have a good time, waste our precious moments on University Extension, when they might have been given to the galleries, or, better still, to the shops? Dear Mr. Punch, you will not betray my confidence and print my real name, *will* you, if I tell you the reason? I do so in the hope that you will use your great and good influence to support our claim for State aid in a matter deeply interesting us girls in the provinces.

I have always thought that the most important object of University Extension has been overlooked. It certainly was the other day. I mean this. In the present unparalleled depression of the matrimonial



## MR. PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATED LAW REPORTS.

NO. 1.—"ALLEGED CONTEMPT OF COURT BY AN INFANT."

market, what we want is a constant supply of nice, eligible young men from the University "brought home to our very doors," as they say about culture and the people. We cannot all live in garrison towns, and what are two or three curates among so many? Already, as I have seen in one of the magazines for young ladies, the cleric cloth is being supplanted in romantic fiction by the lay lecturer's velvet. But we must have State said, and, if necessary, create a fresh Government Department, for the increase and support of this class of men. The profession would be very popular; those who joined it would keep marrying and moving on (I hope I express myself intelligently), and there would soon be enough to go round.

*ETHEL's* papa, who is not very rich, and has a large family, told her that people in Rome who married, and had three children, got a sort of degree for it, and were let off taxes. It seems to me that the scheme for State aid which I suggest is a much more modest one.

A man that played the title-rôle in *Hodge, B.Sc.*, gave vent to what I considered a very stupid sentiment. "Give us," he said, "some really useful and sensible instruction, not silly lectures about Love and Marriage, just to make people laugh!" This only shows how dreadfully void of finer feeling is your man of Agricultural Enlightenment. Why, we once had a *delightful* course on almost the very subjects at which he was ignorantly pleased to scoff! It was given by an interesting-looking young graduate from St. Valentine's, and was called "Byron and Shelley, with dissolving views." I remember well the questions set by him for one of the weekly papers. Shall I repeat them? He had just been lecturing on *Don Juan*.

1. Give in alphabetical order the chief attractions of the Hero of our poem.
2. Cite parallels to *Don Juan* among the gentleman friends of your acquaintance *other than Extension Lecturers*.
3. Contrast the character (if any) of *Haidee* with that of (a) *The Maid of Athens*, (b) *Queen Mab*.

I took a lot of pains over this paper, and I sent the lecturer an anonymous button-hole, with a request (in the same handwriting as on the answer-paper) that he would wear my floral tribute at lecture. He did so, and expressed himself as greatly pleased with my work. On my exercise (which I have kept) he wrote the following observation:—"Excellent; most appreciative and womanly; I thank you; should like to discuss a small question with you after class."

Now we want more of this spirit among

Extension Lecturers. True, the one of whom I spoke turned out afterwards to have been married all the time, and I *do* think he should have mentioned it on the cover of his syllabus; but the principle holds good just the same.

So, dear Mr. Punch, on this question of State aid, at which I have (as I hope with delicacy) hinted above, you *will* help us, won't you? Your devoted, MADGE.

P.S.—Couldn't you lecture to us on something nice, and help to raise a fund for our scheme?

## YET ANOTHER MEMOIR OF NAPOLEON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There are so many lives of the great NAPOLEON being published nowadays that one might fancy the former ruler of France must have been as many-carer as a cat. Still, it may be interesting to your readers if I give a few particulars of the great man that have not yet appeared in print, if I except the pages of your own immortal volumes.

I had the pleasure of meeting the great NAPOLEON some forty or fifty years ago; he was then in his prime.

In personal appearance he was not unlike the portraits so familiar to the public. In spite of his enthusiastic devotion for France, he invariably addressed his troops in the English language. This is a characteristic that seemingly has escaped the attention of all his biographers.

The numbers and quality of his army have been much exaggerated. Although in his speeches he was accustomed to boast of the strength of his troops, as a matter of fact they could be more easily counted by tens than hundreds. His artillery was almost a myth, and the ammunition was chiefly composed of crackers. As for his cavalry, the horses were showy but unreliable, many of them had white spots, and not a few were extremely intelligent. His favourite charger had been known on occasion (when engaged in circus duty) to drink a glass of sherry with the clown.

But there is one point I particularly wish to set right. Although known by the public as NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, my hero in private life was invariably called by his intimates "poor old GOMERSAL."

Yours respectfully,  
The Amphitheatre BOSWELL REDIVIVUS.  
Within Site of Astley's.

P.S.—I saw the latest actor's edition of NAPOLEON the other night at the Gaiety. He wasn't "in it" with "GOMERSAL,"—but then GOMERSAL was occasionally on horseback; still, there was the uniform and the snuff-box.



## FANCY PORTRAIT.

Lord Chief Justice . . . LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN. King Henry the Fifth . . . MR. PUNCH.

'YOU ARE RIGHT, JUSTICE, AND YOU WEIGH THIS WELL;  
THEREFORE STILL BEAR THE BALANCE, AND THE SWORD:  
AND I DO WISH YOUR HONOURS MAY INCREASE!'

*Second Part of King Henry the Fourth, Act., V Sc. 2.*



## FANCY PORTRAIT.

(A Shakspearian "Living Picture" up to date.)

Lord Chief Justice . . . { LORD RUSSELL OF  
KILLOWEN.  
King Henry the Fifth. . . MR. PUNCH.

King. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword :  
And I do wish your honours may increase !

For which I do commit into your hand  
The unstained sword COLERIDGE was used to  
bear ;

With this remembrance,—That you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit  
As you have shown before. There is my hand !

Second Part of King Henry the Fourth,  
Act V. Sc. 2 (slightly altered).

As HARRY unto GASCOIGNE gave,  
So Punch to RUSSELL gladly gives  
That Sword which frights but rogue and slave,  
By which our ordered freedom lives ;  
And gives therewith his hand in token  
Of pleasure more than may be spoken.

Nought have you "done that misbecame  
Your place, your person," or your power.  
'Tis a right crown of crescent fame,  
Of fitness full befitting dower,  
That you, my Lord, "have foremost hand"  
In dealing justice round the land.

If set in quaint Shakspearian guise,  
Not less the motley-wearing Sage  
Gaily presents to serious eyes  
A Living Picture for the Age.  
So "take it—earnest wed with sport," \*  
From one who, stooping not to court,  
Loves e'en to praise in merry sort !

\* TENNYSON'S *The Day Dream*.

## THE HARDY ANNUAL AT HENLEY

OR, LUNCH AMONG THE ROWERS.

AIR—"Love among the Ruins."

WHEN the early cat erotically smiles  
On the tiles,  
I arise and rather accurately fling  
Any thing  
That is handy and adapted to my sense  
Of offence ;  
Then I reconstruct my well-avenged head  
On the bed ;  
But the hope of sleep deferred is deadly dull,  
So I cull  
Memoranda from the great and golden time  
Of my prime.

Twenty years ago at Henley-on-the-Thames,  
While the gems  
Of the season simply sparkled into cheers,  
(Little dears !)  
I endeavoured to secure the Ladies' Plate ;  
Though of late  
I have been the painful object of remark  
In a barge ;  
But the circuit of my waist was not as yet  
Fifty, nett ;  
And I fancy I was feeling pretty fit ;  
That was it.

Then I fed on oaten fare and milky slops,  
Steaks and chops ;  
Never, never looked a lobster in the face,  
And the race  
Saw me down to just eleven at the scales,  
Hard as nails ;  
Now I very much prefer to view the hunt  
From a punt,  
Or a houseboat, or an ark, or any sort  
Of support,  
While I minimise the necessary strain  
With champagne.



## MODESTY.

Housewife. "WELL, IF I GIVE YOU SOME BREAKFAST, YOU'LL HAVE TO EARN IT BY CHOPPING SOME WOOD FOR ME."

Tramp. "I'D LIKE TER 'BLIGE YER, LADY. BUT, BLESHYER 'ART, 'TAIN'T FER THE LIKES O' ME TER FOLLER IN THE FOOTSTEPS O' MR. GLADSTONE !"

At the yearly celebration it's the rule,  
Hot or cool,  
For a girl with yellow eyes and eager hair  
To be there,  
By a mass of mayonnaise and pigeon-pie ;  
So am I !  
Oh the glory of the battle past recall !  
After all,  
What with hearts that freely wobble, stitch  
that stabs,  
And the crabs,  
And the quicken up to forty round the chest—  
Lunch is best !

## Old Loves for New.

(New Version of an Old Song.)

It's good to be merry and wise,  
If 'tis good to be honest and true,  
Then 'tis good to keep on with the old  
"Woman,"  
And carefully keep off the New :  
For of honesty, truthfulness, wisdom, and  
mirth,  
The "New Woman" shows a most plentiful  
dearth.

SPECIALY - ARRANGED MOTTO FOR THE  
VICTORIA STEAMBOAT ASSOCIATION'S NEW  
VESSEL "THE PALM." — "*Palma, quæ  
meruit, ferat*,"—(i.e., Let *The Palm* carry  
as many as she was constructed to carry, and  
not more).

THE German Derby (61,000 marks) was won  
at Hamburg by Baron MÜNCHAUSEN'S *Spider*.  
The Baron has done many wonderful things  
in his lifetime (*vide* the history of his adventures),  
and it was a foregone conclusion that  
if he ran a horse at the Derby he was bound  
not only to win, but to make something more  
than his mark.

# LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART II.—SELECT PASSAGES FROM A COMING POET.

SCENE II.—*The Morning Room at Wyvern. Lady RHODA COKAYNE, Mrs. BROOKE-CHATTERIS, and Miss VIVIEN SPELWANE are comfortably established near the fireplace. The Hon. BERTIE PILLINER, Captain THICKNESSE, and ARCHIE BEARPARK have just drifted in.*

*Miss Spelwane.* Why, you don't mean to say you've torn yourselves away from your beloved billiards already? Quite wonderful!

*Bertie Pilliner.* It's too horrid of you to leave us to play all by ourselves! We've all got so cross and fractious we've come in here to be petted!

*[He arranges himself at her feet, so as to exhibit a very neat pair of silk socks and pumps.]*

*Captain Thicknesse (to himself).* Do hate to see a fellow come down in the mornin' with evenin' shoes on!

*Archie Bearpark (to BERTIE PILLINER).* You speak for yourself, PILLINER. I didn't come to be petted.

Came to see if Lady RHODA wouldn't come and toboggan down the big staircase on a tea-tray. Do! It's clinkin' sport!

*Capt. Thick.* (to himself). If there's one thing I can't stand it's a rowdy bullyraggin' ass like ARCHIE!

*Lady Rhoda.* Ta muchly, dear boy, but you don't catch me travellin' downstairs on a tea-tray twice—it's just a bit too clinkin', don't you know!

*Archie (disappointed).* Why, there's a mat at the bottom of the stairs! Well, if you won't, let's get up a cushion fight, then. BERTIE and I will choose sides. PILLINER, I'll toss you for first pick up—come out of that, do.

*Bertie (lazily).* Thanks, I'm much too comfy where I am. And I don't see any point in romping and rumpeling one's hair just before lunch.

*Archie.* Well, you are slack. And there's a good hour still before lunch. THICKNESSE, you suggest something, there's a dear old chap.

*Capt. Thick.* (after a mental effort). Suppose we all go and have another look round at the gees—eh, what?

*Bertie.* I beg to oppose. Do let's show some respect for the privacy of the British hunter. Why should I go and smack them on their fat backs, and feel every one of their horrid legs twice in one morning? I shouldn't like a horse coming into my bedroom at all hours to smack me on the back. I should hate it!

*Mrs. Brooke-Chatteris.* I love them—dear things! But still, it's so wet, and it would mean going up and changing our shoes too—perhaps Lady RHODA—*[Lady RHODA fluttily declines to stir before lunch.]*

*Capt. Thick.* (resentfully). Only thought it was better than loafin' about, that's all. (To himself.) I do bar a woman who's afraid of a little mud. (He saunters up to Miss SPELWANE and absently pulls the ear of a Japanese spaniel on her knee.) Poo! little fellow, then!

*Miss Spelw.* Poor little fellow? On My lap!!!

*Capt. Thick.* Oh, it—ah—didn't occur to me that he was on your lap. He don't seem to mind that.

*Miss Spelw.* No? How forbearing of him! Would you mind not standing quite so much in my light, I can't see my work.

*Capt. Thick.* (to himself, retreating). That girl's always fishin' for compliments. I didn't rise that time, though. It's precious slow here. I've a good mind to say I must get back to Aldershot this afternoon.

*[He wanders aimlessly about the room; ARCHIE BEARPARK looks out of window with undisguised boredom.]*

*Lady Rhoda.* I say, if none of you are goin' to be more amusin' than this, you may as well go back to your billiards again.

*Bertie.* Dear Lady RHODA, how cruel of you! You'll have to let me stay. I'll be so good. Look here, I'll read aloud to you. I can—quite prettily. What shall it be? you don't care? no more do I.

I'll take the first that comes. (He reaches for the nearest volume on a table close by.) How too delightful! Poetry—which I know you all adore. *[He turns over the leaves.]*

*Lady Rhoda.* If you ask me, I simply loathe it.

*Bertie.* Ah, but then you never heard me read it, you know. Now, here is a choice little bit, stuck right up in a corner, as if it had been misbehaving itself. "Disenchantment" it's called. *[He reads.]*

"My Love has sicklied unto Loath,  
And foul seems all that fair I fancied—  
The lily's sheen a leprous growth,  
The very buttercups are rancid!"

*Archie.* Jove! The Johnny who wrote that must have been feelin' chippy!

*Bertie.* He gets cheaper than that in the next poem. This is his idea of "Abasement." *[He reads.]*

"With matted head a-dabble in the dust,  
And eyes tear-sealed in a saline crust,  
I lie all loathly in my rags and rust—  
Yet learn that strange delight may lurk in self-disgust."

Now, do you know, I rather like that—it's so very decadent!

*Lady Rhoda.* I should call it utter rot, myself.

*Bertie (blandly).* Forgive me, Lady RHODA. "Utterly rotten," if you like, but not "utter rot." There's a difference, really. Now, I'll read you a quaint little production which has dropped down to the bottom of the page, in low spirits, I suppose. "Stanza written in Depression near Dulwich." *[He reads.]*

"The lark soars up in the air; The  
toad sits tight in his hole;  
And I would I were certain which of  
the pair Were the truer type of  
my soul!"

*Archie.* I should be inclined to back the toad, myself.

*Miss Spelw.* If you must read, do choose something a little less dismal. Aren't there any love songs?

*Bertie.* I'll look. Yes, any amount—here's one. (He reads). "To My Lady."

"Twine, lanken fingers lily-lithe,  
Gleam, slanted eyes all beryl-green,  
Pout, blood-red lips that burst  
Then—kiss me, Lady GRISOLINE!"

*Miss Spelw.* (interested). So that's his type. Does he mention whether she did kiss him?

*Bertie.* Probably. Poets are always privileged to kiss and tell. I'll see... h'm, ha, yes; he does mention it... I think I'll read something else. Here's a classical specimen. *[He reads.]*

"Upstairs the monster now his slobberous head,  
Its filamentous chaps her ankles  
brushing;

Her twice-five roseal toes are cramped in dread,  
Each maidly instep mauven-pink is flushing."

And so on, don't you know... Now I'll read you a regular rouser called "A Trumpet Blast." Sit tight, everybody! *[He reads.]*

"Pale Patricians, sunk in self-indulgence, (One for you, dear ARCHIE!)

Blink your bleared eyes. (Blink, pretty creatures, blink!)

Behold the Sun—  
Burst proclaim, in purpurate effulgence,  
Demos dawning, and the Darkness—done!"

*[General hilarity, amidst which Lady CULVERIN enters. Lady Culverin.* So glad you all contrive to keep your spirits up, in spite of this dismal weather. What is it that's so amusing you all so much, eh, dear VIVIEN?

*Miss Spelw.* BERTIE PILLINER has been reading aloud to us, dear Lady CULVERIN—the most ridiculous poetry—made us all simply shriek. What's the name of it? (Taking the volume out of BERTIE'S hand.) Oh, *Andromeda*, and other poems. By CLARION BLAIR.

*Lady Culv.* (coldly). BERTIE PILLINER can turn everything into



"I'll read you a regular rouser called 'A Trumpet Blast.'"

ridicule, we all know, but probably you are not aware that these particular poems are considered quite wonderful by all competent judges. Indeed, my sister-in-law—

*All (in consternation).* Lady CANTIRE! Is she the author? Oh, of course, if we'd had any idea!

*Lady Culv.* I've no reason to believe that Lady CANTIRE ever composed any poetry. I was only going to say that she was most interested in the author, and as she and my niece MAISIE are coming to us this evening—

*Miss Speho.* Dear Lady CULVERIN, the verses are quite, quite beautiful; it was only the way they were read.

*Lady Culv.* I am glad to hear you say so, my dear, because I'm also expecting the pleasure of seeing the author here, and you will probably be his neighbour to-night. I hope, BERTIE, that you will remember that this young man is a very distinguished genius; there is no wit that I can discover in making fun of what one doesn't happen to understand. *[She passes on.]*

*Bertie (plaintively, after Lady CULVERIN has left the room).* May I trouble somebody to scrape me up? I'm pulverised! But really, you know, a real live poet at Wyvern! I say, Miss SPELWANE, how will you like to have him dabbling his matted head next to you at dinner, eh?

*Miss Speho.* Perhaps I shall find a matted head more entertaining than a smooth one. And if you've quite done with that volume, I should like to have a look at it. *[She retires with it to her room.]*

*Archie (to himself).* I'm not half sorry this Poet-johnny's comin'; I never caught a Bard in a booby-trap yet.

*Capt. Thick. (to himself).* She's coming—this very evening! And I was nearly sayin' I must get back to Aldershot!

*Lady Rhoda.* So Lady CANTIRE's comin'; we shall all have to be on our hind legs now! But MAISIE's a dear thing. Do you know her, Captain THICKNESSE!

*Capt. Thick.* I—I used to meet Lady MAISIE MULL pretty often some time ago; don't know if she'll remember it, though.

*Lady Rhoda.* She'll love meetin' this writin' man—she's so fearfully romantic. I heard her say once that she'd give anythin' to be idealised by a great poet—sort of—what's their names—PETRARCH and LAURA business, don't you know. It will be rather amusin' to see whether it comes off—won't it?

*Capt. Thick. (choking).* I—ah—no affair of mine, really. *(To himself.)* I'm not intellectual enough for her, I know that. Suppose I shall have to stand by and look on at the Petrarchin'. Well, there's always Aldershot!

*[The luncheon gong sounds, to the general relief and satisfaction.]*

## TO THE OXFORD CRICKET CAPTAIN.

"100, Not Out." Monday, July 2, 1894.

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. C. B. FRY,  
You neatly wiped the Cantab Light Blue eye,  
And well deserved the fashionable shout  
Which hailed you for your century, not out.  
For your exploits, what language is too tall?  
At cricket good alike with bat and ball,  
Full back at football (that's Association),  
At jumping lengthways—well, you lick creation.  
In Schools no idler when stern duty calls,  
Already having got a First in "Smalls."  
Yes, Oxford surely boasts to-day in you,  
Her most distinguished son, a Triple Blue.  
The Lord's good wicket made a scoring high day,  
But you yourself turned Monday into Fry-day!

ANARCHIST ATTEMPT ON A WELL-KNOWN BRIDGE.—After several failures, the Hampton Court Bridge was shot yesterday evening by a young man, supposed to be an Anarchist, whose name and address remain a profound secret, as, owing to his having taken his outrigger by the hour, and, having paid his shot, there was no excuse for his detention by the assistants in charge of the boats. He had been dining freely at a neighbouring hostelry, the sign of which being "The Mitre," suggested to the intelligent detective in charge of the case the probability of the wretched youth being a "dine-à-mitre." Furnished with this clue, the police are on his track. Fortunately the bridge escaped without injury, and this morning it not only crossed the river itself without difficulty, but assisted many travellers to do the same.

ASPIRATION.—A youthful rhymist, inspired by the Derby, wishes to become a Sporting Poet, "Poet" and "Prophet," he learnedly observes, "meant about the same thing in Homeric times; and, indeed, in most prophecies of coming events on the turf I have generally found more of poetry than of profit." The modest rhymster says, that as he can never hope to be first in the field of poetry, "he may at least become a second *Ossy-un*."

## OPERATIC NOTES.

It strikes me forcibly that the Wagnerian idea has influenced all recent compositions. Nothing is now done without a "motive." It may be a good motive, or a bad motive, or an inadequate motive, or an indifferent motive; but motive there must be with our most modern school of composers, who, adopting the Wagnerian idea, (not in itself a purely original one,) and improving on it, attribute less importance to the "Act" than to the "motive," though by a reflex action the scheme of the Act suggests, organises, and it may be added, orchestrates the "motives." *L'Attaque du Moulin* is a practical example



L'Attaque du Moulin (à poivre)

of this theory. It is not styled an opera but a lyric drama in four acts. It is founded by M. LOUIS GALLET on ZOLA's story; it is reduced to plain English by Mr. WEATHERLY; the music is by ALFRED BRUNEAU; and for the stage management, which has so largely conduced to its success, Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS is responsible. It is not what the sporting papers term "a merry mill," though there is plenty of fighting. There are some songs in it, and there are some melodies—

or mill-odies—which may catch on when heard a second or third time; but they certainly do not arrest the attention at a first hearing. The music, I judge only from the one representation, seems lacking in those catching-on airs which, coupled with the admirable acting of the principals, made the fortune, *sur le champ*, of the *Cavalleria Rusticana*. But a "wind-mill" without any "air" can't be expected to "go."

Madame DELNA is forcibly dramatic, true, but not powerful as a singer, at least in Covent Garden. Nor is there in the character of this Maid of the Mill any such great opportunity whereby to test the power of the actress as there is in the part of *Santuzza*, or of *Anita* in *La Navarraise*. Madame DELNA may be all that enthusiastic reporters have said she is, but she must have a great deal of power in reserve, for the display of which this opera does not offer the chance. Mons. BOUVET as *Merher*, the Miller, who "created" the part in Paris, is good, but his acting is somewhat monotonous. Madame DE NUOVINA as *Françoise*, is a young *Lady Macbeth*, who gives the dagger and does not request that it may be returned to her again when done with. M. BONNARD, as the *Singing Sentinel*, reminding me of GILBERT and SULLIVAN's *Sentinel* "with a song" in one of the Savoy Series, was very good; and Mons. COSSIRA, excellent as the escaping prisoner, bore so strong a resemblance to the Director of the Fortunes of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, that people looked twice at their programmes in order to be quite sure that an apology for the singer had not been made, and that the much-talented Sir DRURIOLANUS had not, at the shortest possible notice, consented to be his "remplacement." Mons. ALBERS, as the *German Captain*, ought to be in receipt of a very large salary, seeing "how wide he opens his mouth" when singing. All were good in the best of all possible operatic entertainments, including the unequalled orchestra conducted by M. PH. FLON, (is this "Phlon-FLON"?) who has taken his turn with Signori BEVIGNANI, MANCINELLI, and Mr. FREDERIC COWEN, the last-mentioned coming to look after his new Opera of *Signa*, in which Madame DE NUOVINA was charming, and Signor BENJAMINO DAVIESO appeared as the Anglo-Italian Tenor. Congratulations to Signor FREDERICO COWEN.

*Saturday night. Elaine.* "If it's not very lively," observes Sir AUGUSTUS beforehand, "still it must be remembered that I have not only at heart the interests—and in pocket the interest—of Covent Garden, but also of 'Drear Elaine.' Should it prove a joyous opera and attract the people, then I shall consider it as an example of 'Drear-Elaine' at Covent Garden. But now—hark!—let us not trifle with time and tune. MANCINELLI is raising his *bâton*, up goes the curtain, and all in to begin. *Nous verrons.*" And the "all" includes the Prince and Princess of WALES and their two unmarried daughters, and a very good house indeed. "And how is *Elaine*?" is the question. "Very well, thank you, and much better than she was two years ago," is the reply. *Elaine* is decidedly thinner. One Act gone, and other judicious cuts have reduced her. The opera is consequently lighter. Due weight, however, is given to it by Madame MELBA and JEAN DE RESZKE. DRURIOLANUS has followed the precedent of "cutting the 'osses." But the "cackle" of geese followeth not. On the contrary, the applause is abundant.





## MUSIC AT HOME.

*Hostess.* 'OH, THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVELY MUSIC, HERR BLUMENTOFF! IT'S JUST WHAT I LIKE. IT BLENDS SO PERFECTLY WITH THE CONVERSATION WITHOUT IN THE LEAST INTERRUPTING IT!'

## WAITING THEIR TURN.

(In the Hot Room, St. Stephen's Baths, Westminster.)

*Bath-Man, loquitor:—*

POUF! 'Tis slow work! Were I a Turk,  
Fancy I'd put it through more expeditiously!  
Poor little Bills! Funkiness fills  
All their small souls! See 'em glancing  
suspiciously,  
Timid and torrid! Finding it horrid  
Waiting their turns for shampooing and  
plunging  
Parboiled and limp, each, as a shrimp;  
No great result for my long scurryfung-  
ing!!!

Faith, I am tired! Been much admired  
For my long patience with Big BILLY  
He got it hot! Worrying lot [BUDGET.  
Some of these fellows. But BILLY will  
trudge it  
Pretty soon, now. *Splash!!!* What a row!  
BILLY is bulky, and makes a big splashing.  
Head-first he goes, kicks up his toes,—  
All that is left after boiling and washing.

Thanks be he's through! What'll I do  
Next, and which of 'em in waiting seems  
readiest?

I'm so restricted! Little "EJECTED,"  
Small Irish boy, seems I fancy the  
steadiest.

"EQUALISATION?" His perspiration  
Something prodigious, and yet—well—the  
other!—

Oh! English, Scotch, Welsh, they all look  
like squelch,  
And the task of selection is truly a bother!

Had I free choice,—Ah! but my voice  
Only counts one nowadays in selection.

BALFOUR & Co.—they run the show;  
Matter I think for most urgent reflection.  
They arrogate questions of date,  
They set the time, and the temperature too.  
If I insist, well, they'll resist,  
Get their way, too, in the long run,—ah!  
sure to!

Nice state'o' things! Wish I had wings!  
Much rather boss small Bath by the  
Bosphorus!

Sixes and sevens now at St. Stephen's!  
Running it all the year round at a loss—  
for us!

Look at 'em there, each on his chair,  
Wobbly, perspiring and weary o' waiting!  
Might have been done, every one,  
But for Balfourian procrastinating.

Rum-looking lot! Don't they seem hot?  
Little "EJECTED," young "EQUALISATION,"  
Quite in a stew. The other two,—  
Well, 'tis complete discumbobification!  
Must make my choice! Waiting my voice!  
Gentlemen please—Mr.—ahem! Oh!  
thunder!

They all pop up, prompt as a Krupp.  
*Which had I better first call in I wonder?*

## THE NEW PARTY.

[MR. GRANT ALLEN and several other advanced  
politicians have started a new party, the members  
of which are to be called Isocrats, a title very  
similar to one coined by COLERIDGE for a society  
which he desired to found on principles of general  
equality.—*Daily Paper.*]

MANY have heard of Pantisocracy,  
A compound crude of COLERIDGE and cant,  
The latest products of Democracy  
Dub themselves Isocrats without the  
'Tis as it should be, is it not, ["pant."  
For what are they but *sans-culottes*?

## AT LAST.

At last the sky is actually blue.  
Say not "dull, hazy, cloudy, overcast,"  
O weather prophets, "fine" alone is true  
At last.

At last, as June is finishing, the Row  
Looks bright and gay. The difference is  
vast;  
The sunlit grass, the rhododendrons glow  
At last.

At last my topper flies not in the gale,  
I gazing on its ruin quite aghast,  
Nor gets all spotted after rain or hail,  
At last.

At last it rests serenely on my brow,  
As firm as colours nailed to any mast;  
In fact it's somewhat hot and heavy now,  
At last.

At last you sport your thinnest frocks, fair  
maid,  
Sweet CHLOE, PHYLLIS, PYRRA, prim or  
fast.  
Now AMARYLLIS dallies in the shade  
At last.

At last NEERA's hair is undisturbed,  
Not out of curl from damp, nor by the  
blast  
In tangles blown. She smiles quite unper-  
turbed  
At last.

At last. But soon the rain, the fog, the haze  
May spoil light frocks that now sweep gaily  
past.  
For *tempora mutantur*; such fine days  
Can't last.

TRAVELLING MOTTO AT HOLIDAY TIME.—  
"Too many Cooks (tourists) spoil the Con-  
tinent."



## WAITING THEIR TURN.

(In the Hot Room, St. Stephen's Baths, Westminster.)

CHIEF ATTENDANT H-RO-RT (to himself). "WHICH SHALL I TAKE NEXT?"





## WHEEL OR WOE.

*Maud (who has had the misfortune to bring her Cousin from Provincial Town into the Row). "BUT, GOOD GRACIOUS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ACCUSTOMED TO HORSES; IN FACT, YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD BEEN RIDING A GOOD DEAL LATELY."*  
*He (in intervals of bumping). "B—B—BUT IT WAS A B—B—BICYCLE!"*

## NOMINE TANTUM.

THIS morn, as now for half a score of years,  
 I comfortably caught the nine-fifteen;  
 At noon we met by chance—as noontide nears  
 Such the weeks round our daily chance has  
 been;

Yet shipwrecked brother, newly come to land,  
 Could not more fiercely seize me by the hand.

You ask me how I am, nor let it pass,  
 But keep on asking till I tell you how;  
 'Twere rude to bid you not to be an ass,  
 Churlish to turn a greeting to a row;  
 But, knowing that my general health is fair,  
 Why should you daily ask, why should you  
 care?

I sometimes wonder, while my knuckles ache  
 With unrequited pressure of your digits,  
 While whispered mysteries of nought you  
 make,

And take no notice of my patent fidgets—  
 I wonder how a real old friend you'd flatter,  
 And how reveal a really private matter.

Think but a moment, (if you ever think,)—  
 I never knead your knuckles with my thumb,  
 I never proffer an untimely drink,

About my own affairs I'm ever dumb,  
 Yet I believe, in your impulsive way,  
 You think we're bosom friends from child-  
 hood's day.

Yes, though they brand our English ways as  
 cold, [huge city.

Meetings like ours make glad the whole  
 The magnate, weighty as though shod with  
 gold, [witty,

The lawyer's clerk, precocious, slim and  
 All have the same convulsive warmth of  
 greeting  
 For casual people whom they're always  
 meeting.

Is it perchance self-preservation's law  
 That drives good will, drowning in  
 Mammon's sea,  
 To clutch in frenzy at a man of straw,  
 And cheer a heart with the hand's amity,  
 That in the way of business would stab it—  
 Or is it only an absurd bad habit?

## A PUFF AND A BLOW.

SHOULD tropical weather continue, let dusted,  
 wooden-pavemented, sore-throated, weary Lon-  
 doner, take train Sunday Morning 11 A.M. Vic-  
 toria, or rather let train take him, right away  
 to Dover, where he will at once step on board  
 the *Calais-Douvres*, and get one hour and a  
 quarter's worth of ozone into his system. Then  
 at 2.15 he will land at Calais, when, free of  
 baggage, wraps, and all such-like *impedi-  
 menta*, he will walk into the buffet of the  
 hotel, and having made his choice from many  
 excellent things there set before him, he will  
 proceed to walk into his *déjeuner à la  
 fourchette*, for which meal he will have  
 ample time, seeing that the *Calais-Douvres*  
 does not start on its return voyage till 3.45.  
 After *déjeuner* comes the *fourchette*, or "fork  
 out," which, if the *voyageur* be wisely con-  
 tent with the *ordinaire*, will amount to a  
 very moderate sum. Then, exclaiming with  
 the ancient pirate of bye-gone nautical melo-  
 drama, "Once aboard the lugger and we are  
 free," he will saunter, leisurely, with cigar,  
 pipe, or cigarette, according to the taste and  
 fancy of the smoker, down to the boat.  
 There, if he be wise and wary, he will at once  
 re-embark, in order to secure a comfortable  
 arm-chair in a good position, long before any  
 trains bearing hot and dusty travellers from  
 Belgium or Paris shall appear. There he can  
 sit, smoking calmly under a cool sunshade,

placidly watching the shooting of the lug-  
 gage, which is unattended by any danger,  
 each box going off with a very slight noise,  
 and he can calmly wonder at the anxiety of  
 the passengers. Then, farewell France, wel-  
 come back to the shores of Old England, and  
 the adventurous Briton will find himself  
 landed at Victoria Terminus by 7.15 or it may  
 be 7.20, with another ozonised appetite, ready  
 for a dinner *chez lui*,—or *chez anybody* who'll  
 give him one,—and afterwards, sufficiently  
 tired, neither fagged nor weary, he will be  
 certain of a good sleep at an early hour, and  
 sure to wake in the morning all the better and  
 fresher for his outing and his inn-ing.

[N.B.—Fine weather and gentle breeze  
 taken for granted.]

## LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

## IV.—BETWEEN THE DANCES.

If I were—JACK, and you were—JILL,  
 Our waltz of some few minutes back  
 Perchance had been a "frightful thrill"—  
 If you were JILL, and I were JACK!

If I were JACK (that's—So-and-So),  
 Of smiles your face would know no lack;  
 That you were stretched on boredom's rack  
 You would not do your best to show,  
 If I were JACK.

If you were JILL (that's—Somebody),  
 I should not find "the work" up-hill;  
 No treading conversation's mill—  
 Floor, music, theatres—wearily,  
 If you were JILL.

If you were JILL, and I were JACK,  
 A kinder light your eyes would fill,  
 And I should not look glum and black  
 If I were—JACK, and you were—JILL!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"A DELIGHTFUL book," quoth the Baron, "is *David Garrick*, written by my worthy friend, JOSEPH KNIGHT, F.S.A. Let me recommend this work as one to be placed by your reading chair, and to be taken up, as was *Mrs. Gamp's* bottle, when so disposed, and oftentimes will you thus enjoy a Knight with GARRICK." One of the most humorous among very many anecdotes in this book is that about BOSWELL going to the SHAKSPEARE Fête costumed as a Corsican, within his pocket a poem he had written for the occasion, and "which," says Mr. KNIGHT simply, "he intended to speak, but the crowd would not suspend its diversions to hear him." That's all: but isn't it delightful! Poor Bozzy!!

The Baron is more than pleased to see once again the deft hand of Mr. T. H. S. ESCOTT at work in reviews and magazines. His paper, entitled "Edmund Yates, an Appreciation and a Retrospect," is most interesting to the Baron, who can call to mind the persons he mentions in literary and journalistic connection with EDMUND YATES—though the Baron does not happen to remember them in this particular connection, but as a band of brothers quite apart, and all of them younger by some years than EDMUND YATES, who, at the time HOOD, PROWSE, H. S. LEIGH and others were commencing, had made his name in literature, was CHARLES DICKENS'S henchman, and had been also more or less successful, in combination with a Mr. HARRINGTON, as a dramatist. The time I speak of is when H. J. BYRON "flourished," and when



## OUR FEMALE DECADENTS.

*Bulkeley Bigge* (a charming fellow, but a bad dancer). "I CAN'T THINK WHAT ALL THE GIRLS ARE COMING TO! THEY'VE GOT NO BACK-BONES! FIVE WANTED TO SIT OUT A DANCE WITH ME TO-NIGHT!"

"all the world was young," *The World* itself, of course, not having been born or thought of. Looking back to those days the Baron thinks that Mr. ESCOTT does himself an injustice, and that he is younger than he thinks he is. Be this as it may, he will in any case have a stock of pleasant memories to draw upon, and now, if his health permit, all will look forward to what he cannot look forward to himself, *i.e.*, his reminiscences. "Prosit! Mr. ESCOTT! Your health, happiness, and a long life to you," quoth the gladsome

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

HENLEY NOTES.—Why did the onlookers persist in making a trouble of a pleasure-bout? Delightful time, but racing not much.

By Eton  
Radley  
Was beaten  
Badly.  
Lots of luck  
But no luck.

GUY and VIVIAN NICKALLS easily to the front in the Diamond Challenge Sculls, sixth and seventh heat. There was no doubt about the heat during Henley week, as "seventh heat" only feebly expresses the temperature. The betting on GUY, in sovereigns, resulted in a loss of GUINNESS. The inscription which goes with the Diamond Sculls is done in NICKALLS-silver.

OUR SCHOOLBOY AGAIN.

*Examiner*. What is said to have been the food of the Homerigods? Boy. Nectarines and ammonia.

## MR. PUNCH TO TWO NOBLE SPORTSMEN.

WHAT, *Ladas* licked and the stout *Valkyrie* sunk!

How are the hopes of noble champions shrunk!  
Oh, most unfrabjous day!

No more can ROSEBERRY boast the unbeaten  
"crack" [back]

No more that yacht will go "galumphing  
Prize-winner glad and gay!

*Punch* sympathises with his friend DUN-  
RAVEN,

Who nevermore may see return to haven  
That gallant, luckless yacht.

PRIMROSE, dear boy, even the fleet *Ladas*  
May yield without disgrace to *Isinglass*,  
But *Bullingdon*!—that's hot!

Perchance the Nonconformist Conscience now  
May be conciliated! Anyhow

The horse may "come again,"  
But that proud yacht lies twenty fathom  
deep!

May NEPTUNE carefully and kindly keep  
That hull beneath his main.

Sure there is nothing of her but should  
change

Sea-shapen into something rich and strange.  
Well, England will regret

With a good sportsman by disaster struck,  
And hope he'll live with a new yacht—and  
luck

To lick the Yankee yet!

## TALK IN COURT.

(Consequent on the Peerage Invading the Banks  
of the Bar.)

MAY it please your Lordship, the Duke,  
my learned and noble junior, will read the  
pleadings.

I will leave it to my noble and learned friend  
the Marquis to examine the next witness.

I can quite understand your Lordship's  
annoyance, but I can assure you, my lord,  
that the noble Earl from whom I receive my  
instructions promised that the documents  
should be forthcoming.

I suppose we may leave the question of  
costs to be settled by our juniors the illustrious  
Prince and the hereditary Earl Gardener?

Really, Duke, I must ask you not to inter-  
rupt me while I am conducting this cross-  
examination.

I regret, my Lord, that my young and  
promising junior, who has but recently been  
called to the Bar, should have made the  
concession, but it is only right to tell your  
Lordship that the nobleman in question—the  
Duke of HERNE BAY—misunderstood his  
instructions.

I am sorry, my Lord, that absence in  
another part of the building prevented me  
from addressing your Lordship. I trust,  
however, that the inexperience of my noble  
and learned friend, the Viscount TOTTEN-  
HAM COURT ROAD, will not be allowed to  
prejudice my client's interests.

As your Lordship pleases!

## A SONG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

MAMMA is a judge of divorces,

Sister ANNE is a learned Q.C.,

ELIZA is great upon horses,

And DORA a thriving M.D.

Aunt JANE is a popular preacher,

Aunt SUSAN a dealer in stocks,

While Father, the gentlest old creature,

Attends to the family socks.

Aunt POLLY's a marvel of knowledge,

With any amount of degrees,

She's Master or head of some college—

I forget whether Corpus or Caius—

Aunt NELL is the eminent counsel

Who pleads at the criminal bar,

And I feed the canary with groundsel

For I'm learning to be a Papa.

I'm to marry a girl in the City,

She allows me a hundred a year

To dress on, and make myself pretty,

And keep me in baccy and beer.

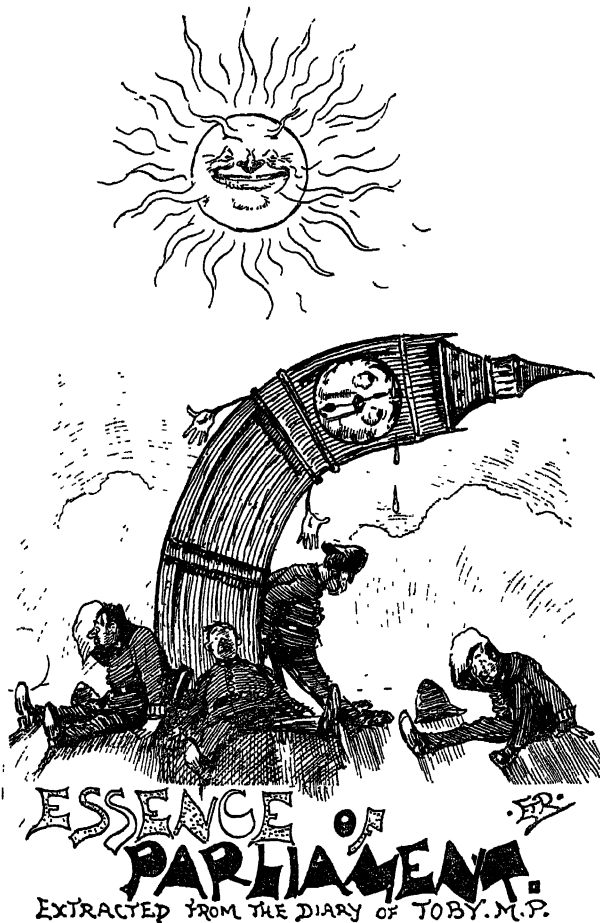
The duties?—Oh, as for the duties,

You can possibly guess what they are;

And I warrant the boys will be beauties

That are destined to call me Papa.

"BARRY, COME UP!" (Quotation from  
*Shakespeare* by a "gottlebal with a cold id-  
'ead.")—Mr. J. WOLFE BARRY was made  
"Companion of the Bath," as a recognition of  
his having done his best for the Thames.



House of Commons, Monday, July 2.—“I am sorry,” said Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, “that there is no CHATHAM, BURKE, or FOX alive at this moment to resist this project of taxing the Colonies.”

In their unavoidable absence the CAP'EN, contrary to his custom, offered a few remarks. It had been just as well if he had omitted the preliminary one. He really did not mean anything, much less did he desire deliberately to offend his friends BARTLEY, BUTCHER, and BYRNE. But, as the poet remarks, Evil is wrought by want of thought, and the invidiousness of TOMMY's remark lost nothing of sting because he had not intended to hurt anyone's feelings—except, of course, those of SQUIRE of MALWOOD, and that is a legitimate occupation. When an enthusiastic female admirer observed to the eminent WHISTLER that he and VELASQUEZ were the two greatest artists of times ancient or modern, JEMMY modestly observed, “Why drag in VELASQUEZ?” Thus BARTLEY, BUTCHER, and BYRNE turned upon TOMMY with reproachful glance and murmured, “Why drag in CHATHAM, BURKE, and FOX?”

However, all over now. The midnight bells chiming over sultry London proclaim passing of Budget Bill through Committee. Been a long hard fight, monotonous in its continuity, occasionally exciting in its divisions, continuously illustrative of Englishman's faculty of never knowing when he's beaten. Honours rest with SQUIRE of MALWOOD, who throughout has unflinchingly and, in the main, good humouredly, borne the brunt of battle. The flesh is weak, especially when there is a good deal of it, and the thermometer stands at 82° in the shade. The SQUIRE has snapped occasionally, JOKIM's apologetic figure, upright at opposite side of table, proving unfailing, irresistible, incentive. Even worse to bear have been the desertion of a few followers and the importunity of many. Had the SQUIRE been a weaker man, he would long ago have brought the Closure to bear on obstruction, and there would have followed a state of irritation, amid which, if Budget was not wrecked, it would have appropriated the whole time of an extended Session. The SQUIRE, going on another tack, has worn out obstruction by affecting the virtue of urbanity if he had it not.

It was particularly hard lines, after getting Clause XXVII, through last Wednesday with a majority of over half a hundred, to be compelled to recommit Bill, in order that CLANCY might chortle, and REDMOND rage. SQUIRE advised to resist; condemned from his own side when he yielded. But what happened? At quarter past ten

to-night Bill recommitted in respect of this clause, and on stroke of midnight the whole thing was done with.

“We Liberals,” said the Member for SARK, “always know better than our leaders. As there are many of us, and as we each take our individual view, result somewhat chaotic. Good thing if in comparative leisure of week end we think over how the Budget Bill was passed, and what would have happened if we had worried the SQUIRE into going one of our diverse ways.”

*Business done.*—Budget Bill.

*Tuesday.*—Enter the apothecary. It was Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES who brought him on. The last person in any one's mind. House in Committee on Army Estimates; HANBURY to the fore. Bound to live up to the 534 speeches he made and questions he put last year. TOMMY then beat him by fourteen, and promises to be equally ahead in the current Session. The CAP'EN hitherto had peculiar advantage, seeing that for many weeks he has been, so to speak, cruising in home waters. Having been brought up on legacy tax, teetotal on death duties, TOMMY surprised himself and the House with the command he displayed over intricacies of Budget Bill. HANBURY then fell behind. Now, with House in Committee on Army Estimates, he can show TOMMY a clean pair of heels, a spectacle in which that eminent and able Marine may or may not take keen personal interest.

HANBURY began at once raising point of order; MELLOR ruled him out like a shot; so went off on another tack. Adventured the startlingly novel proposition that “promotion should be by merit.” Enlarged on the theme for twenty minutes; sat down only when he concluded that audience had fully mastered the proposition, contemplation of which was new to their bewildered mind.

It was at this stage TOMMY towed in the apothecary. He appeared on the scene quite as abruptly as *Romeo's* acquaintance in the streets of Mantua:—

I do remember an apothecary,  
And hereabout he dwells.

CAP'EN omitted details; but House gathered that his friend the apothecary was, like *Romeo's*, meagre of looks, worn to the bones by sharp misery. This condition engendered by circumstance that he had been brooding in his needy shop, among the green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses, upon fact that whilst there are surgeon-majors in the Army, there are no apothecary-majors. On behalf of his absent friend, TOMMY demanded an explanation from SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

CAWMELL-BANNERMAN with the ruthless disregard of Shaksperian traditions that seems to suit the War Office, said “apothecaries are an expiring class,” a way of putting it that suggested they had been dosing themselves. Their place was now filled by non-commissioned officers, who were called compounders of medicine.

What a fall is here. Fancy *Romeo* going about the moonlit streets of Mantua calling out, “What ho! Compounder of Medicine.” This callous remark had such effect on Cap'en TOMMY that he laid aside his speaking-trumpet, and was heard no more through the live-long night. *Business done.*—Some Votes in Army Estimates.

*Thursday.*—Looked in after dinner just now; startled to find HANBURY on his legs, with bit of dirty white rag held out in both hands towards Treasury Bench. Not many Members present; those on Liberal side vociferously cheering. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN looking in better temper even than usual; which was strange since Committee on Army Estimates been at it since four o'clock, and only one vote passed. WOODALL, only other occupant of Treasury Bench, been shewing how a man may smile and smile, and be a Financial Secretary to the War Office. Now the smile broadens till it stretches almost full length of Treasury Bench. As SARK says, it justifies RUDYARD KIPLING's bold imagery of BOBS sitting on a bucking charger,

With a smile round both yer ears,  
Ain't ye BOBs?

CAUSTON just bustled in, holding telegram at arm's length. It is the reading of this that has broken the monotony of Committee with noise of cheering, and dashed a smile along the Ministerial benches like a sudden flash of sunlight. Only for this merry mood, one entering the House at this particular moment might fear the worst. HANBURY been at it hour after hour since Tuesday, when House got into Committee on Navy Estimates. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, a person of imperturbable temper. But there are limits to human endurance; now they seem to have been reached. This telegram CAUSTON has brought in and handed to War Minister doubtless announces that all is ready; a file of soldiers waits on the Terrace; HANBURY will be seized, bound, carried forth, blindfolded, shot; and then the Committee will really get to business, and vote Supply.

A sad fate for one only moderately middle-aged. *Tu l'as voulu* ROBERT WILLIAM. Still, cannot withhold the tear of pity as the hapless man stands clutching at the extended white flag which announces his capitulation, his entreaty for pardon, his promise of better conduct in future.



Ask SARK if he won't say something for the doomed man. SARK, in language not to be here repeated, explains that things are not what they seem. Fact is, HANBURY has somewhere obtained (in what manner, SARK hints, may be matter for police inquiry) a portion of sheeting, the property of HER MAJESTY, supplied to soldiers. This he has brought down, intending to confound CAYMELL-BANNERMAN. Happened to bring it out just at the moment when news arrived of a great Liberal victory snatched at the polls at Attercliffe. That's all.

*Business done.*—Two votes in Army Estimates.

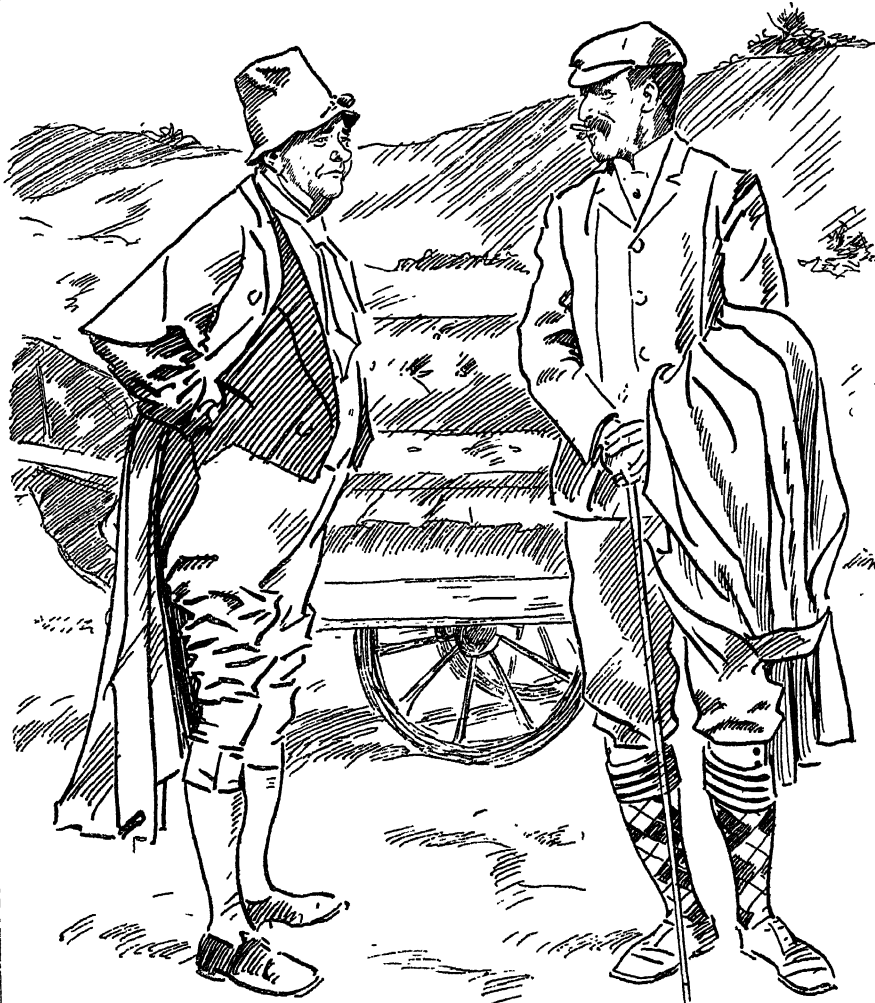
*House of Lords, Friday.*—Peers not habitually given to tears. To-night the MARKISS plunged them (especially Ministers) into condition of abject woe. Only said that England was the head-quarters of the Anarchist operations, the laboratory in which all their contrivances were hatched. ROSEBERRY jumped at opportunity with intuition of Old Parliamentary Hand. Enlarged upon it with skill of born debater. MARKISS saw his mistake. Hadn't meant anything; only his way of putting a case. But here was ROSEBERRY pitilessly making it clear how the Leader of the Patriot Party had given his country away to the Paris gossips; how he had assumed a state of things which, set forth on authority of ex-Prime Minister and ex-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, would be made much of by the enemy abroad.

MARKISS for once so singed by his own blazing indiscretion that he did not wait for SCHOMBERG MACDONNELL's convenient correspondent, but forthwith endeavoured to explain away his remarks. This led only to tears coursing more rapidly down ROSEBERRY's pained face, whilst SPENCER forlornly shook his beard as if it were the flag of England drooping under the shamed skies, and KIMBERLEY dolefully dropped his head. A pretty scene, admirably staged and acted.

*Business done.*—The MARKISS puts his foot in it.

### The Two Sarahs.

O WOMAN, you romp in with ease!  
If you're not proud you're hard to please:  
Men talk to-day on every hand  
Of "the Grand SARA" and "SARAH GRAND."



*Irish Jarvey.* "LET ME DHRIVE YER HONOUR TO DUNEEN HEAD."

*English Tourist.* "I HAVE SEEN THAT, PAT. I WENT THERE TWO YEARS AGO."

*Irish Jarvey.* "AH, YER HONOUR, SHURE THEY'VE ADDED TO THE SCENERY SINCE THAT TOIME!"

**STARTLING FOR HER.**—Mrs. R.'s niece read out the heading of a paragraph in the *Daily Graphic* last Thursday, which sounded to her attentive aunt like "The New Baby." Mrs. R. was all attention, expecting some gratifying intelligence from White Lodge. Imagine her astonishment when her niece continued, "An addition to the collection of the Zoological Society of London was made last week—" "What!!!" exclaimed Mrs. R., and her niece continued, "When a gnu was born at the menagerie in Regent's Park." The excellent lady was dumb with amazement. Then her niece showed her the heading which was "A Gnu Baby," with the illustration of the gnu baby and the old mother.

**PHOSPHORESCENCE IN ART.**—Said Professor DEWAR, in a recent lecture, "A perfectly clean plate of metal does not phosphoresce, but the merest trace of grease—such as is left by the touch of the hand—will make it brightly luminous." Take, adds *Mr. Punch*, by way of example, a perfectly clean plate of metal, apply to it the hand of a skilled etcher, say of Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., and the result will be brightly luminous, and what is more, it will last, and its bright luminosity will increase with age.

**VIVE ROSEBERRY!**—The owner of *Ladas* celebrated the Derby triumph with an entertainment to the Epsom Poor of the Union Workhouse, all Unionists, of course, which makes the Premier's Ladasian horse-pitality still more noble. "This week His Lordship entertains the Epsom tradesmen," so it is announced. One of the entertainments will be of a novel naval character, and will consist of a hornpipe by the celebrated Old Epsom Salts. Afterwards nautical song, "All in the Downs."

**REALLY SENSIBLE.**—The Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord RUSSELL of Killowen, (and if there is anything in a name isn't this "Justice to Ireland"?) will commence his judicial duties, after the swearing is over, to-day, Wednesday. His Lordship has appointed Mr. R. J. BLOCK to be his Chief Clerk. Excellent appointment! Especially in this summer heat, as when oppressed by the weight of his legal wig, the Lord Chief will simply take it off and put it on the Block.

**SHE KNOWS!**—Mrs. R. is much pained on hearing that in some parts of the Potteries the favourite song is the well-known one containing the lines:—

The beating of his own wife  
Was all the sound he heard.

As she shrewdly remarks, this indicates the manner in which the cettar in this district is accustomed to spend his Saturday night.

**OUR TOBY AND HIS ANXIOUS FRIENDS.**—*Mr. Punch* has received several letters reminding him that the Duke of RUTLAND is a Cantab, not an Oxonian as stated in our TOBY's "Essence" for June 30. TOBY is delighted to hear it. He will remember in future that "*Mr. Crummles* is not a Prussian," &c., &c.

**"LONDON PLAYGROUNDS."**—Drury Lane, Lyceum, Haymarket, Toole's, &c., &c. The respective managers say they prefer to see these crammed, and object to all "open spaces."

**A RIVERSIDE LAMENT.**

In my garden, where the rose  
By the hundred gaily blows,  
And the river freshly flows  
Close to me,  
I can spend the summer day  
In a quite idyllic way;  
Simply charming, you would  
say,  
Could you see.

I am far from stuffy town,  
Where the soots meander  
down,  
And the air seems — being  
brown —

Close to me,  
I am far from rushing train;  
*Bradshaw* does not bore my  
brain,  
Nor, comparatively plain,  
*A B C*.

To my punt I can repair,  
If the weather's fairly fair,  
But one grievance I have there;  
Close to me,  
As I sit and idly dream,  
Clammy corpses ever seem  
Floating down the placid  
stream  
To the sea.

Though the boats that crowd  
the lock —  
Such an animated block! —  
Bring gay damsels, quite a  
flock,

Close to me,  
Yet I heed not tasty togs,  
When, as motionless as logs,  
Float defunct and dismal dogs  
There aussi.

**THE 'ARDEN-ING PROCESS.**

Orlando, "TIRED, ROSALIND?"

Rosalind, "PNEUMATICALLY."

As in Egypt at a feast,  
With each party comes at least  
One sad corpse, departed beast,  
Close to me;  
Till a Canon might go off,  
Till a Dean might swear or scoff,  
Or a Bishop — tip-top toff  
In a see.

Floating to me from above,  
If it stick, with gentle shove,  
To my neighbour, whom I love,  
Close to me,  
I send on each gruesome guest.  
Should I drag it out to rest  
In my garden? No, I'm blest!  
*Non, merci!*

**OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.**

"For a modest dish of  
camp-pie, suited to barracks  
and youth militant, commend  
me," quoth one of the Baron's  
Baronites, "to *Only a  
Drummer - Boy*, a maiden  
effort, and unpretentious, like  
its author, who calls himself  
ARTHUR AMYAND, but is  
really Captain ARTHUR  
DRUMMER HAGGARD. He has  
the rare advantage, missed by  
most people who write soldier  
novels, of knowing what he is  
talking about. If there are  
faults 'to pardon in the draw-  
ing's lines,' they are faults of  
technique and not of anatomy."  
"The Court is with you,"  
quoth the BARON DE B.-W.

**HOTEL NOTE.**—The *chef* at  
every Gordon Hotel ought to  
be a "*Gordon Bleu*."

**THE VOLUNTEER'S VADE MECUM.**

(Bisley Edition.)

**Question.** What is the ambition of every  
rifleman?

**Answer.** To become an expert marksman.

**Q.** How is this to be done?

**A.** By practice at the regimental butts  
(where such accommodation exists), and ap-  
pearing at Bisley.

**Q.** Is the new site of the National Rifle  
Association better than the last?

**A.** Certainly, for those who come to Bisley  
intend to shoot.

**Q.** But did anyone turn up at Wimbledon  
for any purpose other than marksmanship?

**A.** Yes, for many of those who occupied the  
tents used their *marquees* merely as a suitable  
resting-place for light refreshments.

**Q.** Is there anything of that kind at Bisley?

**A.** Not much, as the nearest place of inter-  
est is a crematorium, and the most beautiful  
grounds in the neighbourhood belong to a  
cemetery.

**Q.** Then the business of Bisley is shoot-  
ing?

**A.** Distinctly. Without the rifle, the place  
would be as melancholy as its companion  
spot, Woking.

**Q.** In this place of useful work, what is  
the first object of the marksman?

**A.** To score heavily, if possible; but, at  
any rate, to score.

**Q.** Is it necessary to appear in uniform?

**A.** That depends upon the regulations  
commanding the prize competitions.

**Q.** What is uniform?

**A.** As much or as little of the dress of a  
corps that a judge will order a marksman to  
adopt.

**Q.** If some marksmen were paraded with  
their own corps, how would they look?

**A.** They would appear to be a sorry sight.

**Q.** Why would they appear to be a sorry  
sight?

**A.** Because over a tunic would appear a  
straw hat, and under a pouch-belt fancy  
tweed trousers.

**Q.** But surely if the Volunteers are anxious  
to improve themselves they will practise  
"smartness"?

**A.** But they do not want to promote smart-  
ness; they want 'to win cups, or the value of  
cups.

**Q.** What is the greatest reward that a  
marksman can obtain?

**A.** Some hundreds of pounds.

**Q.** And the smallest?

**A.** A dozen of somebody's champagne, or  
a box of someone else's soap.

**Q.** Under all the circumstances of the case,  
what would be an appropriate rule for Bisley?

**A.** Look after the cup-winning, and every-  
thing else will take care of itself.

**LATEST PARLIAMENTARY BETTING.****GENERAL ELECTION STAKES.**

2 to 1 on Rosebery and Ladas (coupled).  
25 to 1 agst Harcourt's Resignation.  
50 to 1 — Nonconformist Conscience.  
70 to 1 — Budget Bill (off—75 to 1 taken).  
100 to 1 — Ministerial Programme.

**FOR PLACES (NEXT SESSION STAKES).**

2 to 1 on Asquith for the Leadership.  
12 to 1 agst the Labouchere Peerage.

**NEW PREMIERSHIP SELLING STAKES.**

12 to 1 on Gladstone Redivivus.  
200 to 1 agst any other.

**AS WE LIKE IT.**

(JAQUES resumes.)

—ALL the world's upon the stage,  
And here and there you really get a player:  
The exits rather than the entrances  
Are regulated by the County Council;  
And one man in a season sees a lot—  
Seven plays a week, including *matinées*,  
And several acts in each. And first the infant,  
A vernal blossom of the Garrick Caste,  
Playing the super in his bassinet,  
And innocently causing some chagrin  
To Mr. ECCLES. Then there's *Archibald*,  
*New Boy*, and nearly father to the man,  
With mourning on his face and kicks behind,  
Returning under strong connubial stress  
Unwillingly to school. And next the lover,  
Sighing like ALEXANDER for fresh fields,  
And plunging wofully to win a kiss,  
Even to his very eyebrows. Then the soldier,  
Armed with strange maxims and a carpet-bag,  
Cock-Shaw in military ironies,  
And blowing off the bubbling repartee [*staff*],  
With chocolate in his mouth. And next is *Fal-*  
*In* fair round belly with good bolsters lined,  
Full of wide sores, and badly cut about  
By Windsor hussies,—modern instances  
Of the revolting woman. Sixthly, *Charley's*  
*Aunt*.

Now ancient as the earth, and shifting still  
The Penley pantaloons for ladies' gear,  
Her fine heroic waist a world too wide  
For the slim corset, and her manly lips,  
Tuned to the treble of a maiden's pipe,  
Grasping a big cigar. Last scene of all,  
The season's close and mere oblivion;  
Away to Europe and the provinces;  
And London left forlorn without them all,  
*Sans-Gêne, Santuzza*, yea, *sans* everything.





"A GOOD TIME COMING!"

*British Farmer ("playing a game of mixed chance and skill with Nature"). "I DO BELIEVE MY LOOK'S ON THE TURN!"*

## "A GOOD TIME COMING!"

(And it HAS been a good time coming.)

["The game of mixed chance and skill which the farmer plays each year with Nature is still undecided; but, if the farmer wins, his winnings will be large indeed."—*The "Times" on Farming Prospects.*

*British Farmer, loq. :-*

BLESS my old bones!—they're weary ones, wherefore I takes small shame—  
For the first time for many a year mine *looks* a winning game!  
A "bumper" harvest? Blissful thought! For long I've been fair stuck,  
But now I really hope I see a change in my bad luck.  
True, my opponent is a chap 'tis doosed hard to match.  
I seed a picture once of one a playing 'gainst Old Scratch,  
And oftentimes I feels like that, a-sticking all together,  
Against that demon-dicer whom we know as British Weather!  
What use of ploughs and patience, boys, or skill, and seed, and sickle,  
'Gainst frost, and rain, and blighted grain, and all that's foul and fickle?  
When the fly is on the turmuts, and the blight is on the barley,  
And meadows show like sodden swamps, a farmer do get snarley.  
But now the crops from hay to hops show promising of plenty,  
A-doubling last year's average, plus a extry ten or twenty.  
And straw is good, uncommon so, and barley, wheat and oats, Sir,  
Make a rare show o'er whose rich glow the long-tried farmer gloats, Sir!  
Beans ain't so bad, spite o' May frosts; turnips and swedes look topping;  
Though the frost and fly the mangolds try, and the taters won't be whopping.  
Those poor unlucky taters! If there's any mischief going,  
They cop their share, and how they'll fare this year there ain't no knowing;  
And peas is good, and hops is bad, or baddish. But, by jingo!  
The sight o' the hay as I saw to-day is as good as a glass of stingo.

Pastures and meadows promise prime, well nigh the country over,  
Though them as depend on their clover-crop will hardly be in clover.  
But take 'em all, the big and small, the cereals, roots, and grasses,  
There's a lump o' cheer for the farmers' hearts, and the farmers' wives and lasses;  
If only him I'm playing against—well, p'r'aps I'd best be civil,—  
If he isn't JEMMY SQUAREFOOT though, he has the *luck* o' the devil.  
With his rain and storm and cold and hot, and his host of insect horrors, [to-morrers,  
He has the pull, and our bright to-days may be spiled by black  
A cove like him with looks so grim, and flies, and such philistians,  
Is no fair foe for farmer chaps as is mortal men and Christians.  
Look at him damply glowering there with a eye like a hungry vulture!  
With his blights at hand, and his floods to command, he's the scourge  
of Agriculture. [turning,  
But howsomever, although he's clever, luck's all, and mine seems  
Oh! for a few more fair fine weeks, not swamped, nor yet too burning,  
When the sun shines sweet on the slanting wheat, with the bees  
through the clover humming,  
And us farmer chaps with a cheery heart will sing "There's a good  
time coming!"

## A MODERN MADAME.

(According to the *New School of Teachers.*)

SHE believes in nothing but herself, and never accepts her own personality seriously.

She has aspirations after the impossible, and is herself far from probable; she regards her husband as an unnecessary evil, and her children as disturbances without compensating advantages.

She writes more than she reads and seldom scribbles anything.

She has no feelings, and yet has a yearning after the intense.

She is the antithesis of her grandmother, and has made further development in generations to come quite impossible.

She thinks without the thoughts of a male, and yet has lost the comprehension of a female.

To sum up, she is hardly up to the standard of a man, and yet has sunk several fathoms below the level of a woman.

MEM. AT LORD'S DURING THE ETON AND HARROW, FRIDAY, JULY 13. (*It rained the better part, which became the worse part, of the day.*)—Not much use trying to do anything with any "match" in the wet.



## TO GOLFERS.

SUGGESTION FOR A RAINY DAY. SPILLIKINS ON A GRAND SCALE.

## WHAT WE MAY EXPECT SOON.

*By Our Own Wire.*—Dispute broken out between local employer of labour—Shoemaker with two apprentices—and his hands. One apprentice won't work with t' other. Shoemaker locked out both.

*Later News.*—Dispute developing. Amalgamated Association of Trade Unions sent fifty thousand men with rifles into town. Also park of artillery. Arbitration suggested.

*Special Telegram.*—Federated Society of Masters occupying Market Place and principal streets with Gatling guns. Expresses itself willing to accept Arbitration in principle.

*A Day After.*—Conflicts to-day between opposing forces. Streets resemble battle-field. Authorities announce—"will shortly act with vigour." Enrolled ten extra policemen. Police, including extra ten, captured by rioters, and locked up in their own cells. Business—except of undertakers—at standstill.

*Latest Developments.*—More conflicts, deaths, outrages, incendiarism. Central Government telegraphs to Shoemaker to take back both apprentices to stop disastrous disorder. No reply. Shoemaker and both apprentices been killed in riots.

*Close of the Struggle.*—Stock of gunpowder exhausted. Both sides inclined to accept compromise. Board of Conciliation formed. Survivors of employers and employed shake hands. Town irretrievably ruined, but peace firmly re-established.

WHAT! ALREADY!—"I'm afraid," said Mrs. R., "that the new Tower Bridge is in a bad way. I hear it said, of course I do not know with what truth, that it has 'bascules.' Now weren't they the insects that destroyed the crops one year and gave so many persons the influenza? I think you'll find I'm right."

EPIGRAMMATIC DESCRIPTION, BY A BILLIARD PLAYER, OF THE SELECTION OF THE CHIEF MINSTREL TO BE THE RECIPIENT OF A PRIZE AT THE RECENT EISTEDDFOD.—"*Spet Bard.*"

ACCIDENTS IN OUR ROTTENEST ROTTEN ROW.—The sooner the cause (*i.e.* Rotten Row itself) of the numerous complaints is well grounded, the better for the equestrians.

NATIONAL REFLECTION (SUGGESTED BY RECENT YACHT-RACE).—It is of small use BRITANNIA being BRITANNIA unless she be also Vigilant.

# LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART III.—THE TWO ANDROMEDAS.

SCENE III.—Opposite a Railway Bookstall at a London Terminus.  
TIME—Saturday, 4.25 P.M.

*Drysdale* (to his friend, *GALFRID UNDERSHELL*, whom he is "seeing off"). Twenty minutes to spare; time enough to lay in any quantity of light literature.

*Undershell* (in a head voice). I fear the merely ephemeral does not appeal to me. But I should like to make a little experiment. (To the Bookstall Clerk.) A—do you happen to have a copy left of *CLARION BLAIR'S Andromeda*?

*Clerk*. Not in stock, Sir. Never 'eard of the book, but daresay I could get it for you. Here's a Detective Story we're sellin' like 'ot cakes—*The Man with the Missing Toe*—very cleverly written story, Sir.

*Und*. I merely wished to know—that was all. (Turning with resigned disgust to *DRYSDALE*.) Just think of it, my dear fellow. At a bookstall like this one feels like the pulse, as it were, of Contemporary Culture; and here my *Andromeda*, which no less an authority than the *Daily Chronicle* hailed as the uprising of a new and splendid era in English Song-making, a Poetic Renaissance, my poor *Andromeda* is trampled underfoot by—(choking)—Men with Missing Toes! What a satire on our so-called Progress!

*Drys*. That a purblind public should prefer a Shilling Shooker for railway reading when for a modest half-guinea they might obtain a numbered volume of Coming Poetry on hand-made paper! It does seem incredible,—but they do. Well, if they can't read *Andromeda* on the journey, they can at least peruse a stinger on it in this week's *Saturday*. Seen it?

*Und*. No. I don't vex my soul by reading criticisms on my work. I am no KEATS. They may howl—but they will not kill me. By the way, the *Speaker* had a most enthusiastic notice last week.

*Drys*. So you saw that then? But you're right not to mind the others. When a fellow's contrived to hang on to the Chariot of Fame, he can't wonder if a few rude and envious beggars call out "Whip behind!" eh? You don't want to get in yet? Suppose we take a turn up to the end of the platform. [They do.

*JAMES SPURRELL, M.R.C.V.S., enters with his friend, THOMAS TANRAKE, of HURDELL and TANRAKE, Job and Riding Masters, Mayfair.*

*Spurrell*. Yes, it's lucky for me old SPAVIN being laid up like this—gives me a regular little outing, do you see? going down to a swell place like this Wyvern Court, and being put up there for a day or two! I shouldn't wonder if they do you very well in the housekeeper's room. (To Clerk.) Give me a *Pink 'Un* and last week's *Dog Fancier's Guide*.

*Clerk*. We've returned the unsold copies. Could give you this week's; or there's *The Rabbit and Poultry Breeder's Journal*.

*Spurr*. Oh, rabbits be blowed! (To *TANRAKE*.) I wanted you to see that notice they put in of *Andromeda* and me, with my photo and all; it said she was the best bull-bitch they'd seen for many a day, and fully deserved her first prize.

*Tanrake*. She's a rare good bitch, and no mistake. But what made you call her such an outlandish name?

*Spurr*. Well, I was going to call her *Sal*; but a chap at the College thought the other would look more stylish if I ever meant to exhibit her. *Andromeda* was one of them Roman goddesses, you know.

*Tanr*. Oh, I knew that right enough. Come and have a drink before you start—just for luck—not that you want that.

*Spurr*. I'm lucky enough in most things, TOM; in everything except love. I told you about that girl, you know—EMMA—and my being as good as engaged to her, and then, all of a sudden, she went off abroad and I've never seen or had a line from her since. Can't call that luck, you know. Well, I won't say no to a glass of something. [They disappear into the Refreshment Room.

The Countess of CANTIRE enters with her daughter, Lady MAISIE MULL.

*Lady Cantire* (to Footman). Get a compartment for us, and two foot-warmer, and a second-class as near ours as you can for PHILLIPSON; then come back here. Stay, I'd better give you PHILLIPSON's ticket. (The Footman disappears in the crowd.) Now we must get something to read on the journey. (To Clerk.) I want a book of some sort—no rubbish, mind; something serious and improving, and not a work of fiction.

*Clerk*. Exactly so, Ma'am. Let me see. Ah, here's *Alone with the 'Airy Ainoo*. How would you like that?

*Lady Cant.* (with decision). I should not like it at all.

*Clerk*. I quite understand. Well, I can give you *Three 'Undred Ways of Dressing the Cold Mutton*—useful little book for a family, rededuced to one and ninepence.

*Lady Cant.* Thank you. I think I will wait until I am reduced to one and ninepence.

*Clerk*. Precisely. What do you say to *Seven 'Undred Side-splitters for Sixpence*? 'Ighly yumorous, I assure you.

*Lady Cant.* Are these times to split our sides, with so many serious social problems pressing for solution? You are presumably not without intelligence; do you never reflect upon the responsibility you incur in assisting to circulate trivial and frivolous trash of this sort?

*Clerk* (dubiously). Well, I can't say as I do, particular, Ma'am. I'm paid to sell the books—I don't select 'em.

*Lady Cant.* That is no excuse for you—you ought to exercise some discrimination on your own account, instead of pressing people to buy what can do them no possible good. You can give me a *Society Snippets*.

*Lady Maisie*. Mamma! A penny paper that says such rude things about the Royal Family!

*Lady Cant.* It's always instructive to know what these creatures are saying about one, my dear, and it's astonishing how they manage to find out the things they do. Ah, here's GRAVENER coming back. He's got us a carriage, and we'd better get in.

[She and her daughter enter a first-class compartment; UNDERSHELL and DRYSDALE return.

*Drys.* (to UNDERSHELL). Well, I don't see now where the insolence comes in. These people have invited you to stay with them—

*Und*. But why? Not because they appreciate my work—which they probably only half understand—but out of mere idle curiosity to see what manner of strange beast a Poet may be! And I don't know this Lady CULVERIN—never met her in my life! What the deuce does she mean by sending me an invitation? Why should these smart women suppose that they are entitled to send for a

Man of Genius, as if he was their lackey? Answer me that!

*Drys*. Perhaps the delusion is encouraged by the fact that Genius occasionally condescends to answer the bell.

*Und.* (reddening). Do you imagine I am going down to this place simply to please them?

*Drys*. I should think it a doubtful kindness, in your present frame of mind; and, as you are hardly going to please yourself, wouldn't it be more dignified, on the whole, not to go at all?

*Und*. You never did understand me! Sometimes I think I was born to be misunderstood! But you might do me the justice to believe that I am not going from merely snobbish motives. May I not feel that such a recognition as this is a tribute less to my poor self than to Literature, and that, as such, I have scarcely the right to decline it?

*Drys*. Ah, if you put it in that way, I am silenced, of course.

*Und*. Or what if I am going to show these Patricians that—Poet of the People as I am—they can neither patronise nor cajole me?

*Drys*. Exactly, old chap—what if you are?

*Und*. I don't say that I may not have another reason—a rather romantic one—but you would only sneer if I told you! I know you think me a poor creature whose head has been turned by an undeserved success.



"Here's a detective story we're sellin' like 'ot cakes."

*Drys.* You're not going to try to pick a quarrel with an old chum, are you? Come, you know well enough I don't think anything of the sort. I've always said you had the right stuff in you, and would show it some day; there are even signs of it in *Andromeda* here and there; but you'll do better things than that, if you'll only let some of the wind out of your head. I like you, old fellow, and that's just why it riles me to see you taking yourself so devilish seriously on the strength of a little volume of verse which has been "boomed" for all it's worth, and considerably more. You've only got your immortality on a short repairing lease at present, old boy!

*Und. (with bitterness).* I am fortunate in possessing such a candid friend. But I mustn't keep you here any longer.

*Drys.* Very well. I suppose you're going first? Consider the feelings of the CULVERIN footman at the other end!

*Und. (as he fingers a first-class ticket in his pocket).* You have a very low view of human nature! (Here he remarks a remarkably pretty face at a second-class window close by.) As it happens, I am travelling second.

*Drys. (at the window).* Well, good-bye, old chap. Good luck to you at Wyvern, and remember—wear your livery with as good a grace as possible.

*Und.* I do not intend to wear any livery whatever.

[The owner of the pretty face regards UNDERSHELL with interest.

*Spurr. (coming out of the Refreshment Room).* What, second? with all my exes. paid? Not likely! I'm going to travel in style this journey. No—not a smoker; don't want to create a bad impression, you know. This will do for me.

[He gets into a compartment occupied by Lady CANTIRE and her daughter.

*Tanr. (at the window).* There—you're off now. Pleasant journey to you, old man. Hope you'll enjoy yourself at this Wyvern Court you're going to—and I say, don't forget to send me that notice of *Andromeda* when you get back!

[The Countess and Lady MAISIE start slightly; the train moves out of the station.

## THE LATEST GREAT YACHT RACE.

(By our own Nautical Special.

DEAR SIR,—The captain went on board the gallant *Naughty Lass* with hi Wind Lass. A Wind Lass is short for "Winn'd Lass," i.e. a Lass he has won. I think her name is "POLLY." The Captain says he is always true to her, and nothing will ever induce him to leave his dear Wind Lass ashore when he's afloat. Noble sentiment, but unpractical. The fact is (as whispered) the Wind Lass is jealous of the *Naughty Lass*, and won't let the Captain go alone. When the other Captain went on board the rival of the gallant *Naughty Lass*, the *Anne Nemone*, and "the crafty ones," as they call the sailors "in the know," were ready to bet any money on the *Anne Nemone*. Both cutters "cut" (hence the name) got well away from each other at the start, and a fresh breeze coming up (the stale one had been got rid of) there was a lot of fore-reaching, until the Captain, who is an old hand at this sort of thing, sent round steward with brandy. "All hands for grog!" was then the order of the day, and we just managed to clear Muddle Point, leaving the home-marked (or "home-made," I forget which is the technical term, but I suppose the latter, as she was built on the neighbouring premises) boat well to windward. After a free reach in this weather down to Boot Shore—where the vessel heeled over a bit, but nothing to speak of, as it was soon remedied by a cobbler that was close at hand—the *Naughty Lass* lifted her head-sails, and away we went for Incog Bay, where nobody knew us, or we should have been received with three times three.

At this moment the *Anne Nemone*, racing close to us, let out a right good "gybe," which was in execrable taste, I admit, but which ought not to have called for any retort from the captain's Wind Lass, who gave it her hot and strong, and threatened to haul her over the coal-scuttlers. Fortunately we were away again, and there was no time for opposite gybes. (I spell "gybes" in the old English nautical fashion, but, as I ascertain, it is precisely the same as "jibes.") Sailors' language is a bit odd; they don't mean anything, I know—it's only professional; still, as reporting the matter to ears polite, I scarcely like to set down in full all I heard. At 1 p.m. all hands were piped for luncheon, and we had spinnakers cooked in their skins (they are a sort of bean), with a rare nautical dish called "Booms and Bacon." Fine! I did enjoy it! But then I'm an old hand at this sort of thing,—luncheon on board, I mean; for there's scarcely a board, be it sea board or other board, or, in fact, any boarding establishment, that I don't know. But "yeo ho! my boys! and avast!" for are we not still racing? We are!!

We passed The Bottle at 2.30 p.m. What had become of the *Anne Nemone* I don't know, and probably we should never have seen her again had not our captain, who was trying to sight the port after passing The Bottle, stood on the wrong tack, which ran into his boat and hurt him awfully. He was carried below, and we gathered round him as he turned to the *Naughty Lass* and mur-



## 'ARRY AT BISLEY.

'Arry (to 'Arriet). "OH, I SY! WHAT SEEDS THEM MUST BE TO GROW A LAMP-POST!"

mured—but POLLY objected that there was nothing to murmur about or to grumble at, and that the sooner he stumbled on deck the better it would be for the race. So up rose our brave captain, took a stiff draught of weather bilge (which is the best preventive of seasickness), and calling for his first mate, Mr. JACK YARD TOPSAIL, told him to "stand away," which I could quite understand, for JACK YARD TOPSAIL is a regular salt, full of tar, rum, 'baccy, and everything that can make life sweet to him, but not to his immediate neighbours. So "stand away" and not "stand by" it was, and when we got to Squeams Bay the sailors took a short hitch (it is necessary occasionally—but I cannot say more—lady-readers being present), and we went streaking away like a side of bacon on a fine day.

"Are we winning?" asks POLLY, the Wind Lass. "You look winning!" I reply, politely. "By how much?" she inquires, just tucking up her skirts, and showing a trim ankle. The Captain, with his glass to his eye, and looking down, answers, "The fifth of a long leg!" I never saw a woman so angry! "I haven't!" she exclaimed; and there would have been a row, and we should never have won, as we did splendidly, had not the "first officer" (just as they name the supernumeraries in a play) come up and reminded Pretty POLLY that she wasn't the only mate the Captain had on board. "Where's the other?" she cried, in a fury. "Below!" answered the First Officer, and down went POLLY, not to re-appear again until all was over, and our victorious binnacle was waving proudly from the fore-top-gallant. At the finish we went clean into harbour, without a speck on our fore-castle, or a stain on our character. I wire you the account of this great race, and am (Rule BRITANNIA!) Yours,

"EVERY OTHER INCH A SAILOR!"

P.S.—I am informed that after I left the vessel—in fact it was next day—a Burgee was run up at the mast head. I suppose some sort of court-martial was held first, and that the Burgee (poor wretch!) was caught red-handed. Still, in these days, this sort of proceeding does sound rather tyrannical. High-masted justice, eh? Well, sea-dogs will be sea-dogs. I don't exactly know what a Burgee is, but I fancy he is something between a Buccaneer and a Bargee; a sort of river-and-sea pirate. But I fear it is a landsman! Burgee, masculine (and probably husband) of Burgess!! If so, there will be a row!

YOURS AS BEFORE THE MAST.





### WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*Madame la Baronne (who WILL speak English).* "AND TELL ME, MISTRESS BROWN, YOUR CLEVER 'USBAND, WHO 'AVE A SO BEAUTIFUL TALENT—IS HE YET OF ZE ROYAL ACADEMY?"

*Our Artist's Wife (who WILL speak French).* "OH NON, MADAME, RÉLAS! SEULEMENT, IL EST PENDU CETTE ANNÉE, VOUS SAVEZ!"

*Madame la Baronne (relapsing into her native language).* "OH—MADAME—QUELLE AFFREUSE NOUVELLE!"

### A FRIEND IN NEED;

*Or, The Lawbreaker's Last Refuge.*

Sure stranger irony life never saw  
Than Lawlessness low suppliant to the Law!

*Guardian of Order soliloquiseeth:—*

"Down with Everything!" Ah, yes!  
That's the sort o' rot you jaw!  
You'd be in a tidy mess  
If you'd downed with good old Law.  
Funniest job we have to do,  
Is to "save" such scamps as you.

"Down with Everything!" Spout on!  
I, who stand for Law, stand by.  
You may want me ere you've done.  
Somethink in that workman's eye,  
And the clenching of his fist,  
Ought to put you on the twist.

Think you're fetching of 'em fine  
With your tommy-rotten patter.  
Think you've got 'em in a line,  
Or as near as doesn't matter.  
Won't you feel in a rare stew  
If they take to downing *you*?

Downing is a sort o' game  
Two can play at *here*—thanks be!  
Spin your lead out! Don't let shame,  
Common sense, or courtesy,  
Put the gag on your red rag;  
Flourish it—like your Red Flag!

How they waggle, flag and tongue!  
Proud o' that same bit of bunting?  
See the glances on you flung?  
Hear the British workman grunting?  
He is none too fond, that chap,  
Of rank rot and the Red Cap!

Perched upon a noodle's nob,  
Minds me of an organ-monkey!—  
If a workman will not rob,  
You denounce him as a "flunkey."  
Some of 'em know what that means.  
Mind your eye! They'll give you beans!

Ah! I thought so. Gone too fur!  
Set the British Workman boozing.  
"Dirty dog!!!" That riles you, Sir!  
Better mind what you are doing!  
Mug goes saffron now, with fear.  
Round you glare! Yes, Law is here!

Show your teeth shark-like and yellow!  
You won't frighten them, or me.  
Ah! there comes the true mob-bellow!  
That means mischief—as you see.  
Mob, when nettled, goes a squelcher  
For Thief, Anarchist or Welsher.

"Help! Perlice!!!" Oh! *that's* your cry!  
*I'm* your friend, then,—at a pinch?  
Funk first taste of Anarchy?  
Law is better than—Judge Lynch?  
Rummy this! For all his jaw  
The lawbreaker flies to Law!

Good as a sensation novel  
For to see you crouching there.  
Can't these Red Flag heroes grovel?  
Come, my Trojan, have a care.  
Do not clasp Law's legs that way,  
Like *Scum Goodman* in the play.

Help? Oh, yes; I'll help you—out!—  
"Stand back there, please! Pass along!"  
Come, get up! Now don't you doubt  
If your "downing" dodge ain't wrong?  
Anyhow 'tis, you'll agree,  
Lucky for *you*—you've not downed *me*!

### A MIDSUMMER DAY-DREAM.

[The Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition has started.]

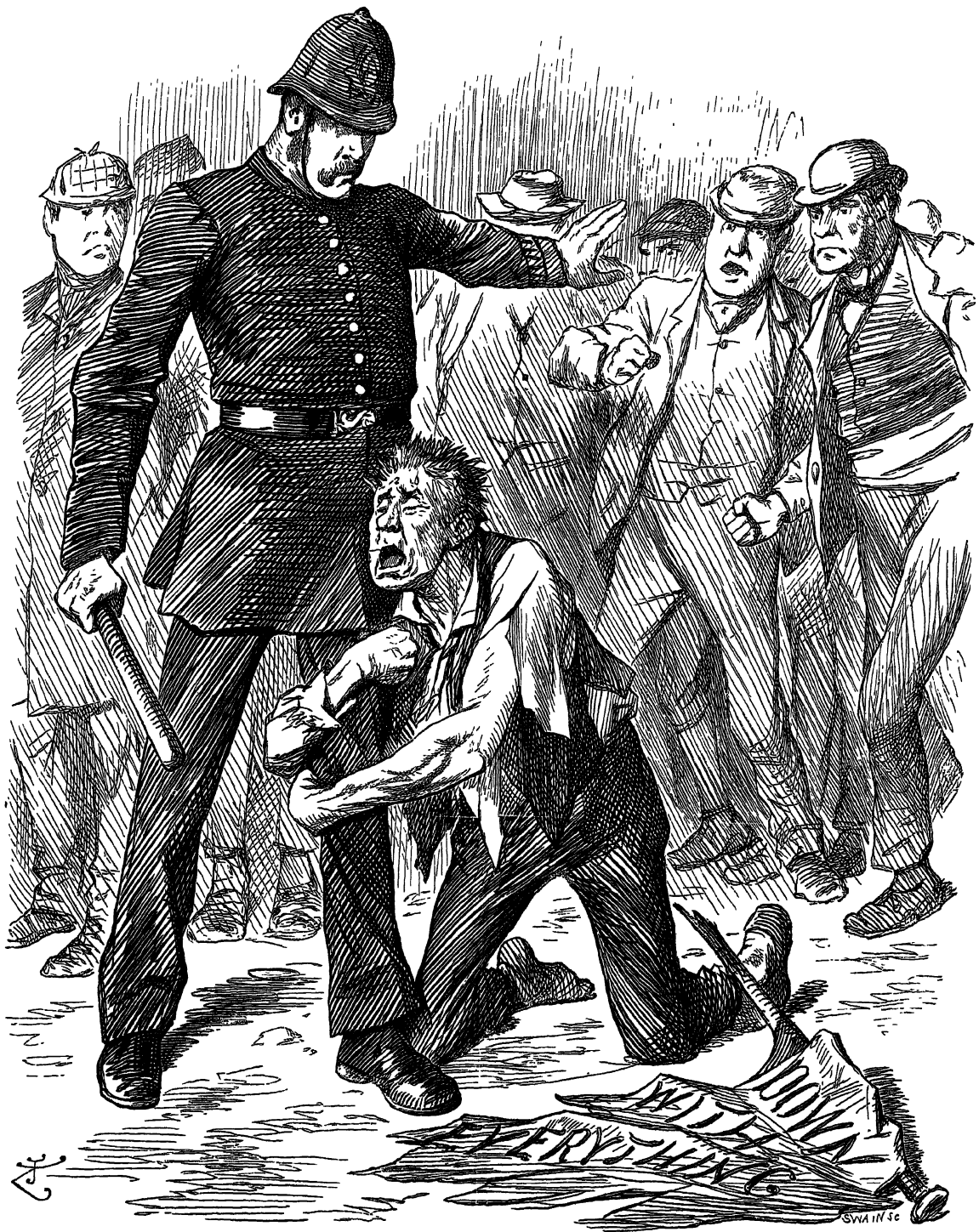
PUNCH sleeps. The cheerful Sage has heard

That JACKSON is about to start.  
His sympathies are warmly stirred,  
He hath the *Windward's* weal at heart.  
He dreams: That block of dinner ice  
Stirs arctic fancies in his breast.  
He travels Pole-ward in a trice;  
He joins the JACKSON-HARMSWORTH quest.

"All precious things, discovered late  
To those that seek them issue forth."—  
To find her may be JACKSON'S fate,  
That Sleeping Beauty of the North!  
She lieth in her icy cave  
As still as sleep, as white as death.  
Her look might stagger the most brave,  
And make the stoutest hold his breath.

"The bodies and the bones of those  
That strove in other days to pass,"  
Are scattered o'er the spreading snows,  
Are bleached about that sea of glass.  
He gazes on the silent dead:  
"They perished in their daring deeds."  
The proverb flashes through his head,  
"The many fail: the one succeeds."

*Punch* wakes: lo! it is but a dream—  
A vision of the Frozen Sea;  
Yet may be it may hold a gleam  
Of prophecy. So mote it be!  
To JACKSON and to HARMSWORTH too  
He brims a well-earned bumper. "Skoal!"  
Here's health to them and their brave crew!  
And safe return from well-won goal!



“A FRIEND IN NEED—”

ANARCHIST. “‘ELP! ‘ELP! PER-LICE!!”

CONSTABLE. “‘DOWN WITH EVERYTHING,’ INDEED! LUCKY FOR YOU YOU HAVEN’T ‘DOWN’D ME!!”





## THE MINX.—A POEM IN PROSE.

*Poet.* It's so good of you to see me. I merely wished to ask one or two questions as to your career. You must have led a most interesting life.

*Sphinx.* You are very inquisitive and extremely indiscreet, and I have always carefully avoided being interviewed. However, go on.

*Poet.* I believe you can read hieroglyphs?

*Sphinx.* Oh yes; I can, fluently. But I never do. I assure you they are not in the least amusing.

*Poet.* No doubt you have talked with hippogriffs and basilisks?

*Sphinx (modestly).* I certainly was in rather a smart set at one time. As they say, I have "known better days."

*Poet.* Did you ever have any conversation with THOTH?

*Sphinx (loftily).* Oh, dear no! (*Mimicking.*) Thoth he wath not conthidered quite a nice perthom. I would not allow him to be introduced to me.

*Poet.* You were very particular?

*Sphinx.* One has to be careful. The world is so censorious.

*Poet.* I wonder, would you give me the pleasure of singing to me? "*Adrian's Gilded Barge*," for instance?

*Sphinx.* You must really excuse me. I am not in good voice. By the way, the "*Gilded Barge*," as you call it, was merely a shabby sort of punt. It would have had no effect whatever at the Henley Regatta.

*Poet.* Dear me! Is it true you played golf among the Pyramids?

*Sphinx (emphatically).* Perfectly untrue. You see what absurd reports get about!



*Poet (softly).* They do. What was that story about the Tyrian?

*Sphinx.* Merely gossip. There was nothing in it, I assure you.

*Poet.* And APIS?

*Sphinx.* Oh, he sent me some flowers, and there were paragraphs about it—in hieroglyphs—in the society papers. That was all. But they were contradicted.

*Poet.* You knew AMMON very well, I believe?

*Sphinx (frankly).* AMMON and I were great pals. I used to see a good deal of him. He came in to tea very often—he was quite interesting. But I have not seen him for a long time. He had one fault—he would smoke in the drawing-room. And though I hope I am not too conventional, I really could not allow that.

*Poet.* How pleased they would all be to see you again! Why do you not go over to Egypt for the winter?

*Sphinx.* The hotels at Cairo are so dreadfully expensive.

*Poet.* Is it true you went tunny-fishing with ANTONY?

*Sphinx.* One must draw the line somewhere! CLEOPATRA was so cross. She was horribly jealous, and not nearly so handsome as you might suppose, though she was photographed as a "type of Egyptian Beauty!"

*Poet.* I must thank you very much for the courteous way in which you have replied to my questions. And now will you forgive me if I make an observation? In my opinion you are not a Sphinx at all.

*Sphinx (indignantly).* What am I, then? *Poet.* A Minx.

## THE LAY OF THE EXPLORER.

I USED to think that if a man  
In any character could score a  
Distinctly leonine success,

'Twould be as a returned explorer.

So, when by sixteen tigers tree'd,  
Or when mad elephants were charging,  
I joved to say—"On this, some day,  
My countrymen will be enlarging."

And when mosquitoes buzzed and bit  
(For 'tis their pleasing nature to),  
Or fevers floored me, still this dream  
Helped me to suffer and to do.

I have returned! Whole dusky tribes [is!—  
I've wiped right out—such labour sweet  
And with innumerable chiefs  
Arranged unconscionable treaties.

What's the result? I have become  
A butt for each humanitarian,  
Who call my exploits in the chase  
The work of a "confessed barbarian."

And, worst of all, my rival, JONES,  
Who'd any trick that's low and mean dare,  
Cries—"Equatorial jungles! Pish!  
I don't believe he's ever been there!"

So now I just "explore" Herne Bay,  
With trippers, niggers, nurses, babies:  
I've tried for fame. I've gained it, too:  
I share it with the vanished JABEZ!

NOTE AND QUERY.—At Aldershot the QUEEN expressed herself much pleased with the "tattoo" all round. "IGNORAMUS" writes to inquire "if 'tattoo-ing' is done in Indian ink or with gunpowder?"

## RULE, "BRITANNIA."

(*New Yachtical Version*)

H.R.H. THE P—E OF W—s sings:—

WHEN *Vigilant*, at GOULD's command,  
Came over here to sweep the main,  
This was the lay that thrilled the land,  
And Yankee Doodle loved the strain—  
Lick *Britannia!* the fleet *Britannia* lick!  
And JOHNNY BULL may out his stick.

But *Vigilant*, less fast than thee,  
Must in her turn before thee fall,  
*Britannia*, who hast kept the sea,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Win, *Britannia!* *Britannia* rules the waves!  
(Though by the narrowest of shav'es.)

Six races in succession show  
The Yankee yacht has met her match;  
Though she was hailed, not long ago,  
The swiftest clipper of the batch.  
Rule, *Britannia!* *Britannia* rule the waves!  
The most appropriate of staves!

I'm sorry poor DUNRAVEN's crack  
So prematurely has gone down;  
But mine has kept the winning tack,  
And well upheld the isle's renown.  
Rule, *Britannia!* &c.

When JONATHAN thy match hath found,  
He'll to our coasts again repair.  
We'll have another friendly round,  
With manly hearts and all things fair.  
Rule, *Britannia!* *Britannia* rules the waves,  
Six sequent wins BULL's honour saves!

## TO ALTHEA IN THE STALLS.

From the Orchestra as I was staring  
So wearily down at the hall,  
The programme I held hardly caring  
To turn, I was tired of it all!  
For I knew 'twas a futile endeavour  
With music my trouble to drown,  
And I'd made up my mind that you never,  
Ah, never, would come back to town!

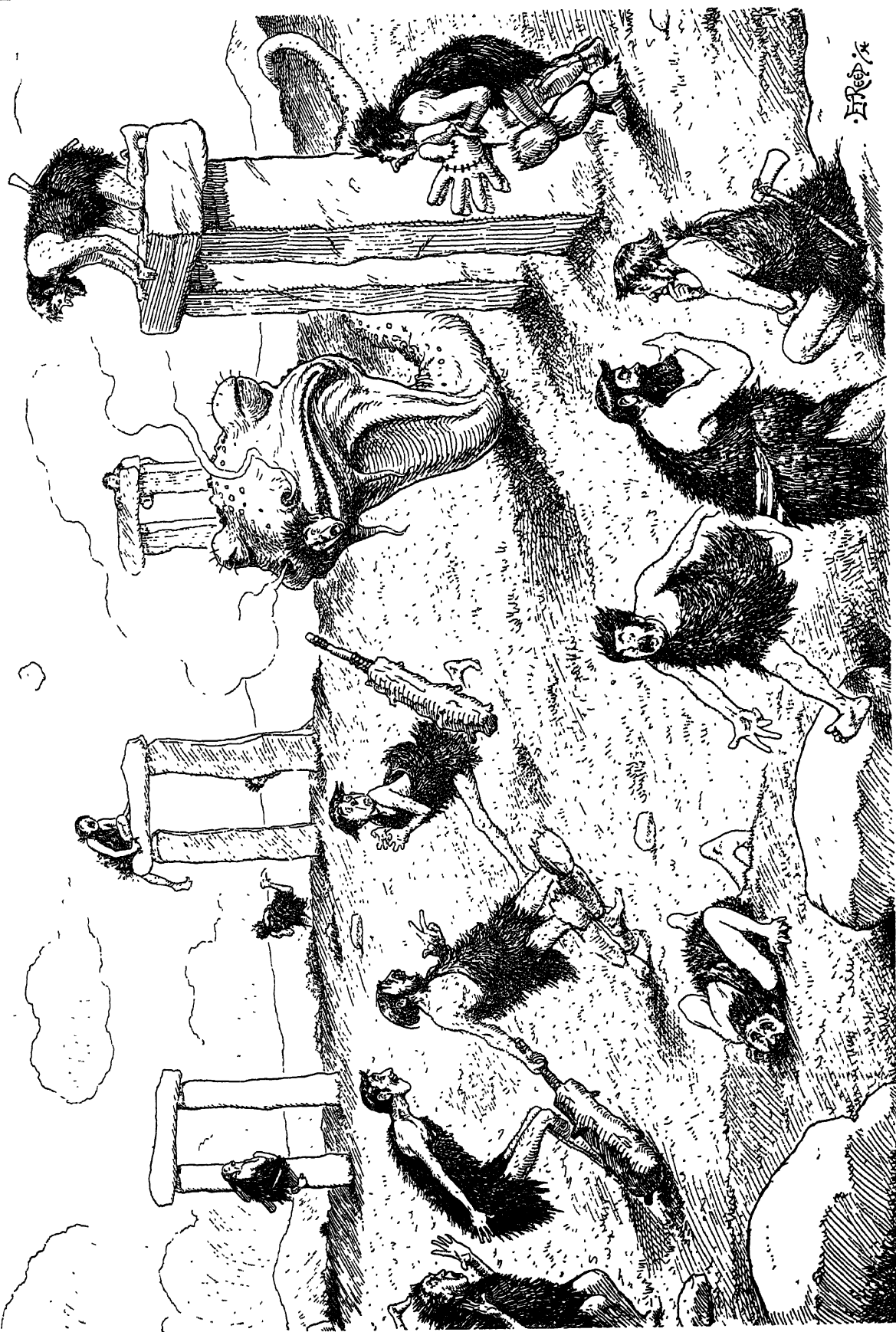
When suddenly, there I beheld you  
Yourself—ah, the joyous amaze!  
I wonder what instinct impelled you  
Your dreamy dark eyes to upraise,  
That for one happy second's communing  
Met mine that had waited so long—  
And the wail of the violins tuning  
It turned to a jubilant song!

'Mid organ-chords sombre and mellow  
There breaks out a ripple of glee,  
And the voice of the violoncello,  
ALTHEA, is pleading for me!  
The music is beating and surging  
With joy no *adagio* can drown,  
In ecstasy all things are merging—  
Because you have come back to town!

THE COREAN DIFFICULTY.—"Japan declines to withdraw."—(*Telegram, Thursday, July 12.*)—"Ah," observed Miss QUOTER, who is ever ready, "that reminds me of BYRON's line in *Mazeppa*, quite applicable to the present situation—

'Again he urges on his mild Corea.'"

NEW WORK (by the Chief Druid Minstrel at the Eisteddfod, dedicated to their Royal Highnesses).—"How to be Harpy in Wales."

**PREHISTORIC PEEPS.**

A CRICKET MATCH. "HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE?"!!

# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Lords, Monday, July 9.*—PLAYFAIR's leonine countenance habitually cheerful. But never saw him looking so pleased as when we walked through St. Stephen's Chapel on way to Lords just now. "From point of view of old House of Commons man the Lords are, I admit, a little unresponsive," my Lord said. "The chamber is, acoustically and otherwise, the sepulchre of speech. You remember



Suggested Statues for the Vacant Niches in the Inner Lobby.

No. I.—"The Majesty of the Law!"

House not in condition particularly inspiring for lecturer. Benches mostly empty; STANLEY of Alderley completed depletion by rambling speech of half an hour's duration, modestly described in Orders as "a question." Wanted to know how many lighthouses in England and Wales paid Income Tax; how many were behindhand with their rates; were Death Duties applicable to some of them; if so, which; and whether the tenants compounded for rates or otherwise. These inquiries not without interest, but STANLEY not chiefly remarkable for concentration of thought or conciseness of phrase.

At length PLAYFAIR's turn came. A flutter of interest amongst Peers as he was observed tugging at something in trousers pocket; hauled out what looked like empty oyster shell.

"Ah!" said HERSCHELL, smiling, "I see the lawyers have been before us."

"In moving the Second Reading of the Sea Fisheries (Shell Fish) Bill, I propose, if I may be permitted, to give your Lordships an object lesson. This particular shell," PLAYFAIR continued, holding it up between finger and thumb, "is covered all over with microscopic oysters. Oysters in all stages of growth are seen there."

"Well," said the MARQUIS OF CARABAS, "if one had a twenty billion magnifying glass of the kind associated with the memory of Sam Weller, perhaps we might see the oysters. All I can say is, I don't see any worth three and sixpence a dozen. PLAYFAIR's no business to bring these things down here, filling House with smell of stale seaweed when his oysters are no bigger than a pin's head."

The MARQUIS strode angrily forth. Others followed. Lecture cut short.

*Business done.*—Sea Fisheries (Shell Fish) Bill read a second time, amid unexpectedly depressing circumstances.

*House of Commons, Tuesday.*—SQUIRE OF MALWOOD back after a week's rustication. Brings glowing news of the hay crop; looks, indeed, as if he had been helping to make it; ruddier than a cherry; indescribable but unmistakable country air about him as

he sits on Treasury Bench with folded arms, listening to the monotonous ripple of talk renewed on Budget Bill.

"Rusticus expectat dum defuait amnis,"

says PRINCE ARTHUR, looking across at the rustic Squire.

"At ille

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum,"

added JOKIM, with approving glance at bench behind, where the Busy B.'s swarm after week's rest, humming round amendments with increased vigour.

Almost imperceptible movement of river goes forward. The blameless BARTLEY on his feet, entrancing House with particulars of a silver cup, prized heirloom in the humble household in Victoria Street. It seems that one of BARTLEY's ancestors—he who came over with the Conqueror—had brought with him certain blades of buckwheat, which he industriously planted out on the site, then a meadow, on which the Army and Navy Stores now flourish. The buckwheat grew apace. One day King STEPHEN, passing by on a palfrey, noted the waving green expanse. Enquiring to whom the State was indebted for this fair prospect, a courtier informed him that it was "the ancestor of GEORGE CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY, Member for North Islington in the thirteenth Parliament of Queen VICTORIA."

"By our sooth," said the King, "he shall have a silver cup." One was forthwith requisitioned from the nearest silversmith's, and this it is which now adorns the sideboard in the best parlour at St. Margaret's House, Victoria Street, S.W.

These interesting reminiscences of family history GEORGE CHRISTOPHER TROUT recited to a charmed House in support of proposed new Clause, moved by DICK WEBSTER, exempting from estate duty heirlooms under settlement. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, usually impervious to argument in favour of alterations in his prized Budget, evidently moved. If BARTLEY had only thought of bringing the cup with him, had at this moment produced it from under his cloak, and flashed it forth on gaze of House, the Clause would have been added, and the cup, Estate-duty free, would have passed on through the ares, telling its simple story to successive strata of the BARTLEY family. As it was, SQUIRE stood firm, and WEBSTER's Clause negatived.

"Couldn't do it, my dear WEBSTER," the SQUIRE found opportunity of saying, as he met disappointed legislator behind SPEAKER's Chair. "Of course I said the polite thing about BARTLEY's Cup. But I wasn't thinking of that. I know very well what you had in



An Interesting Specimen. The Coleridge Caterpillar!

mind in bringing in this Clause. The heirlooms you thought of are those cups and medals you won for Cambridge when, twenty-nine years ago, you met the Oxford Champion in the two-mile race, and in the one-mile spin. If we could do something in the Schedules specially exempting them I should be glad. Think it over, and see me later."

WEBSTER wrung the SQUIRE's hand, and passed on, saying nothing. There are moments when speech is superfluous. 'Tis true, they don't often occur in House of Commons; but here was one. Let us cherish its memory.

*Business done.*—Considering and negating new Clauses to Budget Bill.

*Thursday.*—All the cheerfulness of to-day has brightened Committee-room, where question of issue of Writ, following on application for Chiltern Hundreds, is considered. The SQUIRE under examination for nearly two hours and a-half. Difficult to say which the more enjoyed it, the witness or the Committee.

"What is the state of a Peer pending issue of Writ of Summons?" asked the SQUIRE, suddenly taking to interrogate the Committee assembled to question him. "Is he a caterpillar passing through a larva, spinning a cocoon of silk until he reaches a condition where they toil not neither do they spin?" (Here, quite by accident, his glance fell upon JOSEPH, supposed to be sitting upon him in judicial capacity.) "There is," he continued (and here he glanced at PRINCE ARTHUR, smiling at the sly hit dealt at his dear friend JOE), "an opening for philosophic doubt as to the precise condition of this impounded Peer in his intermediary state."

The House still going about with millstone of Budget Bill round its neck, BYRNE, BUTCHER, BEACH, BOWLES and BARTLEY tugging at it, KENYON-SLANEY now and then uttering obvious truths with air of supernatural wisdom. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER (address Board of Agriculture, Whitehall Place, S.W.) hands me scrap of paper; says he found it near SQUIRE'S seat on Treasury Bench; but it doesn't look like his writing:

"Two modes there are, O BYRNE and BUTCHER  
Our gratitude to earn:  
If BYRNE would only burn up BUTCHER,  
Or BUTCHER butcher BYRNE;  
Or both combine—yes, bless their souls—  
To burn and butcher TOMMY BOWLES."

*Business done.*—Very little.

*Friday.*—TEMPLE going about much as if on Tuesday night he had got out of his cab in the ordinary fashion. He didn't, you know. Taken out in sections through the upper window by couple of stalwart policemen. This owing to circumstance that Irish cab-driver having, after fashion of his country, saved a trot for the avenue, dashed up against kerbstone and overturned cab.

"Gave me a start, of course," TEMPLE said, as we brushed him down. "Not a convenient way of getting out of your hansom. What I was afraid of was being disfigured. Am not a vain man, but don't mind telling you, TOBY, a scratch or a scar on one's face would have been exceedingly annoying. But I'm all right, as you see. Hope it isn't a portent. A small thing that under this Government I should be overturned. What I fear is, that unless we keep our eye on them they'll overturn the Empire."

*Business done.*—Not yet done with Budget.

**FASHIONABLE INFORMATION AND SUGGESTION.**—The Duke and Duchess of BEDFORD having returned from Thorney will go to Beds;—a delightful change, that is unless they are rose-beds, which are proverbially thorny. And "the Duchess of ROXBURGHE goes to Floors." No Beds here; only Floors. Why not combine the two establishments and get them both under one roof?

"*NIHIL tetigit quod non ornavit.*" as the prizefighter said of his right fist, after blacking his opponent's eye and breaking the bridge of his nose.

"THE Knights of Labour" seem to be banded together against "Days of Work."



### CRUEL!

*Lucullus Brown (on hospitable purpose intent).* "ARE YOU DINING ANYWHERE TO-MORROW NIGHT?"

*Jones (not liking to absolutely "give himself away").* "LET ME SEE"—(considers)—"NO; I'M NOT DINING ANYWHERE TO-MORROW."

*Lucullus Brown (seeing through the artifice).* "UM! POOR CHAP! HOW HUNGRY YOU WILL BE!"  
[*Exeunt, —severally.*]

### THE ROYAL WELSH BARD.

[The Prince of WALES was initiated as a Bard the other day at the Carnarvon Eisteddfod.]

THE Minstrel-Prince to his Wales has gone,  
In the ranks of the Bards you'll find him;  
His bardic cloak he has girded on,  
And his tame harp slung behind him.  
"Land of Song!" said the Royal Bard,  
"You remarkably rum-spelt land, you,  
One Prince at least shall try very hard  
To pronounce you, and understand you."

The Prince tried hard, but the songs he heard  
Very soon brought his proud soul under,  
With twenty consonants packed in a word,  
And no vowels to keep them asunder!  
So he said to the Druid, "A word with you,  
Your jaw must be hard as nails, Sir;  
Your songs may do for the bold Cymru,  
They've done for the Prince of WALES,  
Sir!"

### GOOD WISHES.

(To Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie on their Marriage, July 9, 1894.)

"WHEN authors venture on a play,  
They have been known to find them undone,  
But Mr. BARRIE found the way  
To great success in *Walker, London*.  
A ready TOOLE he'd close at hand,  
And those who know her merry glance 'll  
Not find it hard to understand  
How much was due to MARY ANSELL.

Her acting in the House-boat Scene  
Led Mr. BARRIE to discover  
He'd lost his heart (although he'd been  
Of Lady NIOTINE a lover).  
And those who felt sweet NANNY'S charm,  
Or who in Thrums delight to tarry,  
Long happy life, quite free from harm,  
Will wish this new-formed firm of BARRIE.

## LORD ORMONT'S MATE AND MATEY'S AMINTA.

By G\*\*\*GE M\*R\*D\*TH.

## VOLUME I.

THIS was a school. Small wonder if the boys, doubly sensitive under a supercilious head-master of laughter-moving invention, poised for a moment on the to and fro of a needless knockabout jig-face with chin and mouth all a-pucker for the inquisitive contest. The stout are candid puff-balls blowing in an open sea of purposeless panting, hard to stir into an elephantine surging from arm-chairs; and these are for frock-coats, and they can wear watch-chains. So these boys understood it. MURAT here, MURAT there, MURAT everywhere, with SHALDERS a-burst at the small end of a trumpet, cheeks rounded to the full note of an usher's eulogy, like a roar and no mistake, arduous in the moment, throbbing beneath a schoolmaster's threadbare waistcoat, a heart all dandelions to the plucker, yellow on top with white shifts for feather-fringe; or a daisy, transferring petulance on a bath-chair wheezing and groaning—on the swing for the capture of a fare—or shall it be a fair, that too a wheeze permitted to propriety hoist on a flaxy, grinning chub. This was SHALDERS.

Lady CHARLOTTE ESELETT appeared. Hers was the brother, the Lord ORMONT we know, a general of cavalry not a doubt, all sabretache, spurs and plumes, dashing away into a Hindoo desert like the soldier he is, a born man sword in fist. She wrote, "Come to me. He is said to be married."

He spoke to her. "My father was a soldier."

"He too?" she interposed.

Their eyes clashed.

"You are the tutor for me," she added.

"For your grandson," corrected he.

It was a bargain. They struck it. She glanced right and left, showing the town-bred tutor her hedges at the canter along the main road of her scheme.

His admiration of the cavalry-brother rose to a fever-point. Not good with the pen, Lady CHARLOTTE opined; hard to beat at a sword-thrust, thought MATEY. "Be his pen-holder," put in the lady. "I would," said he, smiling again. She split sides, convulsed in a take-offish murmur, a roll here, a roll there, rib-tickling with eyes goggling on the forefront of a sentence all rags, tags, and splutters like a jerry-builder gaping at a waste land pegged out in plots, foundations on the dig, and auctioneer prowling hither thither, hammer ready for the "gone" which shall spin a nobody's land into a somebody's money passing over counter or otherwise pocket to pocket, full to empty or almost empty, with a mowing choke-spark of a batter-foot all quills for the bean-feast. So they understood it.

MATEY then was Lord ORMONT's secretary. A sad dog his Lordship; all the women on bended knees to his glory. Who shall own him? What cares he so it be a petticoat? For women go the helter-skelter pace; head-first they plunge or kick like barking cuckoos. You can tether them with a dab for Sir FRANCIS JEUNE. He will charge a jury to the right-about of a crapulous fallow-ball, stiff as Rhadamanthus eyeing the tremblers. But MATEY had met this one before. Memories came pouring. He gazed. Was she, in truth, Lord ORMONT's? The thought spanked him in the face. A wife? Possibly. And with an aunt—AMINTA's aunt. She has a nose like a trout skimming a river for flies, then rises a minute and you not there, always too late with rod and line for sport. But there was danger to these two, and Lord ORMONT was writing his Memoirs. A mad splashing of unnecessary ink on the foolscap made for his head, never more to wear the plumed cocked hat in a clash of thunder-bearing squadrons.

END OF VOL. I.



## A VADE MECUM FOR THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

(Compiled by a Pessimist.)

**Question.** Will the Naval Manœuvres of 1894 have any novel features?

**Answer.** Only in the imagination of the special correspondents.

**Q.** Will there be the customary coloured fleets?

**A.** Yes, with the usual commanders, officers and men.

**Q.** Will the lesson that a fleet having speed equal to a pursuing fleet, if given a start, will escape, be taught to all concerned?

**A.** Yes, to the great admiration of the authorities at Somerset House and Whitehall.

**Q.** Will it be demonstrated that if a town on the coast is left undefended, a hostile iron-clad will be able to bombard it at pleasure?

**A.** Yes, to the satisfaction of every scientist in the United Kingdom.

**Q.** Will it also be made clear to the meanest comprehension that if the night is sufficiently dark, and search-lights insufficient, a fleet will get out of a harbour in spite of considerable opposition?

**A.** Yes, to the great appreciation of the world at large, and the British public in particular.

**Q.** Will there be the customary secrecy about self-evident facts and trivial details?

**A.** Yes, to the annoyance of the newspaper correspondents, and the indignation of editors thirsting for copy.

**Q.** And, lastly, how may the Naval Manœuvres be appropriately defined?

**A.** As the means of obtaining the minimum of information at the maximum of expense.

## A PAINFUL POSITION.

It is my base biographer

I've haunted all day long.

He's writing out my character,

And every word is wrong.

With the wrong vices I'm indued,

And the wrong virtues too;

My motives he has misconstrued

As only he could do.

I read the copy sheet by sheet

As it issues from his pen,

And this, this travesty complete

Will be my doom from men!

I've wrestled hard with psychic force—

It is in vain, in vain!

His nerves were ever tough and coarse,

Impervious his brain.

Ah, could a merely psychic spell

Ignite an earthly match!

Or could a hand impalpable

Material "copy" snatch!

I'm as incompetent as mist

The enemy to rack.

Ah, if a spiritual fist

An earthly eye could black!

A paper-weight it lies below,

It cannot be dispersed!

The publisher will never know

Who read that copy first!

His gliding pen, for all my hate,

Has never gone awry;

"All rights reserved," they'll calmly

state,

O'er me. And here am I!

## GUESSES AT GOODWOOD.

(By a Transatlantic Cousin, according to English ideas.)

THAT I shall get puppar to take me and mother down in real style.

That we will wake up sleepy old Europe, and show these insolent insulars that we are above small potatoes.

That I shall cut out the British Misses, and make their mummars sit up.

That I shall take care that luncheon is not neglected, and see that all my party, like the omnibuses, are full inside.

That I shall think very small of the races, so long as I get my boxes of gloves.

That I shall do credit to the best society of Boston and the seminaries of New York by speaking through my nose a mixture of slang and nonsense.

That I shall call his Grace of Canterbury "Archbishop," and any owner of strawberry leaves "Duke."

That I shall wear a gown trimmed with diamonds, and have my parasols made of net and precious stones. That I shall conceal the fact that puppar made his money out of the sale of wooden nutmegs and mother's aunt was a laundress.

That I shall flirt with a Duke at the Races, marry him at St. George's, and give up for ever the stars and stripes.

P.S. (By a Transatlantic Cousin, according to American ideas).—I shall continue to wonder at an English girl's notions of her kinswomen when there are so many charming specimens of refined Columbian gentleness resettled in the old home of the Anglo-Saxon race.





*Living Sanderson. In. in. Stevens.*

"THE APPLE OF DISCORD; OR, WHICH IS THE LAUREATE?"

Paris . . . LORD R-S-B-R-Y.

Venus (à la Japonaise) . . . SIR EDW-N ARN-LD.

June . . . L-W-S M-RR-S.

Minerva . . . ALFR-D A-ST-N.



### "THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," &c.

[SCENE—Hounds on drag of Otter, which has turned up small tributary stream.

Miss Di (six feet in her stockings, to deeply-enamoured Curate, five feet three in his, whom she has inveigled out Otter-hunting). "OH, DO JUST PICK ME UP AND CARRY ME ACROSS. IT'S RATHER DEEP, DON'T YOU KNOW!" [The Rev. Spooner's sensations are somewhat mixed.

### THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

(Modern Parliamentary Version.)

[Replying to questions concerning the delay in filling up the post of Poet Laureate, Sir W. HARCOURT said, "This is a delicate question, and, amidst conflicting claims, I must shelter myself in the decency of the learned language, and I would reply, '*Poeta nascitur, non fit*.' . . . My hon. friend must remember what happened to the shepherd Paris when he had to award the apple, and the misfortunes which befel him and his partners—*spretaque injuria formæ*."]

Unpoetical Statesman sings:—

I'm Paris the Shepherd, *pro tem.*,  
And here are the three pseudo-goddesses!—  
Different, truly, from them  
Who appeared, without veils, skirts, or  
bodices,  
Unto CEnone's false swain.  
Well, I've no CEnone to wig me;  
But—at the first glance it's so plain,  
Paris can't give the fruit to—a pigmy.

HERÉ? Ah! this must be she!  
A classico-Cambrian Juno!  
Propriety's pink *all* must see;  
But what other claims has she? Few know!  
Dull decency's all very fine;  
She has a fine smack of the chapel;  
But, dash it, I still must decline  
To give Goddess Grundy the apple!

I'm sure she's domestic and chaste,  
A virtuous, worthy old body;  
But—that's scarce a goddess's waist,  
Her tone, too, is—well, Eisteddfoddy.

I fear, if I gave the award  
To this excellentest of old ladies,  
Apollo might send me—'twere hard!—  
To read one of her Epics—in Hades!

Then Pallas! Well, Pallas looks proud,  
And I have no doubt might deserve a  
Big crown from a true Primrose crowd:  
But—she runs rather small for Minerva!  
Men might mistake her for her owl.  
"Her rhymes," say swell Tories, "are  
rippin'!"

But still, though the *Standard* may scowl,  
I can't award Pallas the pippin!

And then Aphrodite! Oh my!  
In that dress she must feel rather freezy.  
There's confidence, though, in her eye,  
She is taking it quite Japanesy.  
That *musumé* smile's quite a fetch,  
And yet—I acknowledge—between us—  
(They'll call me a cold-blooded wretch)  
I can't stand a Japanese Venus!

And so "the Hesperian fruit"  
I must really reserve—for the present.  
Yes, Heré will call me a brute,  
And Pallas say things most unpleasant,  
Aphrodite—won't *she* give me beans!  
They all want the pippin—you bet it!  
To grab it each "goddess" quite means,  
And oh! don't they wish they may get it?

"THE New Woman" (according to the  
type suggested by the 'Revolt of the Daugh-  
ters') should be known as "The Revolting  
Woman."

### A BALLADE OF THREE VOLUMES.

O AWFUL sentence that we read,  
O news that really seems to stun,  
For Messrs. MUDIE have decreed,  
And also Messrs. SMITH AND SON,  
Henceforth consistently to shun  
The trilogies we value so,  
And that, for thus the tidings run,  
Three-volume novels are to go!

Reflect to what it soon must lead,  
This rash reform which you've begun;  
How can the novelist succeed  
In packing tragedy and fun  
Within the space of Volume One?  
Already his returns are low,  
Soon he'll be utterly undone—  
Three-volume novels are to go!

And then for us, who humbly plead  
For long romances deftly spun,  
Will not these stern barbarians heed  
Our concentrated malison?  
Alas, your literary Hun  
Nor sorrow nor remorse can know;  
He cries in anger, "Simpleton,  
Three-volume novels are to go!"

Envoi.

Prince, writers' rights—forgive the pun—  
And readers' too, forbid the blow;  
Of triple pleasure there'll be none,  
Three-volume novels are to go!

Mrs. R. says she "quite understands the  
truth of the ancient proverb which says that  
'the man who has a family has given sau-  
sages to fortune.'"

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART IV.—RUSHING TO CONCLUSIONS.

## SCENE IV.—A First-Class Compartment.

*Spurrell (to himself).* Formidable old party opposite me in the furs! Nice-looking girl over in the corner; not a patch on my EMMA, though! Wonder why I catch 'em sampling me over their papers whenever I look up! Can't be anything wrong with my turn out. Why, of course, they heard Tom talk about my going down to Wyvern Court; think I'm a visitor there and no end of a nob! Well, what snobs some people are, to be sure!

*Lady Cantire (to herself).* So this is the young poet I made ALBINIA ask to meet me. I can't be mistaken, I distinctly heard his friend mention *Andromeda*. H'm, well, it's a comfort to find

*Lady Cant.* (with a dignified little shiver). With a temperature as glacial as it is in here! Surely not!  
*Spurr.* Well, it is chilly; been raw all day. (To himself.) She don't answer. I haven't broken the ice.

[He produces a memorandum book.  
*Lady Maisie (to herself).* He hasn't said anything very original yet. So nice of him not to pose! Oh, he's got a note-book; he's going to compose a poem. How interesting!

*Spurr.* (to himself). Yes, I'm all right if *Voluptuary* wins the Lincolnshire Handicap; lucky to get on at the price I did. When will the weights come out for the City and Suburban? Let's see whether the Pink 'Un has anything about it.

[He refers to the "Sporting Times."  
*Lady Maisie (to herself).* The inspiration's stopped—what a pity! How odd of him to read the *Globe*! I thought he was a Democrat!

*Lady Cant.* MAISIE, there's quite a clever little notice in *Society*



"He's going to compose a poem. How interesting!"

he's clean! Have I read his poetry or not? I know I had the book, because I distinctly remember telling MAISIE she wasn't to read it—but—well, that's of no consequence. He looks clever and quite respectable—not in the least picturesque—which is fortunate. I was beginning to doubt whether it was quite prudent to bring MAISIE; but I needn't have worried myself.

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* Here, actually in the same carriage! Does he guess who I am? Somehow—Well, he certainly is different from what I expected. I thought he would show more signs of having thought and suffered; for he must have suffered to write as he does. If Mamma knew I had read his poems; that I had actually written to beg him not to refuse Aunt ALBINIA's invitation! He never wrote back. Of course I didn't put my address; but still, he could have found out from the Red Book if he'd cared. I'm rather glad now he didn't care.

*Spurr.* (to himself). Old girl seems as if she meant to be sociable; better give her an opening. (Aloud.) Hem! would you like the window down an inch or two?

*Lady Cant.* Not on my account, thank you.

*Spurr.* (to himself). Broke the ice, anyway. (Aloud.) Oh, I don't want it down, but some people are fond of fresh air.

*Snippets* about the dance at SKYMPINGS last week. I'm sure I wonder how they pick up these things; it quite bears out what I was told; says the supper arrangements were "simply disgraceful; no plovers' eggs, and not nearly enough champagne; and what there was, undrinkable!" So like poor dear Lady CHESEBARE; never does do things like anybody else. I'm sure I've given her hints enough!

*Spurr.* (to himself, with a suppressed grin). Wants to let me see she knows some swells. Now ain't that paltry?

*Lady Cant.* (tendering the paper). Would you like to see it, MAISIE? Just this bit here; where my finger is.

*Lady Maisie (to herself, flushing).* I saw him smile. What must he think of us, with his splendid scorn for rank? (Aloud.) No, thank you, Mamma; such a wretched light to read by!

*Spurr.* (to himself). Chance for me to cut in! (Aloud.) Beastly light, isn't it? 'Pon my word, the company ought to provide us with a dog and string apiece when we get out!

*Lady Cant.* (bringing a pair of long-handled glasses to bear upon him). I happen to hold shares in this line. May I ask why you consider a provision of dogs and string at all the stations a necessary or desirable expenditure?

*Spurr.* Oh—er—well, you know, I only meant, bring on *blindness* and that. Harmless attempt at a joke, that's all.

*Lady Cant.* I see. I scarcely expected that you would condescend to such weakness. I—ah—think you are going down to stay at Wyvern for a few days, are you not?

*Spurr (to himself).* I was right. What Tom said *did* fetch the old girl; no harm in humouring her a bit. (*Aloud.*) Yes—oh yes, they—aw—wanted me to run down when I could.

*Lady Cant.* I heard they were expecting you. You will find Wyvern a pleasant house—for a short visit.

*Spurr (to himself).* She heard! Oh, she wants to kid me she knows the CULVERINS. Rats! (*Aloud.*) Shall I, though? I daresay.

*Lady Cant.* Lady CULVERIN is a very sweet woman; a little limited, perhaps, not intellectual, or quite what one would call the *grande dame*; but perhaps that could scarcely be expected.

*Spurr (vaguely).* Oh, of course not—no. (*To himself.*) If she bluffs, so can I! (*Aloud.*) It's funny your turning out to be an acquaintance of Lady C.'s, though.

*Lady Cant.* You think so? But I should hardly call myself an acquaintance.

*Spurr (to himself).* Old cat's trying to back out of it now; she *shan't*, though! (*Aloud.*) Oh, then I suppose you know Sir RUPERT best?

*Lady Cant.* Yes, I certainly know Sir RUPERT better.

*Spurr (to himself).* Oh, you do, do you? We'll see. (*Aloud.*) Nice cheery old chap, Sir RUPERT, isn't he? I must tell him I travelled down in the same carriage with a particular friend of his. (*To himself.*) That'll make her sit up!

*Lady Cant.* Oh, then you and my brother RUPERT have met already?

*Spurr (aghast).* Your brother! Sir RUPERT CULVERIN your—! Excuse me—if I'd only known, I—I do assure you I never should have dreamt of saying—!

*Lady Cant. (graciously).* You've said nothing whatever to distress yourself about. You couldn't possibly be expected to know who I was. Perhaps I had better tell you at once that I am Lady CANTIRE, and this is my daughter, Lady MAISIE MULL. (*SPURRRELL returns Lady MAISIE's little bow in the deepest confusion.*) We are going down to Wyvern too, so I hope we shall very soon become better acquainted.

*Spurr (to himself, overwhelmed).* The deuce we shall! I have got myself into a hole this time; I wish I could see my way well out of it! Why on earth couldn't I hold my confounded tongue? I shall look an ass when I tell 'em.

[He sits staring at them in silent embarrassment.]

#### SCENE V.—A Second-Class Compartment.

*Undershell (to himself).* Singularly attractive face this girl has; so piquant and so refined! I can't help fancying she is studying me under her eyelashes. She has remarkably bright eyes. Can she be interested in me? does she expect me to talk to her? There are only she and I—but no, just now I would rather be alone with my thoughts. This MAISIE MULL whom I shall meet so soon; what is she like, I wonder? I presume she is unmarried. If I may judge from her artless little letter, she is young and enthusiastic, and she is a passionate admirer of my verse; she is longing to meet me. I suppose some men's vanity would be flattered by a tribute like that. I think I must have none; for it leaves me strangely cold. I did not even reply; it struck me that it would be difficult to do so with any dignity, and she didn't tell me where to write to. . . . After all, how do I know that this will not end—like everything else—in disillusion? Will not such crude girlish adoration pall upon me in time? If she were exceptionally lovely; or say, even as charming as this fair fellow-passenger of mine—why then, to be sure—but no, something warns me that that is not to be. I shall find her plain, sandy, freckled; she will render me ridiculous by her indiscriminating gush. . . . Yes, I feel my heart sink more and more at the prospect of this visit. Ah me! [He sighs heavily.]

*His Fellow Passenger (to herself).* It's too silly to be sitting here like a pair of images, considering that— (*Aloud.*) I hope you aren't feeling unwell?

*Und.* Thank you, no, not unwell. I was merely thinking.

*His Fellow P.* You don't seem very cheerful over it, I must say. I've no wish to be inquisitive, but perhaps you're feeling a little lowspirited about the place you're going to?

*Und.* I—I must confess I am rather dreading the prospect. How wonderful that you should have guessed it!

*His Fellow P.* Oh, I've been through it myself. I'm just the same when I go down to a new place; feel a sort of sinking, you know, as if the people were sure to be disagreeable, and I should never get on with them.

*Und.* Exactly my own sensations! If I could only be sure of finding one kindred spirit, one soul who would help and understand me. But I daren't let myself hope even for that!

*His Fellow P.* Well, I wouldn't judge beforehand. The chances are there'll be somebody you can take to.

*Und. (to himself).* What sympathy! What bright, cheerful



#### PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

"CAN YOU LET ME HAVE A BULLET-PROOF COAT FOR MY LITTLE DOG? MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR HAS THREATENED TO SHOOT HIM FOR BARKING!"

common sense! (*Aloud.*) Do you know, you encourage me more than you can possibly imagine!

*His Fellow P. (retreating).* Oh, if you are going to take my remarks like that, I shall be afraid to go on talking to you!

*Und. (with pathos).* Don't—don't be afraid to talk to me! If you only knew the comfort you give! I have found life very sad, very solitary. And true sympathy is so rare, so refreshing. I—I fear such an appeal from a stranger may seem a little startling; it is true that hitherto we have only exchanged a very few sentences; and yet already I feel that we have something—much—in common. You can't be so cruel as to let all intimacy cease here—it is quite tantalising enough that it must end so soon. A very few more minutes, and this brief episode will be only a memory; I shall have left the little green oasis far behind me, and be facing the dreary desert once more—alone!

*His Fellow P. (laughing).* Well, of all the uncomplimentary things! As it happens, though, "the little green oasis"—as you're kind enough to call me—won't be left behind; not if it's aware of it! I think I heard your friend mention Wyvern Court! Well, that's where I'm going.

*Und. (excitedly).* You—you are going to Wyvern Court! Why, then, you must be— [He checks himself.]

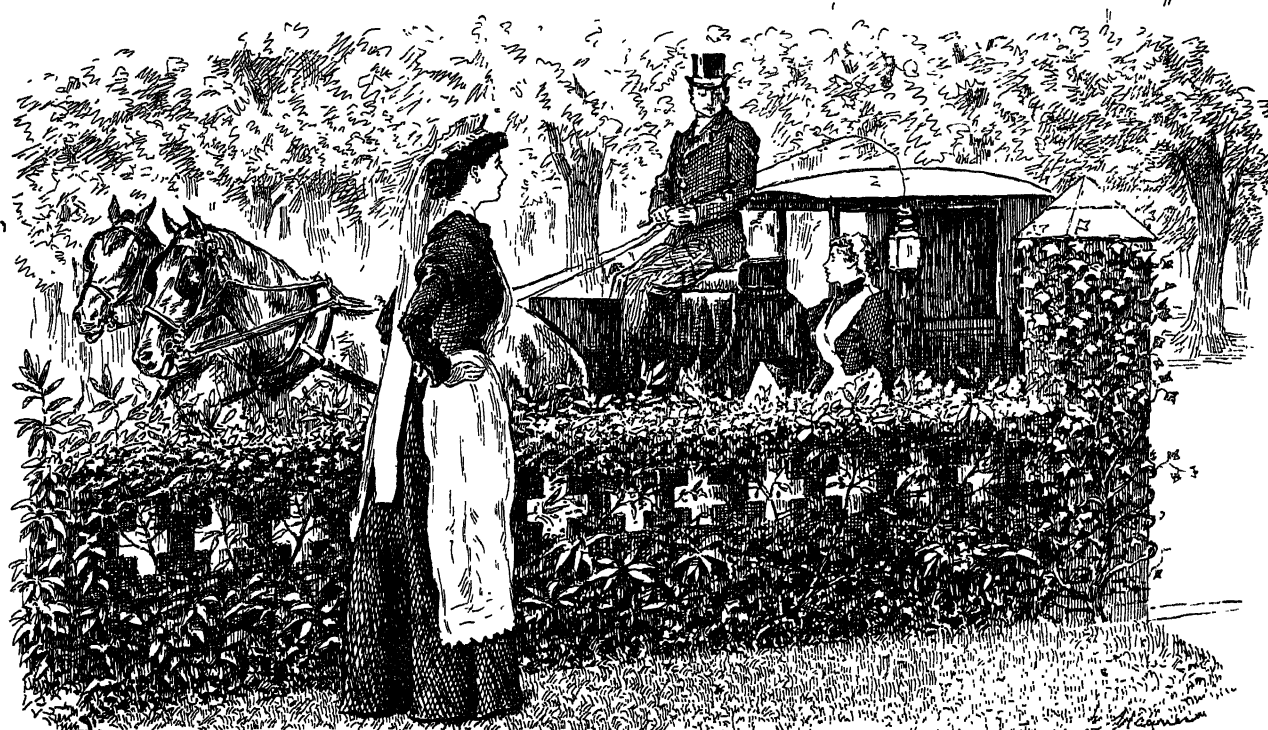
*His Fellow P.* What were you going to say; what must I be?

*Und. (to herself).* There is no doubt about it; bright, independent girl; gloves a trifle worn; travels second-class for economy; it must be Miss MULL herself; her letter mentioned Lady CULVERIN as her aunt. A poor relation, probably. She doesn't suspect that I am—I won't reveal myself just yet; better let it dawn upon her gradually. (*Aloud.*) Why, I was only about to say, why then you must be going to the same house as I am. How extremely fortunate a coincidence!

*His Fellow P.* We shall see. (*To herself.*) What a funny little man; such a flowery way of talking for a footman. Oh, but I forgot; he said he *wasn't* going to wear livery. Well, he *would* look a sight in it!

WHERE TO SEND A YOUNG HORSE TO BE WELL BROKEN IN FOR RIDING.—Evidently to the "Hackney Training Schools."





### THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

"YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE MY LADY TO REGENT STREET, AREN'T YOU, DICKON?"

"YES. IT'S HALL VERY WELL FOR 'ER LADYSHIP TO GO ABOUT IN A THING LIKE THIS! SHE HAIN'T KNOWN IN THE WEST END. *Hi ham!*"

### "EVICTED TENANTS."

"[It is impracticable to proceed in the present Session with some of the great measures to which the Government is pledged, such, for example, as that relating to the Church in Wales, the Registration Bill, and the Local Veto Bill.]—Sir William Harcourt.

*Little Local Veto, loquitur:—*

OH, exactly! Just what I expected! And after such volumes of talk! My prospects you told me were brilliant, and here it all ends—in a baulk! O, won't I just work up Sir WILFRID, and won't I just wake Mister CAINE? But there, you can't trust *anybody*, these times, that's exceedingly plain. And you too, my own bringer-up, to turn me out of house and of home! Oho, you unnatural parent! And where shall we wanderers roam— Poor Taffy, and young (Registration) Bill—look at him limping!—and Me? And the other ones tucked up inside, and especially that impudent Three, The Irish, the Scotch, and the London boys, whom you so favour and pet, Are laughing at us from the window. But, drat them, their turn may come yet. They may have to turn out, after all! BILLY BUNGER of course is all right, For you fought for your favourite che-ild, and, by Jingo, it *has* been a fight! But what have I done to be rounded on? Call yourself boss of the place? Why, the BARTLEYS, and BOWLESSES, and BOLTONS and BYRNES simply laugh in your face! What use to be landlord at all if you can't choose your tenants? Oh my! That odious Bung—one more B!—has the laugh of me still! I could cry—

But I *won't*. I will kick! I'm not meek, like those other two poor little Bills; Look, how limp and dejected they go, though against their poor dear little wills! But I am not going to be put upon. I'll make it awkward all round. You won't treat me so any more; you won't "chuck" me again, I'll be bound. And what Compensation have I, for Disturbance? Eh! what's that you say? "All right?"—"Reinstatement—next year?"—"Pass away, my dears, please, pass away?"— Ah! it's all very fine to look pleasant and promise fair things—at the door; But that's regular constable blarney, old boy, and you've done it before! Meanwhile we're Evicted, worse luck! like the poor Irish Tenants whose case Those busy B's muster to fight over. Ah! you put on a bold face, But *we* ain't the only Pill Garlies! No; some of 'em still left inside Will yet join us, out in the cold, as will p'raps be a pill to their pride! [Exit with other Bills.

THE COLONEL AND THE QUIVER.—Our own Colonel SAUNDERSON, M.P., was never better at his best than when, in the debate last Thursday night, he said, "If the Bill passes, a quiver of horror will run through every tenant, &c., &c." Of course the gallant Colonel meant "arrow" or "dart," not "quiver." A dart or an arrow will run through a person, piercing him in front, and reappearing at back. But "quiver" doesn't do this sort of thing. An arrow so transfixing a body may make it quiver—but this is another matter. More power to the quivering elbow of the gallant Colonel!

### LA FEMME DE CLAUDE.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
You'll find, according to DUMAS,  
One certain cure for melancholy:—  
*Tue-la!*

French law, that damns you in the letter,  
In spirit *change tout cela*;  
They always manage matters better  
*Là-bas.*

These are the lines to play the man on;  
Take her defenceless, cry "*Hola!*"  
And trotting out the nimble cannon,  
*Tue-la!*

Or take for choice the common cartridge;  
Pop goes *le p'tit fusil, comme ça!*  
You bag her neatly like a partridge  
*Là-bas.*

"*L'Homme-Femme*" may haunt the bosom  
British;  
*La France* goes trolling "*Ça ira!*"  
And waives the question with a skittish  
*"Tue-la!"*

No mutual recriminations,  
No counterplea, *et cetera*;  
One solves too simply these equations  
*Là-bas.*

So runs the play. We saw you foot it  
Featly therein, *la belle Sara!*  
You were all there, or, so to put it,  
*Toute là.*

And now you go, and, if you'll let us,  
Reluctantly we say "*Ta-ta!*"  
Come back again, and don't forget us  
*Là-bas.*

THE NEW MOTTO (*by our own Irishman*).  
—England expects every man this day to pay  
his own Death Duty.



SWAIN sc

## “EVICTED TENANTS.”

LOCAL VETO BILL. “ARE WE TO HAVE NO ‘COMPENSATION FOR DISTURBANCE,’?”  
H-RO-RE. “YOU’LL SEE!—RE-INSTALEMENT!—NEXT SESSION!!”

[*Evicted Bills, dejectedly.*]







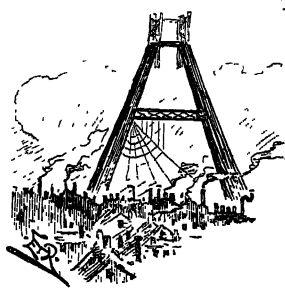
### A ROYAL PROGRESS.

SCENE—Crossing in Rotten Row during the height of the Season. Two Policemen stopping Riders. Little Girl, wheeling p'ram., with Baby inside, about to cross.

Mary Hanne. "LOE', IT'S JUS' AS IF WE WOS THE QUEEN!"

### AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

#### I.—THE GARDEN OF SLOTH.



T the Court of the Earl, by the meeting of ways,  
Man planted a garden, a garden that pays;  
In the thick of the crowd, where they tread on your corn,  
It is there that a singular plant has been born.  
Hot days of desire and cool nights of disgust,  
They are mine when its bud keeps refusing to bust.  
O, Wheel of my weal! I am waiting forlorn,  
I am waiting, I say, with a crush on my corn.

In the "Garden of London" where night-lights are spread,  
I watch Living Pictures, as old as the dead;  
While a Tow-er Gigantic stands gruesome and glum,  
By the shadow of Shows that are certain to come.  
Will they shoot as I shoot on sixpenny slides?  
Will they want as I want rotatory rides?  
O, plant of a plant! I would barter my skin  
For the chance of Ixion his regular spin!

#### By Our Schoolboy.

Q. (a) Explain the allusion "Quorum Pars." (b) Give reference.  
R. "Quorum" is a bench of magistrates who must be all Fathers of Families, or Pa's. Hence the expression (which is a kind of Latin pun) "Quorum Pars." (b) The references are numerous, and all highly respectable.

### FOR ARMS OR ALMS?

AN advertisement appears in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, headed "Devon Volunteer Commemoration," in which "Drawings are invited for a memorial of the fact that the Volunteer Movement of 1852 originated in Devonshire." According to the regulations, "Drawings must be accompanied by tenders for carrying out the work." Moreover, "the total cost, including all charges for designing, carrying out, superintending, and erecting the work, and surrounding the same with a suitable iron railing, must not exceed £200." Now this is really a very fair sum, and to assist one of our readers to win the prize, we allot the money in appropriate items. Of course we can only give a rough estimate, but it should be near enough to suit its purpose.

#### COST OF THE DEVON VOLUNTEER COMMEMORATION MEMORIAL.

Design (being a sovereign more than the sum offered for a second prize) . . . . .	6	0	0
Stone . . . . .	10	0	0
Engraving inscription . . . . .	30	0	0
Gilding the names of the Committee, &c., engaged in the work . . . . .	50	0	0
Designer's charge for carrying out, superintending and erecting work . . . . .	4	0	0
Balance (to be used for surrounding memorial "with a suitable iron railing") . . . . .	100	0	0
	£200	0	0

And now, having shown how the thing may be done, we hope that the best man may win. It is pleasant to find Art so greatly appreciated in Devonshire—a county which apparently is as rich and as generous as its own cream!

POST PRANDIAL.—If the geraniums and roses in my LOUISA's garden could speak, what celebrated dinner-giver would they name?—Loo! CULL US!

## FAREWELL TO McGLADSTONE.

(From the Heart of Midlothian.)

["I must here add, in explicit terms, the few decisive words to which, after all that has happened, I feel a natural reluctance to give utterance. It is not my intention, at the age I have now reached, to ask re-election (for Midlothian) when the present Parliament shall be dissolved."—*Mr. Gladstone's Farewell Letter to Midlothian.*]

AIR—"Farewell to Mackenzie."

FAREWELL to McGLADSTONE, great Chief  
of the North!

Midlothian remembers when first setting  
forth,  
The Chieftain she's mourning his course  
here began,  
Launching forth on wild billows his bark  
like a man,  
And stirring all hearts with his eloquent  
voice.—

Farewell to McGLADSTONE, the Chief of  
our choice!

O swift was his galley, and hardy his  
crew, [true,  
Her Captain was skilful, her mariners  
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,  
Though the storms might arise, and the  
billows might boil,  
In the wind and the warfare he seemed  
to rejoice.—

Farewell to McGLADSTONE, the Chief of  
our choice!

Blow bland on his parting, thou sweet  
southland gale!

Like the sighs of his sailors breathe soft  
on his sail;

Be prolong'd as regret that his vassals  
must know,

Be fair as their faith, and sincere as  
their woe: [of voice,

Be so soft, and so fair, and so friendly  
Wafting homeward McGLADSTONE, the  
Chief of our choice!

He was pilot experienced, and trusty,  
and wise,

To measure the seas, and to study the  
skies;

He would hoist all her canvas on Vic-  
tory's tack,



Kind Heaven crowd it fuller when waft-  
ing him back  
To his home in far Hawarden, where  
hearts will rejoice  
To welcome McGLADSTONE, the Chief of  
our choice.

Midlothian no more! 'Tis a sorrowful  
cry,

And we gaze on the waves, and we  
glance at the sky;

We shall long, when clouds darken and  
wild waves o'erwhelm,

For his voice through the gale, for his  
hand on the helm.

Now we shout through the shadows, with  
tears in our voice:

Farewell to McGLADSTONE, great Chief  
of our choice!

Midlothian no more! Faith, we fancy  
we hear [knew fear,

The cry of the Chieftain who never  
Stout still through its sadness, "Keep

up the good fight!

Let Midlothian, let Scotland, still stand  
for the Right!"

The last burden brave of the valorous voice  
Of dauntless McGLADSTONE, great Chief

of our choice!

Midlothian no more! In despite, Chief,  
of all,

The Heart of Midlothian responds to  
your call.

Its echoes shall live, though no longer  
your form [storm,

Shall steer us to sunshine, or cheer us in  
Then farewell to the presence, but not

to the voice  
Of "Auld WULLIE" GLADSTONE, great  
Chief of our choice!

## THE COPPERATION AT WINSER.

Oh, didn't the grand old Copperation have a grand treat last week at Winsor! Her grashus Majesty the QUEEN asked 'em all down to her butiful Pallace to hear the sollem Recorder read to her their joyful feelings at the birth of her dear little Great Grand Son! And then, to the great joy of all on 'em, Her MAJESTY read such a delishus arnsar as amost brort tears to the eyes of some of the young uns of the Party, and sent 'em away to the butiful Lunshon Room to refresh exhorsted natur with a delicate Lunch, and sum eksisit Madeary, such as King GEORGE THE FOURTH is said to have saved xpressly for simular glorius ocasions.

Don't let it be supposed as I wants peeples to beleve as I was there; but I had the hole account given by one as was, and I ain't ixagerated it not a bit.

There is a certain Body of gents in London as ewidently wants to play fust fiddel in the guverment of our grand old City, but I havent heard of their being asked down to Winsor Carsel to congratulate her Most Graysnus MAGESTY on the late appy ewent. Should they be so I should most suttlenly make a pint of seeing 'em all start, if it were only out of curiosity to see what sort of State Mazerine Gownds they would all wear!

I had almost forgot to menshun that the two Sherryffs, and the Chairman of the big Tower Bridge, was all benighted, and came out of the presents Chamber smiling like ancient Cherubs. I am told as how as the Copperation was so werry much delited with their royal wist to royal Winsor, that they has been and passed a werry similer wote of thanks to the Dook and Dutches of YORK, and asked them to receeve 'em jest the same as the QUEEN did, but they is both werry sorry to say, that their Pallsis not being near so big as Her MAJESTY's, they hopes as only a small Deppytation of Aldermen and C. C.'s will attend.

Oh won't there be jest a rush for places, as every one on 'em is naterally anxious to show his loyeltly on so hinteresting an ocasion, tho of course they carnt expec to have heverything exaely the same as they had at Royal Winsor.

ROBERT.

## OPERA NOTES.

Tuesday, July 17.—"The opera season will terminate July 30." To-night VERDI's opera of *Aida*, "with the dotlets on the i." First appearance of Madame ADINI, a spacious *prima donna* who amply fills the part. GIULIA RAVOGLI an excellent *Amneris*. Opera apparently not particularly attractive, or more powerful attractions elsewhere.

Saturday, 21.—*Pagliacci* followed by new opera entitled *The Lady of Longford*, though it would have been more polite had the *Pagliacci* allowed the Lady to precede them. But *Pagliacci* will be *Pagliacci*. The *Lady's* Librettists are Sir DRUBIOLANUS POETICUS and Mr. F. E. WEATHERLY. The music is by EMIL BACH. The Gentlemen of Longford are represented by Messrs. ALVAREZ and EDOUARD DE RESZKE, while the Lady, the big lady, is EMMA EAMES—"quite the lady"—and the little lady is EVELYN HUGHES. This new Lady turns out to be our old friend the one-act drama by TOM TAYLOR entitled *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, set to music, the comic characters being omitted, and the end made tragic instead of happy. The music does not entitle BACH to take a front seat. EMMA EAMES excellent; FANNY HUGHES funny; ALVAREZ good; JEAN DE RESZKE first-rate all-round-head Colonel, but more like a Cathedral than a Kirk. Composer and Librettists complimented; MANCINELLI conducted; house full. General satisfaction.

HARD CASE OF "EVICTED TENANTS" IN DRURY LANE.—At a general assembly of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane Company of Proprietors last Wednesday, Mr. CHITTY is reported to have observed that "after putting £300,000 into the building without receiving a farthing in return, they were now to have their money confiscated by the law, but in such circumstances as one would not have expected from a nobleman in the Duke of BEDFORD's position." Ahem! Why did not Sir DRUBIOLANUS arise and, remembering the *Barber of Seville*, sing "CHITTY, CHITTY, piano! piano!" But naturally the Drury Laneites must feel a bit hurt.

## THE "GRAND NATIONAL" TRUST.

A MEETING has recently taken place at Grosvenor House to establish a National Trust, the idea being to preserve places of historic interest and natural beauty. Announced at the meeting that already a beautiful cliff had been promised by a lady. We understand the following promises have also been received:—

*The Duke of W-stm-n-st-r.*—A very handsome ground-rent. Intended to support and sustain beautiful cliffs, &c.

*The Duke of D-v-nsh-re.*—Ch-tsw-rth, which, owing to recent legislation, he can no longer afford to keep up. Intends to take a small cottage, it is believed, at some inexpensive town on the East Coast. Several Distressed Dukes have also promised, on their death, to leave their estates to the Trust.

*A Lover of Ozone.*—A particularly bracing breeze. To be dedicated to the public for ever.

*The London County Council.*—The Shaftesbury Fountain. The L. C. C., we understand, welcomes the prospect of handing over to the Trust the responsibility attaching to this insoluble problem.

*A Hertfordshire Gentleman.*—A thoroughly reliable right of way.

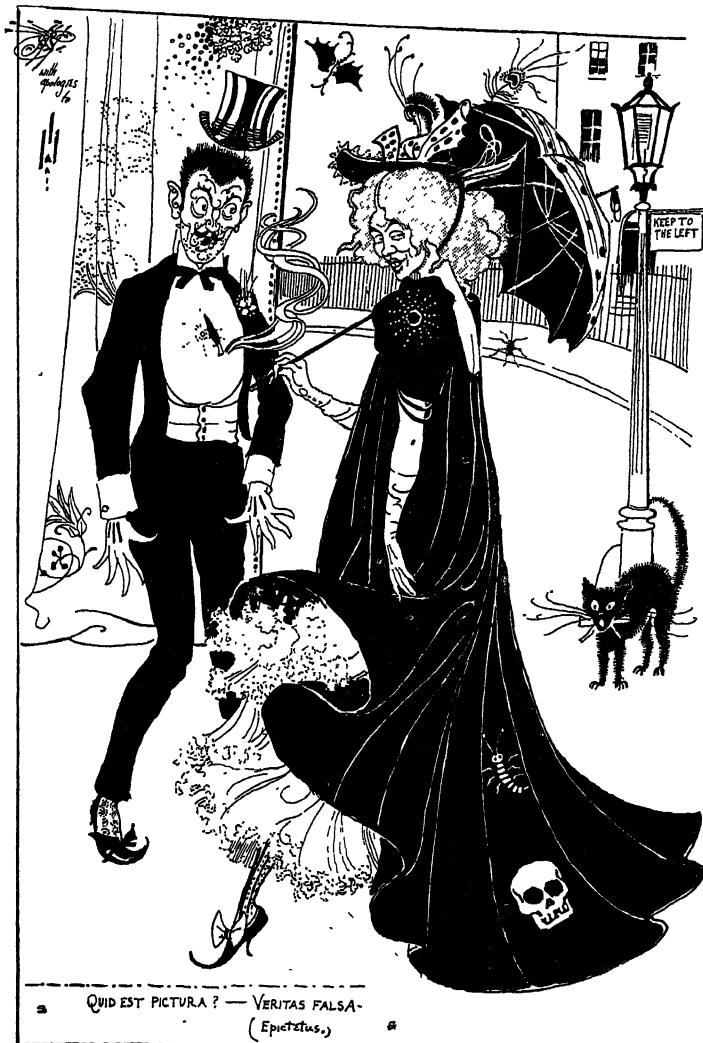
*Mr. Th-m-s B-ch-m.*—A unique collection of signboards *in situ*. These are placed in the midst of the most lovely natural scenery, and in themselves will very soon, it is hoped, be of historic interest.

*Sir Fr-d-r-ck P-ll-ck* will arrange in every case to supply a good title.

*Mr. Punch* heartily commends so patriotic a scheme to his readers. Any beautiful cliffs, ground-rents, rights of way, &c., sent to him at 85, Fleet Street will immediately be forwarded to the proper quarter. N.B.—It is just possible an exception to this rule might be made in the case of ground-rents.

## HOW IT IS DONE.

(An Art-Recipe.)



QUID EST PICTURA? — VERITAS FALSA.  
(Epictetus.)

TAKE a lot of black triangles,  
Some amorphous blobs of red;  
Just a sprinkle of queer spangles,  
An ill-drawn Medusa head;  
Some red locks in Gorgon tangles,  
And a scarlet sunshade, spread:  
Take a "portière" quaint and spotty,  
Take a turn-up nose or two;  
The loose lips of one "gone dotty,"  
A cheese-cutter chin, askew;  
Pose like that of front-row "TOTTIE,"  
Hat as worn by "Coster Loo";  
Take an hour-glass waist, in section,  
Shoulders hunched up camel-wise;

Give a look of introspection  
(Or a squint) to two black eyes;  
Or a glance of quaint dejection,  
Or a glare of wild surprise;  
Slab and slop them all together  
With a background of sheer  
sludge;  
(Like a slum in foggy weather),  
And this blend of scrawl and  
smudge  
Vend as ART—in highest feather!—  
Duples in praise will blare and blether.  
Honest *Burchells* will cry —  
"FUDGE!!!"

## A Demi-French Octave.

(Picked up in a Dressing-room.)

My razor, you're a true  
*raseur*,

That is, you bore me badly!  
You're blunt, you gash—*de*  
*tout mon cœur*

I bless you wildly, madly!  
*Vraiment, c'est vous qu' j'ai*  
*en horreur*

Each morn on rising sadly;  
Were't not that shaving's  
*de rigueur*,

In turn I'd cut you gladly!

## IN VIEW OF HOLIDAYS.

A HINT.—Of course if you're on pedestrian tours bent—if you're a bicyclist you'll be still more bent—you cannot do better than, as a pedestrian, get WALKER'S Maps. If you are going to sail, or by steam, you are again referred to—"WALKER, London." There is a good idea in these Maps which might be still further developed, and that is not only to show the route and the manner of making your journey, but by arrangement with the principal Steam-boat and Railway Companies some sort of "itinerary" might be added to the Map, with information as to the "means whereby," which to the toiler in search of a brief holiday "by rail, by river, or by sea," and perhaps by all three, would be most useful were it available as an almost "instantaneous process" of reference.

BISLEY.

Pelt or drizzly,  
Weather—*Bisley!*

FINANCIAL PROBLEM (the effect of reading the *Budget Debates*).—Why is the Income-Tax so sharply felt? Because, disguise it as you may, it's a case of tin-tax!

LONDON KNIGHT BY KNIGHT.—The SOLICITOR-GENERAL Knighted last Wednesday at Windsor. Will BOB (the only name by which his many friends know him) henceforth be known as "the Queen's Shilling"?

## RANELAGH IN RAIN.

How sweet this road is, fringed by hedge-  
row elm,  
Where peeps in May the hawthorn's  
snowy bud,  
A fairy place that seems *Titania's* realm!  
By Jove, what mud!

How sweet this turf, as soft as finest  
moss!  
Such "*gazon anglais*" we alone can  
get.  
Oh hang it, no! I cannot walk across,  
It's soaking wet!

How sweet that lake, where gentle eddies  
play!

But all around seems lake, through  
rainfall dim.  
Why want a pond, when on dry (!) land  
to-day

We almost swim?

How sweet—to get a Hansom home  
again,  
And leave this aguish, rheumatic damp!  
I do not love thee, Ranelagh, in rain,  
Beneath a gamp.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME INDEED?

"EDWARD, Albert, Christian, George,  
Andrew, Patrick, David,  
Drink life's pleasures with free gorge!  
From its pains be saved!"  
So said *Punch* at the White Lodge,  
His old optics glistening,  
Sure such names ill-luck should dodge;  
Sure such names no babe e'er bore,  
Patron Saints! You've all the four  
To bless the Royal Christening!

A COMPANY THAT OUGHT TO "FLOAT."—  
"The Cork Company."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July 16.*—The Blameless B. is translated into the Breathless BARTLEY. Of eleven pages of Amendments to Budget Bill standing for consideration when House met to-day, not less than three contributed by this particular B. Embodied readjusted scale of graduated taxation. Only objections to it presently stated by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD: (1) It would necessitate total reconstruction of Bill (2) resulting in loss of £643,000; (3) whole question had been thoroughly threshed out in Committee. To raise it again at eleventh hour seemed too much to ask even in connection with Budget Bill.

Nevertheless BARTLEY, not yet breathless, moved his multitudinous Amendment. Resumed his seat with consciousness of man who had done his duty. The SQUIRE would get up to answer him; debate would follow; at least two hours would be pleasantly occupied. Instead of SQUIRE, ATTORNEY-GENERAL ROSE. "Well," said BLAMELESS, throwing himself into attitude of attention, "let's hear what he has to say."

Turned out to be exceedingly little. "Government scale has been attacked and defended many times," said ATTORNEY-GENERAL. "I do not think it necessary to defend it again; but," here he leaned on the table with engaging look at the now BREATHLESS BARTLEY, "the hon. gentleman can take a division if he thinks fit."

BARTLEY sat and audibly gasped. JOKIM gallantly protested against this treatment of his hon. friend; threatened to move adjournment of debate. PRINCE ARTHUR sent for; arrived almost as breathless as BARTLEY; thunder boomed, lightning flashed round head of ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who is always finding himself astonished. "The hon. and learned gentleman," said PRINCE ARTHUR, with delightful assumption of anger, "has abused the situation. The Opposition have no means of compelling him to talk sense, but talk he must."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who had fled before prospect of long speech from BARTLEY, hastily brought back. Don't know where incident would have ended had it not been for KENYON-SLANEY. Finding opening he slipped in. Threw himself into easy oratorical attitude; proposed to consider principle of graduation adopted in Bill. Would do so under three heads: injustice to the poor, injustice to the middle-class, injustice to the rich.

This too much even for Opposition. With groans of despair they rushed into Division Lobby; BARTLEY's scheme negatived by majority of 62.

*Business done.*—Budget Bill passed Report stage.

*Wednesday.*—ST. JOHN BRODRICK sitting on front Opposition Bench through Committee of Supply on Army Estimates this afternoon, invested neighbourhood with unwonted air of fashion. Not that there is, as a rule, any lack of style on part of Leaders of Opposition regarded as a body. Only something, *je ne sais quoi*, about BRODRICK that suggested profoundest depths of POOLE. Couldn't help complimenting him on his turn out.

"Evidently you spare no expense," I said; "though why even a millionaire should wear an overcoat a day like this seems wicked waste of property. Hope you are not growing desperate in anticipation of Death Duties; spending your money recklessly so that HAR-COURT may be disappointed when, for taxing purposes, he comes to aggregate your property?"

"My dear boy," said BRODRICK, giving the overcoat a dexterous lift by the lappels that added fresh grace to its fit at the back of the neck, "you're out of it altogether. This is the thirteen-and-sixpenny coat supplied to Tommy Atkins in which,—following the advice of Dr. JOHNSON, wasn't it?—I, as I told the House the other day, took a walk down Bond Street. The surtout underneath, which I will fully display when the House gets a little fuller, cost seventeen-and-six net. You will observe it is so made that you can button it across and so save a waistcoat. If you must have a waistcoat, we can do it at eight-and-ninence. As for trousers, these cost me thirteen shillings." (Here he stretched out and fondly regarded a manly leg.) "If I had taken a couple of pair, cut at the same time you know, I could have had the two for 25s. I see your eyes fixed on the boots. As you say, the shape of the foot may have something to do with it. But apart from that, the article is equal to what you pay thirty-five shillings for in Regent Street or Piccadilly. Eleven-and-ninence was the figure. Misfits, very popular with privates newly joined, knock off the odd ninence. Of course I don't wear this suit every day. Can't afford that; put 'em on whenever House in Committee on Army Supply or debate going forward on Army matters. It encourages CAWMELL-BANNERMAN,

you know; helps WOODALL in getting his clothing vote; and, I believe, is rather liked by Tommy Atkins."

*Business done.*—SQUIRE OF MALWOOD announces programme for remainder of Session. A mere nothing. Only, as PRINCE ARTHUR says, in view of number of Bills and their contentious character, more like what we are accustomed to at beginning of Session, than to have dumped down in what should be its last month.

*Thursday.*—"JOSEPH," said the Member for SARK, dropping into one of his tiresome didactic moods, "would do well in any circumstances. Whether in Upper Egypt or Lower, he was sure to come to the top of the well, however securely his brethren might have packed him in its lowest depths. But, regarding him just now as he criticised the SQUIRE's arrangements for the Session, I could not help thinking what a loss the auction-room has only partially survived by his turn into the field of politics. If in early life, or even middle age, he had only taken to the rostrum, the shade of the much over-rated ROBINS would have been dimmed in glory. Observe how well he looks the part. See with what unconscious effect he produces a stumpy piece of lead pencil, and looks round for bids. Listen to the clear sharp notes of his voice. 'What shall we say, gentlemen, for the Equalisation of Rates Bill?' How many days will you give for it? Name your own time, gentlemen. There is no reserve. Shall we say six days? Does the tall, somewhat stout gentleman with a white waistcoat, on the Treasury Bench, shake his head? Very well, we will say four days. Going at four days; and the pencil, scratching out six, substitutes four. This may seem very easy

when it's done; but it's art, Tony, even genius. If you think it's easy for a man discussing State business, suddenly but completely to invest the high court of Parliament with the tone and atmosphere of an auction-room, just reckon up how many other men of first rank in public life could do it. Not to go further afield, could PRINCE ARTHUR manage it, even after a week's training? Very well; then don't minimise a successful effort because, thanks to the commanding influence of native talent, its accomplishment seems easy to a particular person."

*Business done.*—HICKS-BRACH, complaining that Ministers have dropped a large number of Bills for lack of time to pass them, and asserting that the time remaining at their disposal for passing the poor balance is too short, reduces it by three hours, in order that he and his friends may lament the fact.

*Friday.*—House heard with keen satisfaction that SZLUMPER is around again. Not having seen in the newspapers any telegrams from him lately, there was vague idea that he had succumbed to his exertions on occasion of the happy event at White Lodge. Perhaps he was a little fatigued, for SZLUMPER, in addition to being Mayor of Richmond, is almost human. No man born of woman could with impunity fire off such a succession of telegrams as on that memorable day SZLUMPER dealt out to his Sovereign, the Heir Apparent to the Throne, the Crowned Heads of Europe, and his ducal neighbours at the White Lodge. But on Royal Christening day SZLUMPER was around again, with a little SZLUMPER carrying a bouquet of flowers to be presented to the QUEEN, whilst SZLUMPER père, plumped on his knees, welcomed his Sovereign within the gateway of ancient Richmond.

"Ah, ce SZLUMPER!" said SARK, "he delights me more and more. He represents, if you think of it, the essence of our English social life. He is part of the foundation of the British Constitution, which everyone, especially those regarding it from a distance, regards as the perfection of good government."

*Business done.*—A dull night speechmaking on Irish Evicted Tenants Bill.

## OXFORD AND YALE.—(JULY 16.)

A VERY good fight! Come again to us, Yale!  
We know a true Yank knows not how to spell "fail."  
HICKOK and SHELDON can throw and can jump!  
And e'en in the racing you made our lads pump  
Come again, Yale, come again, and again;  
Victors or vanquished such visits aren't vain.  
One of these days you will probably nick us.  
We don't crow when we lick; we won't cry when you lick us!

## Rise, Sir!

"We are informed that the QUEEN has been pleased to confer the honour of a Baronetcy on Dr. JOHN WILLIAMS, of Brook Street. Dr. WILLIAMS is the Physician who attended the Duchess of York."—*Daily Paper*, July 16.

We congratulate Sir JOHN, who is now a Sur-geon in every sense of the word.



"The Young Wales Party."

## SPORT FOR RATEPAYERS.

*August 1st.*—Deer-shooting in Victoria Park commences.

*2nd.*—Distribution of venison to "Progressive" County Councillors and their families—especially to Aldermen.

*3rd.*—Stalking American bison in the Marylebone disused grave-yard is permitted from this day. A staff of competent surgeons will be outside the palings.

*4th.*—Chamois-coursing in Brockwell Park.

*5th.*—A few rogue elephants having been imported (at considerable expense to the rates), and located in the Regent's Park, the Chairman of the L. C. C., assisted by the Park-keepers, will give an exhibition of the method employed in snaring them. The elephants in the Zoological Gardens will be expected to assist.

*6th.*—*Bank Holiday.*—Popular festival on Hampstead Heath. Two herds of red deer will be turned on to the Heath at different points, and three or four specially procured man-eating Bengal tigers will be let loose at the Flag-staff to pursue them. Visitors may hunt the deer or the tigers, whichever they prefer. Express rifles recommended, also the use of bullet-proof coats. No dynamite to be employed against the tigers. Ambulances in the Vale of Health.



## GENEROSITY.

*Andrew (preparing to divide the orange).* "WILL YOU CHOOSE THE BIG HALF, GEORGIE, OR THE WEE HALF?"

*George.* "'COURSE I'LL CHOOSE THE BIG HALF."

*Andrew (with resignation).* "THEN I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE 'EM EVEN."

The Council's Band, up some of the tallest trees, will perform musical selections.

*7th.*—Races at Wormwood Scrubs between the Council's own ostriches and leading cyclists. A force of the A1 Division of the Metropolitan Police, mounted on some of the reindeer from the enclosure at Spring Gardens, will be stationed round the ground to prevent the ostriches escaping into the adjoining country.

*8th.*—Sale of ostrich feathers (dropped in the contests) to West-End bonnet-makers at Union prices.

*9th.*—Grand review of all the Council's animals on Clapham Common. Procession through streets (also at Union rate). Banquet on municipal venison, tiger chops, elephant steaks, and ostrich wings at Spring Gardens. Progressive fireworks.

RATHER A CHANGE—FOR THE BETTER.—They (the dockers) wouldn't listen to BEN TILLET. They cried out to him, "We keep you and starve ourselves." Hullo! the revolt of the sheep! are they beginning to think that their leaders and instigators are after all *not* their best friends? "O TILLET not in Gath!" And Little BEN may say to himself, "I'll wait TILL-ETT's over."

## LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

V.—SCHOOL. "A DISTANT VIEW."

"DISTANCE lends enchantment"—kindly Distance!

Wiping out all troubles and disgraces,  
How we seem to cast, with your assistance,  
All our boyish lines in pleasant places!

Greek and Latin, struggles mathematic,  
These were worries leaving slender traces;  
Now we tell the boys (we wax emphatic)  
How our lines fell all in pleasant places.

How we used to draw (immortal *Wackford*!)  
EUCLID's figures, more resembling faces,  
Surprisingly upon the black-board,  
Crude yet telling lines in pleasant places.

Pleasant places! That was no misnomer.  
Impositions?—little heed scape-graces;  
Writing out a book or so of HOMER,  
Even those were lines in pleasant places!

How we scampered o'er the country, leading  
Apoplectic farmers pretty chases,  
Over crops, through fences all unheeding,  
Stiff cross-country lines in pleasant places.

Yes, and how—too soon youth's early day  
flies—

In the purling brook which seaward races  
*How* we used to poach with luscious May-flies,  
Casting furtive lines in pleasant places.

Then the lickings! How we took them,  
scorning

Girlish outcry, though we made grimaces;  
Only smiled to find ourselves next morning  
Somewhat marked with lines in pleasant  
places!

Alma Mater, whether young or olden,

Thanks to you for hosts of friendly faces,  
Treasured memories, days of boyhood golden,  
Lines that fell in none but pleasant places!

## LONDON BICYCLISTS.

["Mr. ASQUITH said that he was informed by the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police that undoubtedly numerous accidents were caused by bicycles and tricycles, though he was not prepared to say from the cause of the machines passing on the near instead of the off side of the road. Bicycles and tricycles were carriages, and should conform to the rules of the road, and the police, as far as possible, enforced the law as to riding to the common danger."—*Daily Graphic*, July 25.]

ROUND the omnibus, past the van,  
Rushing on with a reckless reel,  
Darts that horrible nuisance, an  
Ardent cyclist resolved that he'll  
Ride past everything he can,  
Heed not woman, or child, or man,  
Beat some record, some ride from Dan  
To Beersheba; that seems his plan.  
Why does not the Home Office ban  
London fiends of the whirling wheel?

Let them ride in the country so,  
Dart from Duncansbay Head to Deal,  
Shoot as straight as the flight of crow,  
Sweep as swallow that seeks a meal,  
We don't care how the deuce they go,  
But in thoroughfares where we know  
Cyclists, hurrying to and fro,  
Make each peaceable man their foe,  
Riders, walkers alike cry "Whoa!  
Stop these fiends of the whirling  
wheel!"

## ODE ON SACRIFICE.

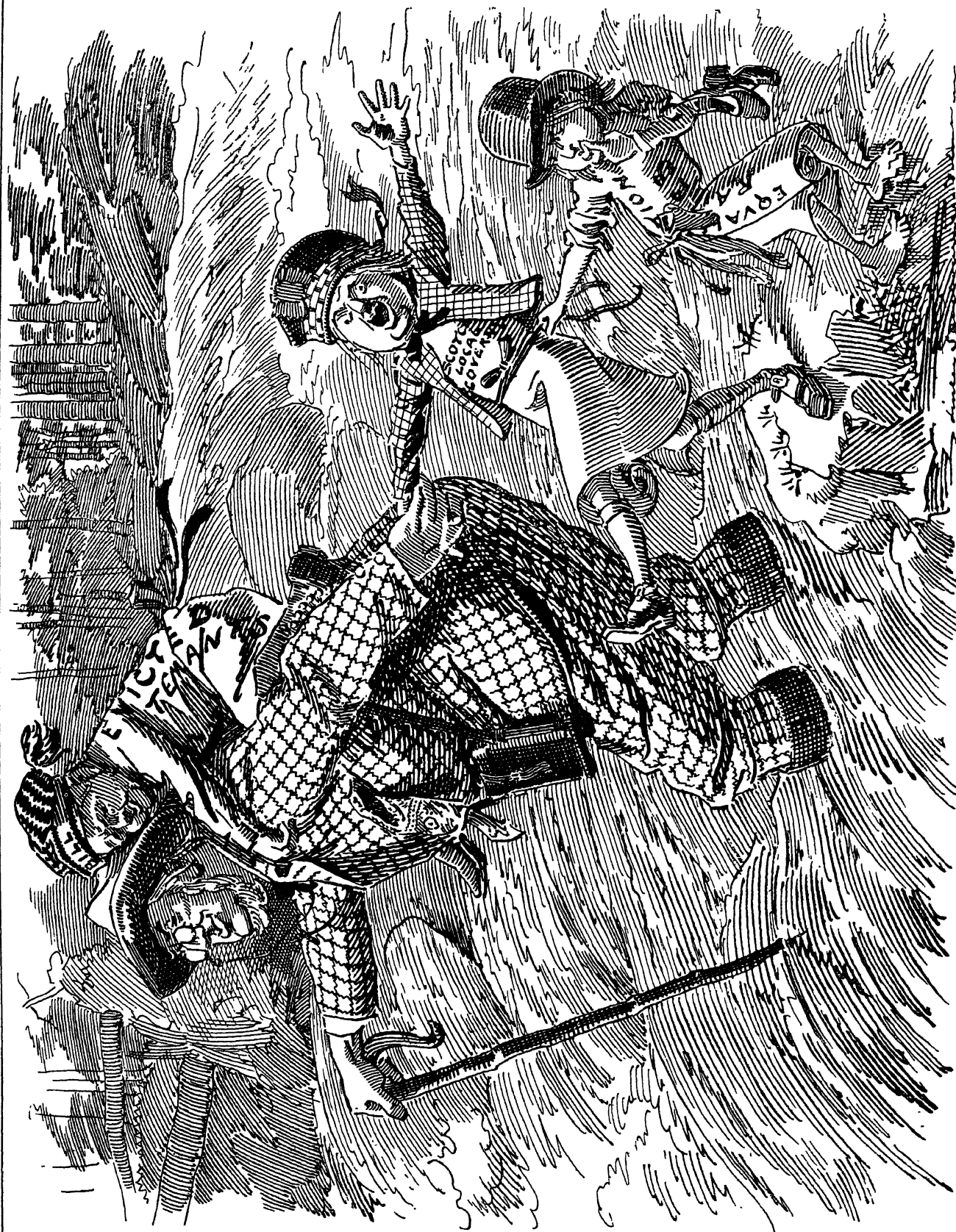
AMID the glowing pageant of the year  
There comes too soon th' inevitable shock,  
That token of the season ere,  
To the unthinking fair so cheaply dear,  
Who, like to shipwreck'd seamen, do it hail,  
And cry, "A Sale! a Sale!  
A Sale! a Summer Sale of Surplus Stock!"

See, how, like busy-humming bees  
Around the ineffable fragrance of the lime,  
Woman, unsparing of the salesman's time,  
Reviews the stock, and chaffers at her ease,  
Nor yet, for all her talking, purchases,  
But takes away, with copper-bulged purse,  
The textile harvest of a quiet eye,  
Great bargains still unbought, and power to  
buy.

Or she, her daylong, garrulous labour done,  
Some victory o'er reluctant remnants won,  
Fresh from the trophies of her skill,  
Things that she needed not, nor ever will,  
She takes the well-earned bun;  
Ambrosial food, DEMETER erst design'd  
As the appropriate food of womankind,  
Plain, or with comfits deck'd and spice;  
Or, daintier, dallies with an ice.  
Nor feels in heart the worse  
Because the haberdashers thus disperse  
Their surplus stock at an astounding sacrifice!

Yet Contemplation pauses to review  
The destinies that meet the silkworm's care,  
The fate of fabrics whose materials grew  
In the same fields of cotton or of flax,  
Or waved on fellow-flockmen's fleecy backs,  
And the same mill, loom, case, emporium,  
shelf, did share.





"PERSONALLY CONDUCTED."



### "ADDING INSULT," &c.

SCENE—Hunters cantering round Show Ring.

Youth on hard-mouthed Grey (having just cannoned against old Twentystum). "'SCUSE ME, SIR,—BLIGED TO DO IT. NOTHING LESS THAN A HAYSTACK STOPS HIM!"

### THE RIDER'S VADE MECUM.

(For Use in Rotten Row.)

*Question.* What part of London do you consider the most dangerous for an equestrian?

*Answer.* That part of the Park known as Rotten Row.

*Q.* Why is it so dangerous?

*A.* Because it is overcrowded in the Season, and at all times imperfectly kept.

*Q.* What do you mean by "imperfectly kept"?

*A.* I mean that the soil is not free from bricks and other impediments to comfortable and safe riding.

*Q.* Why do you go to Rotten Row?

*A.* Because it is the most convenient place in London for the residents of the West End.

*Q.* But would not Battersea Park do as well?

*A.* It is farther afield, and at present, so far as the rides are concerned, given over to the charms of solitude.

*Q.* And is not the Regent's Park also available for equestrians?

*A.* To some extent; but the roads in that rather distant pleasaunce are not comparable for a moment with the ride within view of the Serpentine.

*Q.* Would a ride in Kensington Gardens be an advantage?

*A.* Yes, to some extent; still it would scarcely be as convenient as the present exercising ground.

*Q.* Then you admit that there are (and might be) pleasant rides other than Rotten Row?

*A.* Certainly; but that fact does not dispense with the necessity of reform in existing institutions.

*Q.* Then you consider the raising of other issues is merely a plan to confuse and obliterate the original contention?

*A.* Assuredly; and it is a policy that has been tried before with success to obstructors and failure to the grievance-mongers.

*Q.* So as two blacks do not make one white you and all believe that Rotten Row should be carefully inspected and the causes of the recent accidents ascertained and remedied?

*A.* I do; and, further, am convinced that such a course would be for the benefit of the public in general and riders in Rotten Row in particular.

### "PERSONALLY CONDUCTED."

'Tis a horrible tale I'm a-going to narrate;  
It happened—vell, each vone can fill in the date!  
It's a heartrending tale of three babbies so fine,  
Whom to spifflicate promptly their foes did incline.  
Ven they vos qvite infants they lost their mamma;  
They vos left all alone in the world vith their pa.  
But to vatch o'er his babbies vos always his plan—  
(Chorus)—

'Cos their daddy he vos sich a keerful old man!

He took those three kiddies all into his charge,  
And kep them together so they shouldn't "go large."  
Two hung to his coat-tails along the hard track,  
And the third one, he clung to his neck pick-a-back.  
The foes of those kiddies they longed for their bleed,  
And they swore that to carry 'em he shouldn't succeed,  
But to save them poor babbies he hit on a plan—  
(Chorus)—

'Cos their dadda he vos sich a artful old man!

Some hoped, from exposure, the kids would ketch cold,  
And that croup or rheumatics would lay 'em in the mould;  
But they seemed to survive every babyish disease,  
Vich their venomous enemies did not qvite please.  
But, in course, sich hard lines did the kiddies no good;  
They got vet in the storm, they got lost in the vood,  
But their dad cried, "I'll yet save these kids if I can!"—  
(Chorus)—

'Cos their feyther he vos sich a dogged old man!

Foes hoped he'd go out of his depth,—or his mind,—  
Or, cutting his stick, leave his babbies behind,  
Ven they came to the margin of a vide roaring stream.  
And the kids, being frightened, began for to scream.  
But he cries, cheery like, "Stash that hullabulloo!  
Keep your eye on your father, and he'll pull you through!"—  
Vich some thinks he vill do—if any von can—  
(Chorus)—

'Cos Sir VILLYUM he is sich a walliant old man!

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART V.—CROSS-PURPOSES.

## SCENE VI.—A First-Class Compartment.

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* Poets don't seem to have much self-possession. He seems perfectly overcome by hearing my name like that. If only he doesn't lose his head completely and say something about my wretched letter!

*Spurrell (to himself).* I'd better tell 'em before they find out for themselves. (*Aloud; desperately.*) My lady, I—I feel I ought to explain at once how I come to be going down to Wyvern like this.

[*Lady Maisie only just suppresses a terrified protest.*]

*Lady Cantire (benignly amused).* My good Sir, there's not the slightest necessity, I am perfectly aware of who you are, and everything about you!

*Spurr.* (*incredulously.*) But really I don't see how your ladyship—Why, I haven't said a word that—

*Lady Cant.* (*with a solemn waggishness.*) Celebrities who mean to preserve their *incognito* shouldn't allow their friends to see them off. I happened to hear a certain *Andromeda* mentioned, and that was quite enough for me!

*Spurr.* (*to himself, relieved.*) She knows; seen the sketch of me in the *Dog Fancier*, I expect; goes in for breeding bulls herself, very likely. Well, that's a load off my mind! (*Aloud.*) You don't say so, my lady. I'd no idea your ladyship would have any taste that way; most agreeable surprise to me, I can assure you!

*Lady Cant.* I see no reason for surprise in the matter. I have always endeavoured to cultivate my taste in all directions; to keep in touch with every modern development. I make it a rule to read and see everything. Of course, I have no time to give more than a rapid glance at most things; but I hope some day to be able to have another look at your *Andromeda*. I hear the most glowing accounts from all the judges.

*Spurr.* (*to himself.*) She knows all the judges! She must be in the fancy! (*Aloud.*) Any time your ladyship likes to name I shall be proud and happy to bring her round for your inspection.

*Lady Cant.* (*with condescension.*) If you are kind enough to offer me a copy of *Andromeda*, I shall be most pleased to possess one.

*Spurr.* (*to himself.*) Sharp old customer, this; trying to rush me for a pup. I never offered her one! (*Aloud.*) Well, as to that, my lady, I've promised so many already, that really I don't—but there—I'll see what I can do for you. I'll make a note of it; you mustn't mind having to wait a bit.

*Lady Cant.* (*raising her eyebrows.*) I will make an effort to support existence in the meantime.

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* I couldn't have believed that the man who could write such lovely verses should be so—well, not exactly a gentleman! How petty of me to have such thoughts. Perhaps

geniuses never are. And as if it mattered! And I'm sure he's very natural and simple, and I shall like him when I know him.

[*The train slackens.*]  
*Lady Cant.* What station is this? Oh, it is Shuntingbridge. (*To SPURRELL, as they get out.*) Now, if you'll kindly take charge of these bags, and go and see whether there's anything from Wyvern to meet us—you will find us here when you come back.

## SCENE VII.—On the Platform at Shuntingbridge.

*Lady Cant.* Ah, there you are, PHILLIPSON! Yes, you can take the jewel-case; and now you had better go and see after the trunks. (*PHILLIPSON hurries back to the luggage-van; SPURRELL returns.*)

Well, Mr.—I always forget names, so shall call you "ANDROMEDA"—have you found—The omnibus, is it? Very well, take us to it, and we'll get in.

[*They go outside.*]

*Undershell (at another part of the platform—to himself).* Where has Miss MULL disappeared to? Oh, there she is, pointing out her luggage. What a quantity she travels with! Can't be such a very poor relation. How graceful and collected she is, and how she orders the porters about! I really believe I shall enjoy this visit. (*To a porter.*) That's mine—the brown one with a white star. I want it to go to Wyvern Court—Sir RUPERT CULVERIN'S.

*Porter (shouldering it).* Right, Sir. Follow me, if you please.

[*He disappears with it.*]

*Und.* (*to himself.*) I mustn't leave Miss MULL alone. (*Advancing to her.*) Can I be of any assistance?

*Phillipson.* It's all done now. But you might try and find out how we're to get to the Court.

[*UNDERSHELL departs; is requested to produce his ticket, and spends several minutes in searching every pocket but the right one.*]

## SCENE VIII.—The Station Yard at Shuntingbridge.

*Lady Cant.* (*from the interior of the Wyvern omnibus, testily, to Footman.*) What are we waiting for now? Is my maid coming with us—or how?

*Footman.* There's a fly ordered to take her, my lady.

*Lady Cant.* (*to SPURRELL, who is standing below.*) Then it's you who are keeping us!

*Spurr.* If your ladyship will excuse me, I'll just go and see if they've put out my bag.

*Lady Cant.* (*impatiently.*) Never mind about your bag. (*To Footman.*) What have you done with this gentleman's luggage?

*Footman.* Everything for the Court is on top now, my lady.

[*He opens the door for SPURRELL.*]  
*Lady Cant.* (*to SPURRELL, who is still irresolute.*) For goodness' sake don't hop about on that step! Come in, and let us start.

*Lady Maisie.* Please get in—there's plenty of room!

*Spurr.* (*to himself.*) They are chummy, and no mistake! (*Aloud, as he gets in.*) I do hope it won't be considered any intrusion—my coming up along with your ladyships, I mean!

*Lady Cant.* (*snappishly.*) Intrusion! I never heard such nonsense! Did you expect to be asked to run behind? You really mustn't be so ridiculously modest. As if your *Andromeda* hadn't procured you the *entrée* everywhere!

[*The omnibus starts.*]  
*Spurr.* (*to himself.*) Good old Drummy! No idea I was such a



"Searching every pocket but the right one."



"THE LITTLE MORE AND HOW MUCH IT IS."

*She (engaged to another).* "WE DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ON VERY WELL; SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE WEIGHING US DOWN!"  
*He (gloomily).* "IT'S THAT DIAMOND AND SAPPHIRE RING ON YOUR LEFT HAND. WE SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT!"

swell. I'll keep my tail up. Shyness ain't one of my failings. (*Aloud to an indistinct mass at the further end of the omnibus, which is unlighted.*) Er—hum—pitch dark night, my lady, don't get much idea of the country! (*The mass makes no response.*) I was saying, my lady, it's too dark to— (*The mass snores peacefully.*) Her ladyship seems to be taking a snooze on the quiet, my lady. (*To Lady MAISIE.*) (*To himself.*) Not that *that's* the word for it!

*Lady Maisie (distantly).* My Mother gets tired rather easily. (*To herself.*) It's really too dreadful; he makes me hot all over! If he's going to do this kind of thing at Wyvern! And I'm more or less responsible for him, too! I must see if I can't— It will be only kind. (*Aloud, nervously.*) Mr.—Mr. BLAIR!

*Spurr.* Excuse me, my lady, not BLAIR—SPURRELL.

*Lady Maisie.* Of course, how stupid of me. I knew it wasn't really your name. Mr. SPURRELL, then, you—you won't mind if I give you just one little hint, will you?

*Spurr.* I shall take it kindly of your ladyship, whatever it is.

*Lady Maisie (more nervously still).* It's really such a trifle, but—but, in speaking to Mamma or me, it isn't at all necessary to say 'my lady' or 'your ladyship.' I—I mean, it sounds rather, well—formal, don't you know!

*Spurr. (to himself).* She's going to be chummy now! (*Aloud.*) I thought, on a first acquaintance, it was only manners.

*Lady Maisie.* Oh—manners? yes, I—I daresay—but still—but still—not at Wyvern, don't you know. If you like, you can call Mamma 'Lady CANTIRE,' and me 'Lady MAISIE,' and, of course, my Aunt will be 'Lady CULVERIN,' but—but if there are other people staying in the house, you needn't call them *anything*, do you see?

*Spurr. (to himself).* I'm not likely to have the chance! (*Aloud.*) Well, if you're sure they won't mind it, because I'm not used to this sort of thing, so I put myself in your hands,—for, of course, you know what brought me down here?

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* He means my foolish letter! Oh, I must put a stop to that at once! (*In a hurried undertone.*) Yes—yes; I—I think I do. I mean, I do know—but—but please forget it—indeed you must!

*Spurr. (to himself).* Forget I've come down as a vet? The CULVERINS will take care I don't forget that! (*Aloud.*) But, I say, it's all very well; but how can I? Why, look here; I was told I was to come down here on purpose to—

*Lady Maisie (on thorns).* I know—you needn't tell me! And don't speak so loud! Mamma might hear!

*Spurr. (puzzled).* What if she did? Why, I thought her ladyship's Mother knew!

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* He actually thinks I should tell Mamma!

Oh, how dense he is! (*Aloud.*) Yes—yes—of course she knows—but—but you might wake her! And—and please don't allude to it again—to me or—or anyone. (*To herself.*) That I should have to beg him to be silent like this! But what can I do? Goodness only knows *what* he mightn't say, if I don't warn him!

*Spurr. (nettled).* I don't mind *who* knows. I'm not ashamed of it, Lady MAISIE—whatever you may be!

*Lady Maisie (to herself, exasperated).* He dares to imply that I've done something to be ashamed of! (*Aloud; haughtily.*) I'm not ashamed—why *should* I be? Only—oh, can't you *really* understand that—that one may do things which one wouldn't care to be reminded of publicly? I don't *wish* it—isn't *that* enough?

*Spurr. (to himself).* I see what she's at now—doesn't want it to come out that she's travelled down here with a vet! (*Aloud, stiffly.*) A lady's wish is enough for me at any time. If you're sorry for having gone out of your way to be friendly, why, I'm not the person to take advantage of it. I hope I know how to behave.

[*He takes refuge in offended silence.*]

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* Why did I say anything at all! I've only made things worse—I've let him see that he *has* an advantage. And he's certain to use it sooner or later—unless I am civil to him. I've offended him now—and I shall *have* to make it up with him!

*Spurr. (to himself).* I thought all along she didn't seem as chummy as her mother—but to turn round on me like this!

*Lady Cant. (waking up).* Well, Mr. ANDROMEDA, I should have thought you and my daughter might have found *some* subject in common; but I haven't heard a word from either of you since we left the station.

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* That's some comfort! (*Aloud.*) You must have had a nap, Mamma. We—we *have* been talking.

*Spurr.* Oh yes, we *have* been talking, I can assure you—er—Lady CANTIRE!

*Lady Cant.* Dear me. Well, MAISIE, I hope the conversation was entertaining?

*Lady Maisie.* M—most entertaining, Mamma!

*Lady Cant.* I'm quite sorry I missed it. (*The omnibus stops.*) Wyvern at last! But *what* a journey it's been, to be sure!

*Spurr. (to himself).* I should just think it had. I've never been so taken up and put down in all my life! But it's over now; and, thank goodness, I'm not likely to see any more of 'em!

[*He gets out with alacrity.*]

Mrs. R. has often had a cup of tea in a storm, but she cannot for the life of her see how there can possibly be a storm in a tea-cup.





## INFELICITOUS MISQUOTATIONS.

Hostess, "YOU 'VE EATEN HARDLY ANYTHING, MR. SIMPKINS!" Mr. S. "MY DEAR LADY, I 'VE DINED 'WISELY, BUT NOT TOO WELL!"

## THE COREAN COCK-FIGHT.

"[Russia's love of peace is outweighed by her duty to safeguard her vital interests, which would seriously suffer were Japan or China to modify the present state of things in Corea.]—*Official Russian view of the Corean situation, given by "Daily Telegraph" Correspondent at St. Petersburg.*"

BRUIN, loquitur.

"DUTY to safeguard my interests?" Quite so! Nice way of putting it, yes, and so moral! Yet I love Peace! Pity game-cocks will fight so!

Disfigures their plumes and their combs' healthy "coral." Big Cochinchina and Bantam of Jap Feel at each other they *must* have a slap.

*Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o!!!*

Humph! I must keep a sharp eye on the two!

Peace, now! She is such a loveable darling! Goddess I worship in rapt contemplation. Spurring and crowing, and snapping and snarling,

Wholly unworthy a bird—or a nation! Still there is Duty! I have an idea Mine lies in watching this fight in Corea.

*Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o!!!*

BULL yonder looks in a bit of a stew!

Some say my destiny pointeth due North, Ice-caves are all very well—for a winter-rest.

But BRUIN's fond of adventuring forth; In the "Far East" he feels quite a warm interest;

BULL doesn't like it at all. But then BULL Fancies that no one should feed when he's full!

*Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o!!!*

I am still hungry, and love chicken-stew!

To make the Corea a cock-pit, young Jappy, May suit you, or even that huge Cochinchina;

But—fighting you know always makes me unhappy.

I feel, like poor Villikins robbed of his Dinah,

As if I could swallow a cup of "cold pison."—But—still—these antagonists I *must* keep eyes on.

*Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o!!!*  
Cockfighting is cruel,—but stirring fun, too!

Duty, dear boys! Ah! there's nothing like Duty.

Gives one "repose"—like that Blacksmith of LONGFELLOW!

Go it, young Jap! That last drive was a beauty.

But—your opponent's an awfully strong fellow.

Little bit slow at first, sluggish and lumbering,

But when he makes a fair start there's no slumbering.

*Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o!!!*  
Sakes! How his new steel spurs shone as he flew!

Now, should I stop it, or should I take sides? BULL and the other onlookers seem fidgety!

Cochin strikes hard, but indulges in "wides"; Game-cock is game—though a little mite midgety.

Well, whatever the end be, and whichever win, [cut in.

I think the game's mine, when I choose to *Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o!!!*

I'm safe for a dinner—off one of the two!

[Left considering and chortling.

## THE WAR CRY.

(Dedicated (without permission) to the Pioneer Club)

Rouse ye, ye women, and flock to your banners! War is declared on the enemy, Man! If we can't teach him to better his manners, We'll copy the creature as close as we can! No longer the heel of the tyrant shall grind us. Rouse ye and rally! The despot defy! And the false craven shall tremble to find us Resolved to a woman to do or to die.

Chorus.

Then hey! for the latchkey, sweet liberty's symbol!

Greet it, ye girls, with your lustiest cheer! Away with the scissors! Away with the thimble!

And hey nonny no for the gay Pioneer!

Why should we writhe on a clumsy side-saddle Designed on a most diabolical plan?

Women! submit ye no longer! Ride straddle, And jump on the horns of your enemy, Man!

Storm the iniquitous haunts of his pleasure, Leave him to nurse the dear babes when they fret,

Dine at St. James' in luxurious leisure, And woo the delights of the sweet cigarette!

Look to your latchkeys! The whole situation Upon the possession of these will depend.

Use them, ye women, without hesitation, And dine when ye will with a gentleman friend.

Man's a concoction of sin and of knavery—Women of India, China, Japan!

Rouse ye, and end this inglorious slavery!

Down with the tyrant! Down, down with the Man!



SWAIN 80

## THE COREAN COCK-FIGHT.

BRUIN. "HA!—WHICHEVER WINS, I SEE MY WAY TO A DINNER!"





### THE BANK HOLIDAY DREAM BOOK.

(Compiled by our Pet Pessimist.)

If you imagine that it will be fine, and consequently that you can don the lightest of attire, you may be sure that it will be cold and wet, and absolutely unsuitable to travelling.

If you fancy that you will enjoy a delightful visit to some intimate friends, you will find that you have had your journey to a spot "ten miles from anywhere" for nothing, as your intended hosts have gone abroad for the season.

If you believe that you are seeing a favourite piece being played admirably at a West End theatre, you will discover that the programme was altered four days ago, and that the temple of the drama will not reopen until the autumn.

If you arrange to go abroad with a friend, you will quarrel with your acquaintance on the following morning, and disarrange your plans for a lifetime.

Lastly, if you dream that you have decided to give up gadding about on a bank holiday to remain at home, you will see that it is better to follow your fancy, and avoid the risk of making a mistake by adventuring to strange places and pastures new.



### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE FOR THE PRESENT, DEAREST! I HOPE YOU'LL BE QUITE WELL AND STRONG WHEN I CAN NEXT COME AND SEE YOU."

"OH, I HOPE I SHALL BE WELL AND STRONG ENOUGH TO BE AWAY BEFORE THAT!"

### IN SHEER DELIGHT.

(A Surrey Rondel.)

In sheer delight I sing the country's praise.  
The town no longer takes me day or night.  
'Mid scented roses one should loll and laze  
In sheer delight.

The corn fields unto harvest glisten white,  
In pastures lowing kine contented graze.  
Per train (South-Eastern) now to wing his flight  
No lover of the Surrey side delays.

My own case you suggest?  
Of course you're right.  
Which p'r'aps explains why I to spend my days  
In Shere delight!

"SORTES AQUATICÆ"; OR, MAXIM FOR THE MAIDENHEAD REGATTA.—After a rattling race with KILBY of Staines (who was worn to a standstill), and COHEN of Maidenhead (who pitched overboard), VERITY of Weybridge easily retained the Upper Thames Single Punting Championship. Why, cert'n'y! What says the old Latin saw? *Magna est Veritas, et praevalabit!* Which (obviously) means:—Great is VERITY, and he shall prevail!

### LORD ORMONT'S MATE AND MATEY'S AMINTA.

By G\*\*\*G M'R\*D'TH.

VOLUME II.

THE die was now a-casting. Hurdled though devious windings far from ordered realms where the Syntax Queen holds sway, spinning this way and that like the whipped box-wood beloved of youth but deadly to the gout-ridden toes of the home-faring Alderman, now sinking to a fall, now impetuously whirled on a devil-dance, clamorous as Cocytus, the lost souls filling it to the brink, at last the meaning glimmered to the eye—not that wherein dead time hung just above the underlids, but the common reading eye a-thirst for meanings, baffled again and again and drooping a soporific lid slowly, nose a-snore, and indolent mind lapped in slumber. They discussed it.

"Am I a Literary Causerie?" breathed AMINTA.

"No, but food for such."

"And if I am?" she said.

"Turgidity masquerading as depth. Was ever cavalry general so tortured into symbolism?"

"I remain," she insisted.

"I go to Paris," was his retort.

"My aunt stays with me."

"Thank Heaven!" he muttered.

The design was manifest. Who should mistake it? For a fencer plays you the acrobat, a measure he, poised on a plum-box with jargon-mouth agape for what shall come to it. Is the man unconscious? The worse his fate. For the fact is this. All are Meredithians in dialogue, tarred with one brush abysmally plunged in the hot and steaming tank, a general tarred, a tarred tutor, a tarred sister, aunt reeking of the tar and General's Doubtful Lady chin-deep in the compound, and no distinction.

Clatter, crash, bang. Helter-skelter comes dashing Lady CHARLOTTE, a forest at her heels dragged in chains for all a neighbour may pout and fret and ride to hounds. She switched him a brat-face pater-down of an apology tamed to the net-ponds of a busk-madder, blue nose vermilion, mannish to the outside, breathing flames and scattering apish hop-poles like a parachute blown into space by the bellows of a hugger-mugger conformity. "I can mew," she said. "Old women can; it's a way they have. The person you call... but no—I pass it. Was ever such folly in a man? And that man my brother ROWSLEY. But you have seen her you say—a Spaniard—*Ay de mi; Señorita*, and the rest of the gibberish. What is her colour?"

The question flicked him like a hansom's whip, that plucks you out an optic, policeman in helmet looking on, stolid on the mump-chance. Out it goes at whip-end and no remedy, blue, green, brown or bloodshot. Glass can imitate or porcelain, and a pretty trade's a-doing in these, making a man like two light-houses, one fixed as fate, the other revolving like the earth on its axis.

"BROWN," he answered, humbly.

"MORSFIELD's after her," said Lady CHARLOTTE.

"Let him."

"But he's dangerous."

"I can trounce such. Did it at school, and can remember the trick."

A lady came moving onward. She had that in her gait which showed command, her bonnet puckered to the front, a fat aunt trailing behind. They came steadily. It was AMINTA with her aunt.

LORD ORMONT, his temper ablaze like his manuscript, thirty-four pages, neither more nor less, fortifications planned, advice given gratis to the loutish neglecting nation, stepped forward.

"You must remove her," he declared to WETBURN.

"But the aunt?" questioned MATEY.

"She must go too. See to it quickly!" He fell back, the irrevocable quivering in his eyeball, destiny mocking with careless glee, while MORSFIELD and a bully-captain saw their chances and just missed the taking.

Away they clattered, MATEY and AMINTA, leaving the PAGNELL to her passion-breathing MORSFIELD.

END OF VOL. II.

### THE END OF THE OPERA SEASON.

Solo and Chorus.

THE Opera time began in May,  
And ended but last Saturday.

We hope it has been made to pay  
Chorus. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS!

Solo. Not in the days of MARIO  
Was there an *Impresario*,  
Arranger of scenario,

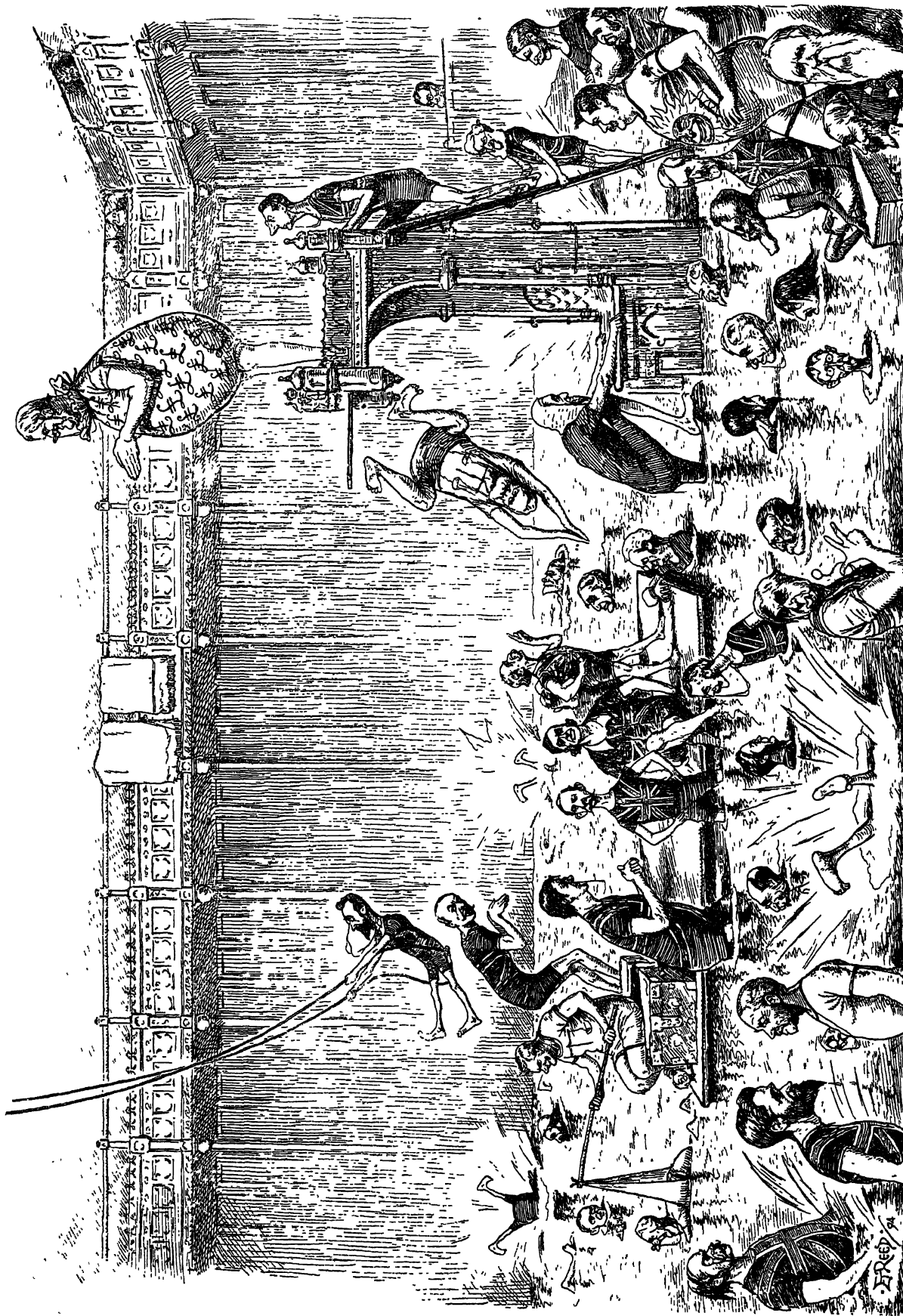
Who knew so "where he are!"

he o-  
-peratical campaign can plan  
With sure success! no better man  
For operatic venture than  
Chorus (in unison). AUGUSTUS  
DRURIOLANUS!

All.

The Opera time, &c. (as above).

"MAXIM FOR CYCLISTS.—" *Try-cycle before you Buy-cycle.*"



### THE PARLIAMENTARY SWIMMING BATH.

(A Seasonable Suggestion.)

"It is proposed to establish Baths at the Houses of Parliament for the use of Members."—*Daily Press*.



## REAL ENJOYMENT.

*Non-Golfer* (middle-aged, rather stout, who would like to play, and has been recommended it as healthy and amusing). "WELL, I CANNOT SEE WHERE THE EXCITEMENT COMES IN IN THIS GAME!"

*Caddie*. "EH, MON, THERE 'S MORE SWEARING USED OVER GOLF THAN ANY OTHER GAME! D'YE NO CA' THAT EXCITEMENT?"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July 23.*—Quite like old times to hear TIM HEALY saying a few plain things about landlords; PRINCE ARTHUR replying; TIM growling out occasional contradiction; whilst O'BRIEN hotly interrupts. To make the reminiscence complete JOSEPH contributes a speech in which he heaps contumely and scorn on representatives of Irish nationality. TIM reminds him how different was his attitude, how varied his voice, at epoch of Kilmainham Treaty.

TIM has a rough but effective way of fastening upon a name or phrase, and even blatantly reiterating it. Thus, when OLD MORALITY, in his kindly manner, once alluded to a visit paid to him at a critical time by his "old friend MR. WALTER," TIM leaped down upon it, and, characteristically leaving out the customary appellation, filled the air with scornful reference to "my old friend WALTER." To-night, desiring to bring into sharp contrast JOSEPH's present attitude towards Ireland and the landlord party with that assumed by him twelve years ago, he insisted upon calling the Arrears Bill of 1882 "the Chamberlain Act." It wasn't JOSEPH's personal possession or invention any more than it was the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD'S. But that way of putting it doubly suited TIM's purpose. It permitted him, without breach of order, to allude by name to the member for West Birmingham; there's a good deal in a name when the syllables are hissed forth with infinite hate and scorn. Also it accentuated the changed position *vis-à-vis* Ireland to which further reflection and honest conviction have brought the prime mover in the Kilmainham Treaty.

Irish Members, forgetting their own quarrels with TIM as he fustigated the common enemy, roared with delight. A broad smile lighted up the serried ranks of the Liberals. PRINCE ARTHUR wore a decorous look of sympathy with his wronged right hon. friend. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE,—"late the Leader of the Liberal Party,"—from the Peers' Gallery surveyed the scene with stolid countenance. JOSEPH, orchid-decked, sat in his corner seat below the gangway, staring straight before him as one who saw not neither did he hear.

*Business done.*—TIM HEALY goes on the rampage. Evicted Tenants Bill read second time.

*Tuesday.*—As has been noted on an earlier occasion, Britannia has no bulwarks, no towers along her steep. It is, consequently, the more comforting to know that ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight) keeps his eye on things abroad as they affect the interests of British citizens. The Member for SARK tells me he has a faded copy of the *Shibbereen Eagle* containing its famous note of warning to NAPOLEON THE THIRD. Was published at time of the irruption of Colonels. These gentlemen, sitting on boulevards sipping absinthe, used to twirl their moustache and—*sacré!*—growl hints of what they would do when they as conquerors walked down Piccadillee, and rioted in the riches of Leestar Square.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD did not escape suspicion of fanning this flame. Howbeit the *Shibbereen Eagle* came out one Saturday morning with a leading article commencing: "We have our eye on NAPOLEON THE THIRD, Emperor of the French."

Thus ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight) digs eagle claws into the aerie heights of the Clock Tower, and watches over the interests and cares of an Empire on which the sun rarely sets.

"All the kinder of him," SARK says, "since they cannot be said directly to concern him. In an effort to redress the balance between the Old World and the New, United States has lent us ASHMEAD. The temporary character of the arrangement makes only the more generous his concern for the interests of the Empire in which he lodges."

In the peculiar circumstances of the case those able young men, EDWARD GREY and SYDNEY BUXTON, might be a little less openly contemptuous in their treatment of the Patriotic Emigrant. Hard to say at which office door, Foreign or Colonial, ASHMEAD bangs his head with more distressful result. He takes them in succession, with dogged courage that would in anyone else excite admiration. Of the two janitors, perhaps EDWARD GREY's touch is the lightest. He replies with a solemn gravity that puzzles ASHMEAD, and keeps him brooding till SPEAKER stays the merry laughter of the House by calling on the next question. BUXTON is more openly contemptuous, more severely sarcastic, and sometimes, when ASHMEAD's prattling, of no consequence in the House, might possibly have serious effect when cabled to the Transvaal where they think all Members of Parliament are responsible men, he smartly raps out. Between the

two the Patriot—made in Brooklyn, plated in Sheffield—has a bad time of it. Has long learned how much sharper than a serpent's tooth is the tongue of an Under Secretary of State. *Business done.*

—Second Reading of Equalisation of London Rates Bill moved.

*Thursday.*—Lords took Budget Bill in hand to-night. MARKISS asked for week's interval. This looked like fighting. At least there would be a reconnaissance in force led by the MARKISS. House full; peerless Peeresses looked down from side gallery; MARKISS in his place; DEVONSHIRE in his—not Chatsworth; that going to be shut up; but corner seat below gangway; ROSEBERRY hovering about, settled down at length in seat of Leader. Clerk read Orders of the Day. "Finance Bill second reading." "I move the Bill be read a second time," said ROSEBERRY, politely taking his hat off to lady in gallery immediately opposite. Then he sat down.

Here was a pretty go! Expected PREMIER would make brilliant speech in support of Bill; the MARKISS would reply; fireworks would fizzle all round, and, though perhaps Budget Bill might be saved, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD would be pummeled. ROSEBERRY takes oddest, most unparliamentary view of his duty. The Lords, he said, when last week subject was mooted, have nothing to do with Budget Bill, unless indeed they are prepared to throw it out. "Will you do that?" he asked. "No," said MARKISS, looking as if he would much rather say "Yes." "Very well then," said ROSEBERRY, "all speeches on the subject must be barren."

This to the Barons seemed lamentably personal.

ROSEBERRY illustrated his point by declining for his own part to make a speech. Still there was talk; barren speeches for three hours; audience gradually dwindling: only a few left to witness spectacle of HALSBURY's blue blood boiling over with indignation at sacrilegious assault on landed aristocracy.

"If you want to make your flesh creep," says SARK, "you should hear HALSBURY, raising to full height his majestic figure, throwing the shadow of his proudly aquiline profile fiercely on the steps of the Throne where some minions of the Government cowered, exclaim, 'My Lords, I detect in this Bill a hostile spirit towards the landed aristocracy.'"

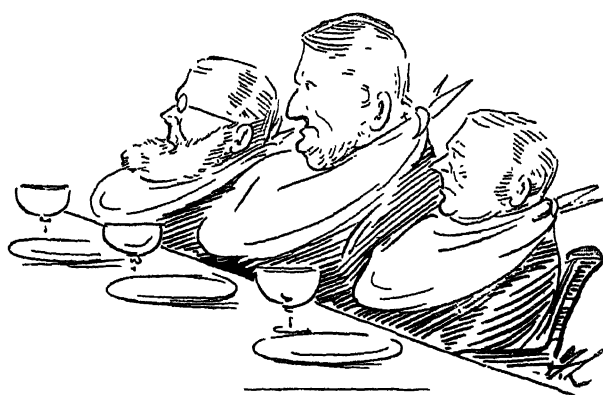
"A HALSBURY! a HALSBURY!" menacingly muttered FEVERSHAM and some other fiery crusaders.

For the moment, so deeply was the assembly stirred, a conflict between the two Houses seemed imminent. But Black Rod coming to take away the Mace the tumult subsided, and Lord HALSBURY went home in a four-wheeler.

*Business done.*—Budget read second time in Lords.

*Friday.*—Scene in Commons quite changed; properties remain but leading characters altered. After unprecedented run, Budget Bill withdrawn; Irish Evicted Tenants Bill now underlined on bills. JOHN MORLEY succeeds the SQUIRE; Irish Members take up the buzzing of the no longer Busy B's.

As for the SQUIRE, he takes well-earned, though only comparative rest; preparing for congratulatory feast spread for him next Wednesday. Like good boy whose work is done is now going to have his



Three Good Boys, who, having done their Work, get their Dinner.

dinner. Also RIGBY and BOB REID, who bore with him the heat and burden of the day. It's a sort of Parliamentary Millennium. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER sits down with the ATTORNEY-GENERAL; the SOLICITOR-GENERAL puts his hand on the cockatrice's den (situate in the neighbourhood of TOMMY BOWLES); and FRANK LOCKWOOD has drawn them.

*Business done.*—In Committee on Evicted Tenants Bill.

Mrs. R. observes in a newspaper that a man was summoned for "illegal distress." She is much puzzled at this, as she thought England was a free country, where people might be as unhappy as they liked!

## OUR CHARITY FÊTE.



Private Box.

ELL, my dear Mr. Punch, you, who hear everything, will be glad to receive from me the particulars of our Annual Farewell Charity Fête, given this year at the Grafton Gallery for the excellent object of providing the underserving with pink carnations. It was a bazaar, a concert, and a fancy-dress ball, all in one; everyone who is anyone was there, and as they were all in costume, nobody could tell who was who. It was indeed a very brilliant scene.

I refused to hold a stall, for I had enough to do writing out autographs of celebrities (they sell splendidly), but it was hard work, and there was an absurd fuss just because I made the trifling mistake of signing "Yours truly, GEORGE MEREDITH" across a photograph of ARTHUR ROBERTS. What did it matter? I really cannot see that it made the slightest difference; the person had asked for an autograph of MEREDITH and he got it, and a portrait of ROBERTS into the bargain! so he ought to have been satisfied; but some people are strangely exacting! There was a great run on the autograph of SARAH BERNHARDT and I grew quite tired of signing YVETTE, ROSEBERRY, and CESSIE LORTUS, however, it was all for the charity. I went as a Perfect Gentleman, and it was quite a good disguise—hardly anyone knew me! I saw SIR BRUCE SKENE dressed as a Temperance Lecturer; GRINGOIRE was there as the *Enemy of the People* with a bunch of violets in his button-hole; the NEW BOY went as *Becket*, and CHARLEY'S AUNT as the *Yellow Aster*. THE GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE looked well as *The Prisoner of Zenda*. I recognised our old friend DORIAN GRAY in a gorgeous costume of purple and pearls, with a crown on his head of crimson roses. He said he had come as a Prose Poem, and he was selling Prose Poem-granates for the good of the charity.

Here are some scraps of conversation I overheard in the crowd:—

*Enemy of the People* (to SIR BRUCE SKENE). Been having a good time lately?

SIR BRUCE. Rather! Tremendous! I've been doing nothing but backing winners, and, what's more—(chuckling)—I've at last got that astronomer fellow to take my wife and child off my hands. Isn't that jolly?

*Enemy of the People*. Ah, really? She is coming to us in the autumn, you know.

*Vivien, the Modern Eve* (to the NEW BOY). I cannot stay here any longer. They never dust the drawing-room, the geraniums are planted all wrong, and I do not like the anti-macassars. Will you come with me?

*New Boy*. What a lark it would be! But I'm afraid I must stay and look after my white mice. You see, BULLOCK MAJOR—

*Lady Belton* (after her marriage, to Charley's Aunt, tearfully). He doesn't understand me, Aunt.

*Charley's Aunt*. Never mind, my dear. Don't cry! You shall come with me to Brazil; you've heard me mention, perhaps, it's the place where the nuts come from; and we'll get up an amateur performance of the *Pantomime Rehearsal*!

We had all sorts of amusements. Under a palm, a palmist was prophesying long journeys, second marriages, and affairs of the heart to the white hand of giggling incredulity. Beautiful musicians, in blue uniforms, with gold Hungarian bands round their waists, were discoursing the sweetest strain that ever encouraged the conversation of the unmusical. A feature of the bazaar, that I invented, was a mechanical Sphinx behind a curtain. They asked it questions—chiefly, what would win the Leger—and put a penny in the slot. There never was any answer, and that was the great joke!

The whole thing was undoubtedly a wonderful success—and I knew it would be. I believed in my *Fête*, having always been rather a fatalist.

And, in the rush of a worldly, frivolous existence, how great a pleasure it is to think we should have aided—if ever so little—in brightening the lives of the poor young fellows, kept, perhaps, all the season through, in or near the hot pavement of Piccadilly, and with not so much as a buttercup to remind them of the green fields, the golden sunlight, the blue sky of the glorious country. To have helped in so noble a cause as ours is a privilege that made us leave the bazaar with tears of sympathy in our eyes, feeling better and purer men and women. Long, long may the button-hole of improvisation be filled by the wired carnation of judicious charity.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours very truly, "JEMIMA THE PENWOMAN."

P.S.—An absurd name they gave me on account of the autograph incident. You remember what "JIM THE PENMAN" was? Of course, but there's no chance of my becoming the PEN-"WIPER" in the bosom of a family. *Au revoir!*

## LORD ORMONT'S MATE AND MATEY'S AMINTA.

By G\*\*\*GE M\*R\*D\*TH.

VOLUME III.

AND now the climax comes not with tongue-lolling sheep-fleece wolves, ears on top remorselessly pricked for slaughter of the bleating imitated lamb, here a fang pointing to nethermost pit not of stomach but of Acheron, tail waving in derision of wool-bearers whom the double-rowed destining mouth soon shall grip, food for mamma-wolf and baby-wolf, papa-wolf looking on, licking chaps expectant of what shall remain; and up goes the clamour of flocks over the country-side, and up goes howling of shepherds shamefully tricked by Esop-fable artifice or doggish dereliction of primary duty; for a watch has been set through which the wolf-enemy broke paws on the prowl; and the King feels this, and the Government, a slab-faced jubber-mubber of contending punies, party-voters to the front, conscience lagging how far behind no man can tell, and the country forgotten, a lout dragging his chaw-bacon hobnails like a flask-fed snail housed safely, he thinks, in unbreakable shell soon to be broken, and no man's fault, while the slow country sinks to the enemy, ships bursting, guns jammed, and a dull shadow of defeat on a war-office drifting to the tide-way of unimagined back-stops on a lumpy cricket-field of national interests. But this was a climax revealed to the world. The Earl was deaf to it. Lady CHARLOTTE dumbled it surprisingly. Change the spelling, put a for u and n for b in the dumbled, and you have the way MORSFIELD mouthed it, and MATEY swimming with BROWNY full in the Harwich tide; head under heels up down they go in Old Ocean, a glutton of such embraces, lapping softly on a pair of white ducks tar-stained that very morning and no mistake.

"I have you fast!" cried MATEY.

"Two and two's four," said BROWNY. She slipped. "Are four," corrected he, a tutor at all times, boys and girls taken in and done for, and no change given at the turnstiles.

"Catch as catch can," was her next word. Plop went a wave full in the rosy mouth. "Where's the catch of this?" stuttered the man.

"A pun, a pun!" bellowed the lady. "But not by four-in-hand from London."

She had him there. He smiled a blue acquiescence. So they landed, and the die was cast, ducks changed, and the goose-pair braving it in dry clothes by the kitchen fire. There was nothing else to be done; for the answer confessed to a dislike of immersions two at a time, and the hair clammy with salt like cottage-bacon on a breakfast-table.

Lord ORMONT sat with the jewels seized from the debating, unbeaten sister's grasp.

"She is at Marlow," he opined.

"Was," put in Lady CHARLOTTE.

The answer blew him for memory.

"MORSFIELD's dead," his lordship ventured; "jobbed by a fail with button off."

"And a good job too."

Lady CHARLOTTE was ever on the crest-wave of the moment's humour. He snicked a back-stroke to the limits, shaking the sparse hair of repentance to the wind of her jest. But the unabashed one continued.

"I'll not call on her."

"You shall," said he.

"Shan't," was her lightning-parry.

"You shall," he persisted.

"Never. Her head is a water-flower that speaks at case in the open sea. How call on a woman with a head like that?"

The shock struck him fair and square.

"We wait," he said, and the conflict closed with advantage to the petticoat.

A footman bore a letter. His step was of the footman order, calves stuffed to a longed-for bulbousness, food for donkeys if any such should chance: he presented it.

"I wait," he murmured.

"Whence and whither comes it?"

"Postmark may tell."

"Best open it," said the cavalry general, ever on the dash for open country where squadrons may deploy right shoulders up, serre-files in rear, and a hideous clatter of serjeant-majors spread over all. He opened it. It was AMINTA's letter. She announced a French leave-taking. The footman still stood. Lord ORMONT broke the silence.

"Go and be—" the words quivered into completion, supply the blank who will.

But her punishment was certain. For it must be thus. Never a lady left her wedded husband, but she must needs find herself weighted with charge of his grand-nephew. Cuckoo-tutor sits in



## NO END TO HIS INIQUITIES.

(From a Yorkshire Moor.)

*Sportsman (anointing the morrow, and meeting Keeper as he strolls round). "WELL, RODGERS, THINGS LOOK FAIRLY HOPEFUL FOR TO-MORROW, EH?"*  
*Rodgers (strong Tory). "WELL, SIR, MIDLIN', PRETTY MIDLIN'." BUT, OH DEAR, IT'S AWK'ARD THIS 'ERE TWELFTH BEIN' FIXED OF A SUNDAY!"*  
*(With much wisdom.) "NOW, MIGHT MR. GLADSTONE HA' HAD HAN'YTHING TO DO WI' THAT ARRANGEMENT, SIR?"*

General's nest, General's wife to bear him company, and lo! the General brings a grand-nephew to the supplanter, convinced of nobility beyond petty conventions of divorce-court rigmarole. So the world wags wilful to the offshoot, lawn-mowers grating, grass flying, and perspiring gardener slow in his shirt-sleeves primed with hope of beer that shall line his lean ribs at supper-time, nine o'clock is it, or eight—parishes vary, and a wife at home has rules. A year later he wrote—

"SIR,—Another novel is on hand. Likely you will purchase. Readers gape for it. Better than acrostics, they say, fit for fifty puzzle-pages. What price?"

G\*\*\*GE M\*R\*D\*TH."

THE END.

## THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION.

(From a Record in the Far East.)

*Step One.*—The nation takes to learning the English language.

*Step Two.*—Having learned the English language, the nation begins to read British newspapers.

*Step Three.*—Having mastered the meaning of the leaders, the nation start a Parliament.

*Step Four.*—Having got a Parliament, the nation establishes school boards, railways, stockbrokers, and penny ices.

*Step Five.*—Having become fairly civilised, the nation takes up art and commerce.

*Step Six.*—Having realised considerable wealth, the nation purchases any amount of ironclads, heavy ordnance, and ammunition.

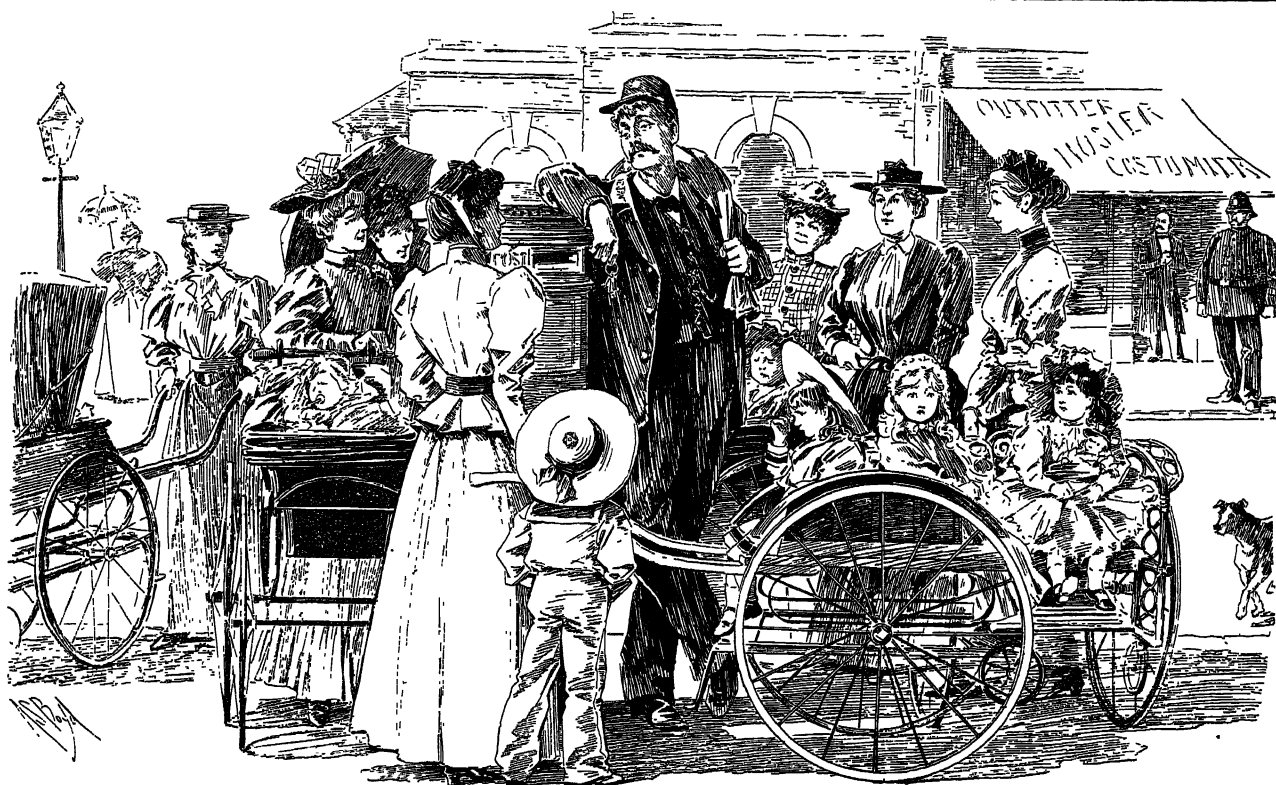
*Step Seven.*—Having the means within reach, the nation indulges in a terrific war.

*Step Eight and Last.*—Having lost everything, the nation returns with a sigh of relief to old-fashioned barbarism.





THE TRIUMPH OF CIVILISATION!



## A HINT TO THE POSTAL AUTHORITIES.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF GOOD-LOOKING AND ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MEN IN CLEARING THE LETTER-BOXES UNDOUBTEDLY RESULTS IN FREQUENT DETENTION OF THE MAILS.

## EASTWARD HO!

"OH East is East, and West is West," says strenuous RUDYARD KIPLING, And what has the West taught to the East, save the science of war, and tipping? To ram, and to torpedo, and to drain Drink's poisoned flagons? [plated Dragons! And Civilisation sees her work in—armour—The saurians of primeval slime they fought with tooth and claw, And SHO-KI's dragon, though possessed of wondrous powers of jaw, And MIOCHIN's scaly monster, whereat SHO-KI's pluck might melt, And the dragon speared by stout St. George in the bold cartoons of SKELT,—These were but simple monsters, like the giants slain by JACK, But your dragon cased in armour-plate with turrets on his back, [and horrid tail. And a charged torpedo twisted in his huge Is a thing to stagger Science, and to make poor Peace turn pale!

Yes, East is East, and West is West; but the West looks on the East, And sees the bold Jap summoning to War's wild raven-feast The saffron-faced Celestial; and the game they're going to play (With a touch of Eastern goriness) in the wicked Western way. For the yellow-man has borrowed from the white-man all that's bad, [Ironclad. From shoddy and fire-water, to the costly He will not have our Bibles, but he welcomes our Big Guns, And he blends with the wild savagery of Vandals, Goths or Huns, The scientific slaughter of the Blood-and-Iron Teuton!—

A sight that Civilisation would right willingly be mute on. But these armour-plated dragons that infest the Yellow Sea Are worse than the Norse "Dragons" whose black raven flag flew free O'er fiord and ocean-furrow in the valorous Viking days. Heathen Chinese and Pagan Jap have learned our Western ways Of multitudinous bloodshed; every slaughtering appliance, Devices of death-dealing skill, and deviltries of Science Strengthen the stealthy Mongol and the sanguinary Turk; And Civilisation stands, and stares, and cries, "Is this *my* work?"

## Mem. by a Muddled One.

"POEMS in Prose" seem all the go. *They're* bad enough, but worse The dreary hotch-potch we all know Too sadly;—prose in verse!

## OLD THREE-VOL.

THERE rose two Book-Kings in the West, Two Kings both great and high; And they have sworn a solemn oath Good old Three-Vol. shall die.

They took a pen and wrote him down, Piled sins upon his head; And they have sworn a solemn oath Good old Three-Vol. is dead.

But when "the Season" comes once more, And folks for fiction call, Old Three-Vol. *may* rise up again, And sore surprise them all!

## REMNANTS.

(A Pindaric Fragment.)

IN the young season's prime  
Yon remnant felt its major portion reft,  
And waited for the surplus time  
Ingloriously left.

For it no glories of the lawn,  
No whirling in the valse that greets the dawn,  
No record in the fleeting roll of fame  
That gives the wearer's name,  
And tells a waiting world what gown she wore;

While that which went before  
No cheaply-sober destiny has found  
But graced fair Fashion's ground,  
Where Pleasure, gaily deck'd,  
Within the fancied circle of select,  
Watches the Polo cavalry at war,  
The victim pigeons tumbled in their gore,  
The rival Blues at Lord's, the racing steeds  
On Ascot's piney meads,  
Or where luxuriant Goodwood's massy trees  
Murmur to no common breeze,  
And see afar the glint of England's summer seas.

Impute no fault, ye proud, nor grandeur mock,  
If frugal Elegance, discreet and fair,  
The aftermath of lavish Fashion reap,  
And, having waited long with nought to wear,  
Get the same goods, though late, and get them cheap. [lock  
Next year the daintiest gowns by lawn and  
May haply be the fruit of surplus summer stock.

POPE FOR THE EMANCIPATED SEX.—"The understudy of mankind is woman."

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART VI.—ROUND PEGS IN SQUARE HOLES.

SCENE IX.—The Entrance Hall at Wycern.

Tredwell (to Lady CANTIRE). This way, if you please, my lady. Her ladyship is in the Hamber Boudwore.

Lady Cantire. Wait. (She looks round.) What has become of that young Mr. ANDROM—? (Perceiving SPURRELL, who has been modestly endeavouring to efface himself.) Ah, there he is! Now, come along, and be presented to my sister-in-law. She'll be enchanted to know you!

Spurrell. But indeed, my lady I—I think I'd better wait till she sends for me.

Lady Cant. Wait? Fiddlesticks! What! A famous young man like you! Remember *Andromeda*, and don't make yourself so ridiculous!

Spurr. (miserably). Well, Lady CANTIRE, if her ladyship says anything, I hope you'll bear me out that it wasn't—

Lady Cant. Bear you out? My good young man, you seem to need somebody to bear you in! Come, you are under My wing. I answer for your welcome—so do as you're told.

Spurr. (to himself, as he follows resignedly). It's my belief there'll be a jolly row when I do go in; but it's not my fault!

Tred. (opening the door of the Amber Boudoir). Lady CANTIRE and Lady MAISIE MULL. (To SPURRELL.) What name, if you please, Sir?

Spurr. (dolefully). You can say "JAMES SPURRELL"—you needn't bellow it, you know!

Tred. (ignoring this suggestion). Mr. JAMES SPURRELL.

Spurr. (to himself, on the threshold). If I don't get the chuck for this, I shall be surprised, that's all! [He enters.]

SCENE X.—In a Fly.

Undershell (to himself). Alone with a lovely girl, who has no suspicion, as yet, that I am the poet whose songs have thrilled her with admiration! Could any situation be more romantic? I think I must keep up this little mystification as long as possible.

Phillipson (to herself). I wonder who he is. Somebody's Man, I suppose. I do believe he's struck with me. Well, I've no objection. I don't see why I shouldn't forget JIM now and then—he's quite forgotten me! (Aloud.) They might have sent a decent carriage for us instead of this ramshackle old summerhouse. We shall be hours getting to the house at this rate!

Und. (gallantly). For my part, I care not how long we may be. I feel so unspeakably content to be where I am.

Phill. (disdainfully). In this mouldy, lumbering old concern? You must be rather easily contented, then!

Und. (dreamily). It travels only too swiftly. To me it is a veritable enchanted car, drawn by a magic steed.

Phill. I don't know whether he's magic—but I'm sure he's lame. And I shouldn't call stuffiness *enchantment* myself.

Und. I'm not prepared to deny the stuffiness. But cannot you guess what has transformed this vehicle for me—in spite of its undeniable shortcomings—or must I speak more plainly still?

Phill. Well, considering the shortness of our acquaintance, I must say you've spoken quite plainly enough as it is!

Und. I know I must seem unduly expansive, and wanting in reserve; and yet that is not my true disposition. In general, I feel an almost fastidious shrinking from strangers—

Phill. (with a little laugh). Really, I shouldn't have thought it!

Und. Because, in the present case, I do not—I cannot—feel as if we were strangers. Some mysterious instinct led me, almost from the first, to associate you with a certain Miss MAISIE MULL.

Phill. Well, I wonder how you discovered that. Though you shouldn't have said "Miss"—Lady MAISIE MULL is the name.

Und. (to himself). Lady MAISIE MULL! I attach no meaning to titles—and yet nothing but rank could confer such perfect ease and distinction. (Aloud.) I should have said Lady MAISIE MULL, undoubtedly—forgive my ignorance. But at least I have divined you. Does nothing tell you who and what I may be?

Phill. Oh, I think I can give a tolerable guess at what you are.

Und. You recognise the stamp of the Muse upon me, then?

Phill. Well, I shouldn't have taken you for a groom exactly.

Und. (with some chagrin). You are really too flattering!

Phill. Am I? Then it's your turn now. You might say you'd never have taken me for a lady's maid!

Und. I might—if I had any desire to make an unnecessary and insulting remark.

Phill. Insulting? Why, it's what I am! I'm maid to Lady MAISIE. I thought your mysterious instinct told you all about it?

Und. (to himself—after the first shock). A lady's maid! Gracious Heaven! What have I been saying—or rather, what haven't I?

(Aloud.) To—to be sure it did. Of course, I quite understand that. (To himself.) Oh, confound it all, I wish we were at Wycern!

Phill. And, after all, you've never told me who you are. Who are you?

Und. (to himself). I must not humiliate this poor girl! (Aloud.) I? Oh—a very insignificant person, I assure you! (To himself.) This is an occasion in which deception is pardonable—even justifiable!

Phill. Oh, I knew that. But you let out just now you had to do with a Mews. You aren't a rough-rider, are you?

Und. N—not exactly not a rough-rider. (To himself.) Never on a horse in my life!—unless I count my *Pegasus*. (Aloud.) But you are right in supposing I am connected with a muse—in one sense.

Phill. I said so, didn't I? Don't you think it was rather clever of me to spot you, when you're not a bit horsey-looking?

Und. (with elaborate irony). Accept my compliments on a power of penetration which is simply phenomenal!

Phill. (giving him a little push). Oh, go along—it's all talk with you—I don't believe you mean a word you say!

Und. (to himself). She's becoming absolutely vulgar. (Aloud.) I don't—I don't; it's a manner I have; you mustn't attach any importance to it—none whatever!

Phill. What! Not to all those high-flown compliments? Do you mean to tell me you're only a gay deceiver, then?

Und. (in horror). Not a deceiver, no; and decidedly not gay. I mean I did mean the compliments, of course. (To himself.) I mustn't let her suspect anything, or she'll get talking about it; it would be too horrible if this were to get round to Lady MAISIE or the CULVERINS—so undignified; and it would ruin all my prestige! I've only to go on playing a part for a few minutes, and—maid or not—she's a most engaging girl!

[He goes on playing the part, with the unexpected result of sending Miss PHILLIPSON into fits of uncontrollable laughter.]

SCENE XI.—The Back Entrance at Wycern. The Fly has just set down PHILLIPSON and UNDERSHELL.

Tredwell (receiving PHILLIPSON). Lady MAISIE's maid, I presume? I'm the butler here—Mr. TREDWELL. Your ladies arrived some time back. I'll take you to the house-keeper, who'll show you their rooms, and where yours is, and I hope you'll find everything comfortable. (In an undertone, indicating UNDERSHELL, who is awaiting recognition in the doorway.) Do you happen to know who it is with you?

Phillipson (in a whisper). I can't quite make him out—he's so flighty in his talk. But he says he belongs to some Mews or other.

Tred. Oh, then I know who he is. We expect him right enough. He's a partner in a crack firm of Vets. We've sent for him special. I'd better see to him, if you don't mind finding your own way to the Housekeeper's Room, second door to the left, down that corridor. (PHILLIPSON departs.) Good morning to you, Mr.—ah—Mr.—?

Undershell (coming forward). Mr. UNDERSHELL. Lady CULVERIN expects me, I believe.

Tred. Quite correct, Mr. UNDERSHELL, Sir. She do. Leastwise, I shouldn't say myself she'd require to see you—well, not before to-morrow morning—but you won't mind that, I daresay.

Und. (choking). Not mind that! Take me to her at once!

Tred. Couldn't take it on myself, Sir, really. There's no particular 'urry. I'll let her ladyship know you're 'ere; and if she wants you, she'll send for you; but, with a party staying in the



"What name, if you please, Sir?"

'ouse, and others dining with us to-night, it ain't likely as she'll have time for you till to-morrow.

*Und.* Oh then, whenever her ladyship should find leisure to recollect my existence, will you have the goodness to inform her that I have taken the liberty of returning to town by the next train?

*Tred.* Lor! Mr. UNDERSHELL, you aren't so pressed as all that, are you? I know my lady wouldn't like you to go without seeing you personally; no more wouldn't Sir RUPERT. And I understood you was coming down for the Sunday!

*Und. (furious).* So did I—but not to be treated like this!

*Tred. (soothingly).* Why, you know what ladies are. And you couldn't see *Deerfoot*—not properly, to-night, either.

*Und.* I have seen enough of this place already. I intend to go back by the next train, I tell you.

*Tred.* But there *ain't* any next train up to-night—being a loop line—not to mention that I've sent the fly away, and they can't spare no one at the stables to drive you in. Come Sir, make the best of it. I've had my horders to see that you're made comfortable, and Mrs. POMFREY and me will expect the pleasure of your company at supper in the 'ousekeeper's room, 9.30 sharp. I'll send the Steward's Room Boy to show you to your room.

*Und. (almost foaming).* *[He goes, leaving UNDERSHELL speechless.]* The insolence of these cursed aristocrats! Lady CULVERIN will see me when she has time, forsooth! I am to be entertained in the servants' hall! *This* is how our upper classes honour poetry! I won't stay a single hour under their infernal roof. I'll walk. But where to? And how about my luggage?

*[PHILLIPSON returns.]*  
*Phill.* Mr. TREDWELL says you want to go already! It can't be true! Without even waiting for supper?

*Und. (gloomily).* Why should I wait for supper in this house?

*Phill.* Well, I shall be there; I don't know if *that's* any inducement.

*Und. (to himself).* She is a singularly bewitching creature; and I'm starving. Why shouldn't I stay—if only to shame these CULVERINS? It will be an experience—a study in life. I can always go afterwards. *I will stay. (Aloud.)* You little know the sacrifice you ask of me, but enough; I give way. We shall meet—*(with a gulp)*—in the housekeeper's room!

*Phill. (highly amused).* You are a comical little man. You'll be the death of me if you go on like that! *[She fits away.]*

*Und. (alone).* I feel disposed to be the death of *somebody*! Oh, Lady MAISTE MULL, to what a bathos have you lured your poet by your artless flattery—a banquet with your aunt's butler!

#### A BETTING MAN ON CRICKET.

CRICKET may be a *game*, but I can't call it sport,  
For "the odds" at it aren't to be reckoned.  
There the last's often first ere you come into port,  
While the first is quite frequently second.  
There was Surrey, you see, slap a-top o' the tree,  
While Sussex was bang at the bottom.  
But, thanks to the in-and-out form of the three,  
You *never* know when you have got 'em!  
For when I backed Surrey with cheerful content,  
Why Kent walloped Surrey, and Sussex whopped Kent!!

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"THERE are, methinks," quoth the Baron, "two or three novels—one certainly I can call to mind—wherein the interior domestic life of Jews strict in the observance of their ancient and most touching religious rites and ceremonies is more amply, as well as more minutely, described than in Mr. FARJEON's *Aaron the Jew*, which, be it my pleasing duty to testify, is one of the best of this prolific author's works; a simple, touching story, the interest being well kept up, as of course the "interest" should be when dealing with the true history of one who commenced as a pawnbroker." As to the rites above mentioned, no special or intimate personal experience is shown to be possessed by the author, who could very easily have obtained his materials from an interesting work entitled, as I fancy, *The Jew at Home*, which has, the Baron regrets to say, disappeared from its shelf in the Baron's library. *Aaron* is lively, is gay, is witty, a "*Jew d'esprit*," and, like Mr. Peter Magnus, he amuses a small circle of intimate friends; but his story, and that of his sweet wife *Rachel*, as related by Mr. FARJEON, will increase this friendly circle to a very considerable extent. The Baron ventures to think that a good deal of the dialogue and of the descriptive writing is unnecessary,—but Mr. FARJEON likes to give everyone plenty for their money,—and, further, that the story would have gained by the loss of what would have reduced the three volumes to two. But altogether, the novel is "recommended" by the interested but disinterested

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



#### ARTFUL.

*Mamma (to Johnny, who has been given a Pear with Pills artfully concealed in it).* "WELL, DEAR, HAVE YOU FINISHED YOUR PEAR?"  
*Johnny.* "YES, MAMMA, ALL BUT THE SEEDS!"

#### A VOTE OF THANKS.

*By a Hard-up Journalist.*

[A strange light has appeared on that part of the surface of Mars not illuminated by the sun. The *Westminster Gazette* of August 2 asks the question, "Is Mars signalling to us?"]

OH, men of Mars, we thank you, your behaviour's really kind!  
(Forgive us if you've lately slipped somewhat out of mind!)  
For now the silly season's set in with all its "rot,"  
You once more raise the question whether you exist or not.

No doubt the good old topics will trot out yet again:—  
"Is Flirting on the Increase?" "Is Marriage on the Wane?"  
Big gooseberries as usual with sea-serpents will compete,  
To help the British Press-man his columns to complete!

But you, my merry Martians, have opportunely planned  
A mild but new sensation for the holidays at hand;  
Your planet's "terminator," it seems, is now ablaze—  
'Tis, say the *cognoscenti*, a signal that you raise!

What is it that you're shewing terrestrial telescopes?  
Is't pills you're advertising, or booming patent soaps?  
How on earth can one discover what by this beacon's meant,  
Whether news of Royal Weddings or Railway Strikes is sent?

Alas! We haven't mastered the transplanetic code;  
Your canals are yet a riddle, in vain your fires have glowed!  
Still, do not let your efforts each August-tide abate—  
You furnish us with "copy," which maintains the Fourth Estate!

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO BOURNEMOUTH.—The Royal Bath Hotel announces "Private Suites." Is "General Bitters" there also?

EDUCATIONAL MOTTO. (For Mr. Acland's use.)—"A place for every child, and every child in its place."



### ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.

He. "OH, YOU'RE FROM AMERICA, ARE YOU? PEOPLE OFTEN SAY TO ME, 'DON'T YOU DISLIKE AMERICANS?' BUT I ALWAYS SAY 'I BELIEVE THERE ARE SOME VERY NICE ONES AMONG THEM.'"

She. "AH, I DARE SAY THERE MAY BE TWO OR THREE NICE PEOPLE AMONGST SIXTY MILLIONS!"

### "MOWING THEM DOWN!"

["He (SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT) confessed that he was not enamoured of these exceptional measures, and he resorted to them with extreme regret. But if he were asked for a justification of this motion, he would refer hon. gentlemen to the Order Book of the House of Commons."] *Gunner HARCOURT, loquitur:—*

EXCEPTIONAL measures I hate,  
I'd rather not always be battling;  
The good old "Brown Bess" I prefer, I  
confess,  
To a new (Parliamentary) Gatling.

To fight in the old-fashioned way,  
Good temperedly, fairly, politely,  
Is more to my mind; but these fellows, I find,  
Will not let a leader be knightly.

If BALFOUR would only fight fair;  
And impose that condition on BARTLEY;  
If JOE would not ravage and shriek like a  
savage;  
Did TOMMY talk less, and less tartly;  
Were GOSCHEN less eager for scalps,  
And kept a tight rein upon HANBURY;  
Why then 'twere all right; we'd soon get  
through our fight  
And hatred in love's flowing can bury.

But no, they're like Soudanese blacks,  
All fury and wild ugly rushes.  
They shriek and they shock, and they hack  
and they hock,  
Till chivalry shudders and blushes.  
And so the machine-gun, I find,  
Is just the one thing *will* arrest 'em.  
They've quite lost their head, but a fair rain  
of lead

Played on them will try 'em and test 'em!

*Whir-r-r-r!* GEORGE! how it's mowing  
them down,

Their Advance - guard,—"Amendments"  
they dub them!

They swarm thick and thicker. The handle  
turns quicker!

'Tis dreadful; but then we *must* drub them.

As COURTNEY so gallantly said,

'Tis "deplorable"; troubles me sorely.

But if ARTHUR and JOE *won't* make terms,  
why, you know,

They really can't blame me and MORLEY!

### AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

#### II.—THE LINKS OF LOVE.

My heart is like a driver-club,  
That heaves the pellet hard and straight,  
That carries every let and rub,  
The whole performance really great;  
My heart is like a bulger-head,  
That whiffles on the wily tee,—  
Because my love distinctly said  
She'd halve the round of life with me.

My heart is also like a cleek,  
Resembling most the mashie sort,  
That spans the object, so to speak,  
Across the sandy bar to port;  
And hers is like a putting-green,  
The haven where I boast to be,  
For she assures me she is keen  
To halve the round of life with me.

Some wear their hearts upon their sleeve,  
And others lose 'em on the links;  
(This play of words is, by your leave,  
Rather original, one thinks;)   
Therefore my heart is like to some  
Lost ball that nestles on the lea,  
Because my love has kindly come  
To halve the round of life with me.

Raise me a bunker, if you can,  
That beetles o'er a deadly ditch,  
Where any but the bogey-man  
Is practically bound to pitch;  
Plant me beneath a hedge of thorn,  
Or up a figurative tree,  
What matter, when my love has sworn  
To halve the round of life with me?

### THE YELLOW AGE.

THE poets sing of a Golden Age.

Are we trying to start its fellow?

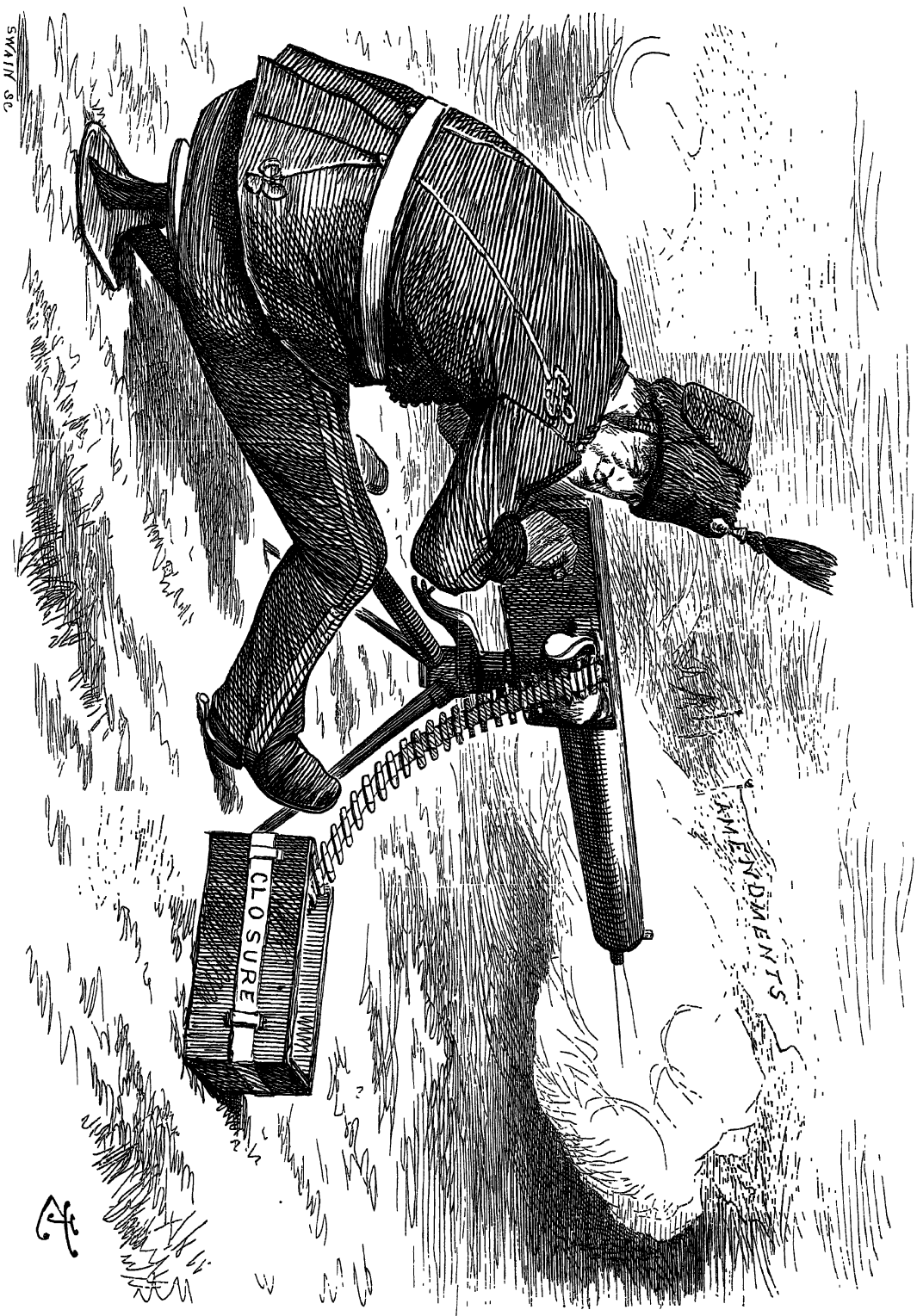
The *Yellow Aster* is all the rage;  
The Yellow Races in war engage;  
The Primrose League wild war doth wage,  
And the much-boomed Book in cover and page  
Like the Age itself is—Yellow.

Well, Yellow's the tint of Gold—and Brass!  
Of the Golden Calf—and the Golden Ass!  
Of the "livery" face and the faded leaf,  
But 'tis tedious, very, beyond belief.

I own I am little inclined to smile  
On the colour of age, decay, and bile  
And mustard, and *Othello*;  
I'm tired, I own, of it's very look,  
And I feel compelled to cock a snook  
At the Yellow Primrose, the Yellow Book.

Though an Age indeed  
That runs to seed  
Is like to run to Yellow!





“MOWING THEM DOWN!”

GUNNER H-RO-RT. “NOT MANY OF ‘EM LEFT NOW!”







## EARLY LOGIC.

*Little Girl (of inquiring mind, to Stud Groom, looking at a Mare in field with Foal). "How old is that little horse?"*

*Stud Groom. "Well, Missy, he's only five days old."*

*Little Girl (to her Governess). "Oh, NANA, did I run about the fields when I was five days old?"*

## A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

*Sunday.*—How exhausting is London life! Up late, night and morning. Club. See summer number of illustrated paper. Pictures of pretty girls, reclining in punts, hammocks, or deck-chairs, doing nothing, men helping them. True holiday for jaded Londoner. Perhaps better without pretty girls. Even more reposeful. Must get right away. Secluded place. No pretty girls. That tiny inn JONES told me about. Miles from everywhere.

*Monday.*—At Tiny Inn. Fine afternoon. Feel quite happy. With summer clothes, summer numbers, flannels, straw hat, and other suitable things. Seven miles from station. Beautifully clean. Perfectly quiet. Weather changing. Raining. Landlord says, "Soon over." Eggs and bacon for supper. To bed early.

*Tuesday.*—Wake at five. Up at six to enjoy morning air. Eggs and bacon for breakfast. Still raining. Landlord says, "Very remarkable, since in this place it never rains." Somehow the clouds always pass over neighbouring village, following the course of the river, the ridge of the hills, or something. Have noticed in all country places that the clouds always do this, except when I am there. Impossible to lounge under a tree in this rain. Stop indoors, smoke, and read summer numbers. Eggs and bacon for lunch. Rain going on steadily. Put on flannels, go out. Drenched. Eggs and bacon for dinner. Landlord says they hope to give me some meat to-morrow. Butcher calls once a week apparently. Wet evening. Somewhat tired of sitting on horsehair sofa with damaged springs. Know all the summer numbers by heart. To bed at ten.

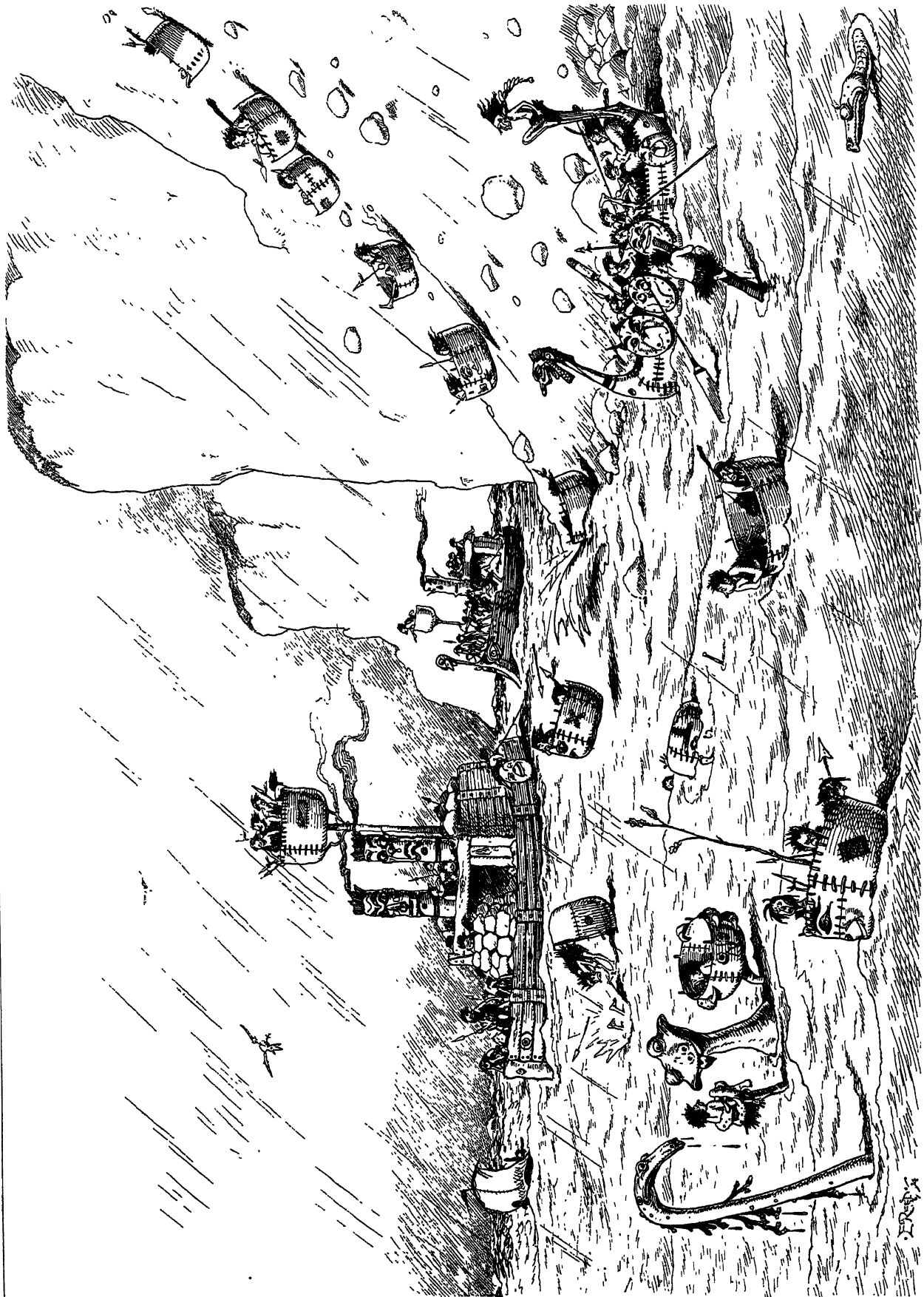
*Wednesday.*—Wake at four. Toss about till six. Then up. Still raining. Breakfast,—eggs and bacon. Landlord says if I cross two fields I shall find the river and a punt. Thanks. Will wait till rain stops. He says it is sure to stop soon. Ask him if one can get a London paper. Says they sometimes have one at the stationer's, four miles off, but generally only when ordered. Lends me a local paper of last week. Reduced to summer numbers again. Begin to wish there were some pretty girls here, after all. They might enliven things. After lunch,—of eggs and bacon,—resolve to go out. Ask

landlord where one can go. Don't like to ask "if any girls about anywhere?" Accidentally landlord *does* happen to mention Farmer MUGGERIDGE's daughters. I pretend indifference, but inquire as to direction of MUGGERIDGE's farm. Lose my way. Wander helplessly. Steady downpour. Return, drenched. Butcher has not been. Eggs and bacon for dinner. Smoke, and read advertisements—plenty of them—in summer numbers. To bed at nine.

*Thursday.*—Wake at three. Toss about till seven. Then breakfast—usual dish. Rain not quite so heavy. With fuller directions as to road, start hopefully for MUGGERIDGE's farm. Arrive there. Heavy rain again. MUGGERIDGE loafing about. Country people always loaf about in rain. They seem to enjoy it. Chat with him. He asks me in to have some cider. Accept. Chance of seeing charming daughters. They enter! Now! . . . Oh! awful! . . . Cider acid. Obligated to drink it. Hurry back. Lunch. Usual dish. Still raining. Call in landlord, and ask eagerly about trains to London. The next is to-morrow morning, at 8.20. Give way to despair. Refuse eggs and bacon for dinner. Bed eight.

*Friday.*—Leave in landlord's cart at seven, after usual breakfast. Still raining steadily. Gave landlord all those summer numbers to amuse future weather-bound visitors with imaginary pictures of rural happiness. London once more! Hurrah! Dinner—*not* eggs and bacon. Theatre. Smoke at club. Avoid JONES. Tell SMITH I know the sweetest place for country peace and seclusion. He writes down the address eagerly. Those summer numbers will amuse him. To bed—any time!

AT THE WINDOW.—Judging from the tone of JAMES PAYN's delightful *Note-Book* this week, one fears that charming and cheery gossip has been "laid up," has been compelled to take his "Notes" from a sick-couch at a window—has, in fact, for the time, become a window-PAYN! Well, a window is no bad coign of vantage for an observant penman. "The World from a Window" would make an excellent book, and JAMES PAYN would be the very man to write it. Let Mr. PAYN think of it. *Mr. Punch's* present purpose, however, is to wish his good friend and favourite writer speedy emancipation from the bonds of sickness and compulsory window-watching.



**PREHISTORIC PEEPS.**

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES AFFORDED MUCH PLEASURABLE EXCITEMENT TO THOSE CONCERNED !

## SATURDAY POPS.

NEW SERIES.

"RUSTICUS," who is clearly "RUSTICUS EXPECTANS," was moved to write to the *Chronicle* on July 31st, to say that, though not a rich man, he lives in a pretty Surrey village within an eightpenny return railway fare of the City; and has a fairly large and quiet garden, with field, &c. "The trees are all at their finest," he proceeds, "the flowers looking very gay and walking in the garden." Capital fun this, when flowers actually walk about. But no! it's "walking in the garden to-day the thought came to me," so it's a walking thought, comparable, doubtless, to a running commentary. Anyhow, "RUSTICUS" is moved—by the thought of a "tired working-man or band of City workers" who would find in his garden pleasure on a quiet Saturday afternoon—to make an offer. Here are his words:—

"I am a bachelor, therefore I say, men, you are welcome to my very simple hospitality if it is of any use to you. I can do with a limited number every or any Saturday. Any creed or class is welcome. All I stipulate for is honest souls. Come and smoke and talk under the trees and spend a quiet time away from the town. I simply condition—no publicity or fuss, the giving and acceptance of the invitation quietly, honestly, brother to brother. Would you, Sir, forward any letters on to me?"

This is of course an example which will be followed, and Mr. Punch has already had



A TOWN MOUSE.

Jones. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?"  
London Boy (who has never been out of Whitechapel before). "I'M THINKIN' IT'S TIME YER MOTHER PUT YER INTO TROUSERS!"

the following letter (amongst others), which he now prints with pleasure.

SIR,—Owing to the Death Duties, I am no longer a rich man, but I have a little house in Piccadilly, not more than a twopenny 'bus ride from Charing Cross. It has occurred to me that some hungry working-man might like to drop in to a quiet little dinner some night. I am a Duke, therefore I say, comrades in depression, you are welcome to my roof, if it's of any use to you. I can dine a hundred or so of you any or every night. All I stipulate for is that there shall be no speaking, for speaking bores me horribly.

D-V-NSH-RE.

## LOWERED!

RATES, rates, rates,

Of an exigent L. C. C.!

And I'm glad they can't hear the language

We utter so frequentlee!

O well for the excellent Chairman [bit!

For trying to reduce them a O well for those Councillors wary [ments" sit!

Who on costly "improve- And "demand-notes" still go on, [bled;

And our pockets are steadily But "O (we oft sigh) for a

tenpenny rate, And the sins of a 'Board' that is dead!"

Rates, rates, rates! Thanks, men of the L. C. C.!

We trust the farthing now taken off

Will never go back to ye!

## "AFTER THE HEALTH CONGRESS IS OVER."

SCENE—A Ball Room at the Mansion House.

He (resting). Good floor, isn't it?

She. Quite. But tell me, have you been attending the Congress?

He. Of course; that is why I received an invitation to-night.

She. And you found the lectures and all that most interesting?

He. Yes, very; and then there were the Opera and the theatres in the evening.

She. But do let us talk about the Congress. Did you not discuss sanitation?

He. Discussed it very much indeed. So fortunate too that we had the meeting before everybody had left town.

She. Yes. But did you not inquire into microbes and all that?

He. Certainly; had a lot of talk about them, and finished them all up just in time not to interfere with Goodwood.

She. And I suppose you found out the way to keep everyone in perfect health?

He. That was the idea, and yet we floored Lords and the Oval.

She. But oughtn't every town to be in a satisfactory condition?

He. Why, yes. But that depends upon the season of the year. Of course, some places are deadly dull when nothing's going on from a social point of view.

She. I mean from a health point of view—oughtn't everything nowadays to be simply excellent?

He. Yes, of course. That's the modern theory.

She. And yet, according to the papers, London is full of fever and insanity.

He. I daresay; the Press men generally get their figures right.

She. But if, theoretically, everything is right, why should most things be practically wrong?

He. You must really ask me another.

She. But you are strong upon health, are you not?

He. Very—in the lecture-room. And now, if you are rested, we will have another turn.

[Exeunt dancing.]

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 30.—Having settled Budget Bill, and, incidentally, brought CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER to Death's Door by observations on Death Duties, TOMMY BOWLES has time to turn his attention to another social question. Looks as if he were going to take the Bicycle Fiend by the scruff of the neck. Herein he has opportunity of deepening and enlarging his hold on affection and esteem of British public. Bicycle Fiend has increased, is increasing, and, at least, ought to be registered. He comes upon the hapless rider or pedestrian in quiet country lanes, brushing him aside as if the earth were the Fiend's and all the highways thereof. Bad enough in the country, where there is room to get out of the way. In crowded streets of metropolis, Fiend pounces round unsuspected corners upon elderly gentlemen, scattering streams of peaceful passengers at peremptory sound of fearsome bell.

TOMMY B. got his eye on him. Not without suspicion that this new departure has something to do with old, now closed, campaign against the Budget. TOMMY warned the SQUIRE whilst in Committee that his Death Duties would not reap the full harvest anticipated. Every little helps. What with actual concussions and sudden frights, Bicycle Fiend leads in course of financial year to considerable succession of property changing on sudden death, with concurrent toll paid to Treasury. If the Bicycle Fiend can only be placed on same footing as the common carrier, or the harried hansom-cab driver, the death-rate would appreciably decrease, and with it the flow of legacy and succession duties. TOMMY may or may not look thus far ahead. No matter, if he only succeeds in restraining a nuisance that is a disgrace to a civilised community.

The Member for SARK tells me he has a Short Way with the B. F., which makes him to considerable extent indifferent to slower action of HOME SECRETARY, who has evidently never had his shins barked by this agency. SARK says when he takes his walks abroad he usually carries a stick or umbrella. When, crossing a road, he hears the tinkle of the Fiend's bell, insolently and imperatively ordering

him out of the way on pain of being run over, he, instead of flying for his life, as is the use of the ordinary citizen, carelessly throws stick or umbrella lance-wise across hollow of right or left arm, according as the Fiend approaches from one direction or the other. Thus armed he leisurely pursues his way. If the Fiend continues on the track, he will run with face or chest on to the point of the umbrella. As that would be inconvenient to him, he slows up or goes on another tack, and when he arrives home writes a letter to the *Bicycling Blister*, indignantly denouncing a street passenger who wouldn't get out of his way.

*Business done.*—Vote on Account through Committee.

*Tuesday.*—"PRINCE ARTHUR," said SARK, looking across at the Front Opposition Bench whilst COURTNEY was speaking, "succeeds in hiding all traces of storm behind a smiling countenance. JOSEPH, on the contrary, more ingenuous, less acute in practice of worldly wiles, enables one to realise, even at this long distance of time, what BALAK, the son of ZIPPOR, King of Moab, looked like when he stood in the high places of Baal, and listened to BALAK's remarks on the motion for the time-closure to be applied to the Children of Israel, who had pitched their tents in the plains of Moab beyond the Jordan at Jericho, and declined to budge at the bidding of BALAK."

Appearance of Parliamentary BALAK on scene dramatically effective. Crowded House worked up to highest pitch of excitement by swift encounter, in which JOHN MORLEY had followed PRINCE ARTHUR, and JOSEPH, springing in from behind, had clouted the CHIEF SECRETARY on the head. The SQUIRE had moved time-closure on Evicted Tenants Bill in speech the studied tameness and provoking brevity of which had riled Opposition much more than if he had belaboured them with Harcourtian phrase. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE said a few words, preparatory to packing up for holiday; then COURTNEY rose from JOSEPH's side to continue debate. Members, taking it for granted that he, possibly with some reservations in favour of Eviction Bill whose second reading he had supported, was about to say ditto to JOSEPH on question of Closure, began to move towards door. Arrested by COURTNEY's solemn tone, and his expression of regret, evidently unfeigned, at deplorable condition in which the House found itself. "Woe to those through whom offences come!" cried COURTNEY in voice which, as he said, was of one crying in the wilderness, and seemed for its perfect effect to lack only hirsute garb, stave and honeypot. "Through whom did the offence come? Surely," continued the Prophet, bending shaggy eyebrows upon the bench where the Busy B's hive, "the offence lies with those Members who, disregarding the true uses, functions, duties, and high mission of the House, abuse their powers, intent to destroy possibility of the right conduct of public business."

Not Ministers, then, with the SQUIRE at their head, responsible for the deadlock, as PRINCE ARTHUR had painted the scene, and as JOSEPH had touched it up with stronger colour. It was the Busy Bees. They and "a junta of irresponsible landlords enforcing their will upon those who ought to resist them."

O BALAK! BALAK! M.P. for Bodmin. Was it for this JOSEPH led thee into the field of Zophim, to the top of Pisgah? For this did PRINCE ARTHUR build seven altars, and offer up the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD on every one of them? Long time since such a scene was wrought in the House. SAUNDERSON pished and pshawed, and looked anxiously round for LOGAN. BARTLEY blushed; HANBURY was hushed; and a tear trickled down the pale cheek of TOMMY BOWLES—Cap'n no longer, disrated and denounced.

*Business done.*—Time-Closure resolution carried.

*Thursday.*—Such larks! Yesterday time-closure came into operation in connection with Evicted Tenants Bill. Arranged that debate on Clause I. not finished by eleven o'clock to-night, all Amendments remaining on paper shall be submitted to vote without further debate. Obstruction scotched; wriggles helplessly, like eel in muddy depths of river, smitten by the spear.



THE CARSON BANSHEE.

*John Morley.* "You see it's all right, my little man. I told you you needn't be frightened of him. It was only his vapour. We're through the Commons now! Come along, and I'll leave you at the door of the Lords'. See how you get on there!"

Tenants Bill through Committee. Building Societies Bill far advanced.

*Friday.*—Back in the mud again. Strike operative only when Evicted Tenants Bill under consideration. That standing over now for Report Stage. Meanwhile take up again Equalisation of Rates Bill. Men on strike stream in, tired of "playing." Wonderful their eagerness to get to work again, their keen delight in sound of their own voices, so strangely intermitted. BARTLEY, KIMBER, FISHER, JOKIM, and the WOOLWICH INFANT all here again, with WEBSTER (of St. Pancras) wobbling all over the place, like a hen that has laid an egg somewhere and can't for the life of her just at the minute think where she left it.

*Business done.*—Hardly any. As BARTLEY says, "must make up for lost time when yesterday and day before work advanced by leaps and bounds."

CRYPTOGRAMMATIST WANTED.—After a plain matter-of-fact paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph*, stating that "Lord GREVILLE leaves town to-day for Harrogate" (to undergo the "tonic sul-phur" cure, of course, i.e., of water-course), there appeared this mysterious announcement, "Lord Rowton leaves London to-day for some weeks." Now where is "some weeks"? Of course as his Lordship has quitted town for "some weeks," he evidently prefers "some weeks," wherever it is, to London. And that is all we know at present. Strange disappearance. Weird.

THE COSTER KNIGHT.—There are pictures on almost all the boardings, in the suburbs especially, of the celebrated Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER. This chevalier "*sans peur et sans reproche*" is so busy a man that in the best sense of the term he may well be considered as the type of an honest "*Chevalier d'Industrie*."

QUERY.—"The Lancashire Rubber Company"—is this something new in the way of Massage? or is it a Company got up for the express purpose of supplying Society with Whist-players?

THE LATEST MADE OF HONOUR AT RICHMOND.—Sir JAMES W SZLUMPER, Knight.

## MORE ORNAMENTAL THAN USEFUL.

(A Legend of the Results of the School Board.)

THE Committee sat waiting patiently for candidates. Although the papers had been full of advertisements describing the appointments the *réclames* had had no effect. There were certainly a number of persons in the waiting-room, but the usher had declared that they did not possess the elementary qualifications for the post that the Committee were seeking to fill with a suitable official.

"Usher," cried the Chairman at length with some impatience; "I am sure you must be wrong. Let us see some of the occupants of the adjoining office."

The usher bowed with a grace that had been acquired by several years study in deportment in the Board School, and replied that he fancied that most of the applicants were too highly educated for the coveted position.

"Too highly educated!" exclaimed the representative of municipal progress. "It is impossible to be too highly educated! You don't know what you're talking about!"

"Pardon me, Sir," returned the Usher, with another graceful inclination of the head, "but would not 'imperfectly acquainted with the subject of your discourse' be more polished? But, with your permission, I will obey you."

And then the official returned to usher in an aged man wearing spectacles. The veteran immediately fell upon his knees and began to implore the Committee to appoint him to the vacant post.

"I can assure you, Gentlemen, that, thanks to the School Board, I am a first-rate Latin and Greek scholar. I am intimately acquainted with the Hebrew language, and have the greatest possible respect for the Union Jack. I know all that can be known about mathematics, and can play several musical instruments. I am also an accomplished waltzer; I know the use of the globes, and can play the overture to *Zampa* on the musical-glasses. I know the works of SHAKESPEARE backwards, and—"

"Stop, stop!" interrupted the Chairman. "You may do all this, and more; but have you any knowledge of the *modus operandi* of the labour required of you?"

"Alas, no!" returned the applicant; "but if a man of education—"

"Remove him, Usher!" cried the Chairman; and the veteran was removed in tears.

A second, a third, and a fourth made their appearance, and disappeared, and none of them would do. They were all singularly accomplished.

At length a rough man, who had been lounging down the street, walked into the Council-chamber.

"What may you want, Sir?" asked the Chairman, indignantly.

"What's that to you?" was the prompt reply. "I ain't a going to tell everyone my business—not me—you bet!"

"Ungrammatical!" said Committee Man No. One. "Very promising."

"Uncouth and vulgar!" murmured Committee Man No. Two.

"Where were you educated?" queried the Chairman.

"Nowheres in particular. I was brought up in the wilds of Canada. There's not much book learning over there," and the rough fellow indulged in a loud hoarse laugh.

"Ah! that accounts for your not having enjoyed the great advantages of the School Board. Have you seen the circular—have you read the details of the proposed appointment?"

"Me read!" cried the uncouth one; "oh, that is a game!"



## RETURNED EMPTY.

*Old Mayfly (who had dropped his Flask further down stream, and has just had it returned to him by Honest Rustic).* "DEAR ME! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!" (*Gives him a Shilling.*) "DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD HA' DONE WITHOUT IT!" (*Begins to unscrew top.*) "MAY I OFFER YOU A—"

*Honest Rustic.* "WELL, THANK Y', SIR, BUT ME AND MY MATE, NOT SEERIN' A HOWNER ABOUT, WE'VE TA'EN WHAT THERE WERE INSIDE."

Why I can't read nor yet write!"

"Better and better," said Committee Man No. One.

"First rate," murmured Committee Man No. Two. "I think we have at length found our ideal."

Then the usher read the advertisement.

"What! shake the hall mat!" cried the candidate. "Why I could do that little job on my head!"

So there being no other applicant for the post, the backwoods' ignoramus was appointed office-sweeper at a couple of hundred pounds a year.

"Rather high wages," said the Chairman to himself, as he went home on the top of an omnibus; "but what can one expect when we educate all the children at the cost of the rates. Last year there was an additional farthing; this year we have to pay five shillings, and goodness only knows how much it will be hereafter!"

And as he thought this, the Chairman (in the names of the rest of the ratepayers) heartily cursed the School Board.

## RE-DRESS REQUIRED.

[A writer in the *Lancet* draws attention to the fact that the regular hospital nurse's uniform is now worn as ordinary ladies' attire.]

THERE'S no doubt my new costume is *very* becoming. I like the idea of the cape, and the apron is just perfect, while the little bonnet suits me to a

T. Met cousin FRED, who said it was "fetching," and that "they wanted some of my sort at the hospitals." I said I thought the patients had good enough nurses at present; he replied "he didn't mean the patients—he meant the doctors." Of course I couldn't stand the drudgery of a nurse's life; but that's no reason why I shouldn't appropriate the uniform, is it?

Walking down street. Met another nurse—a real one, I suppose. She stared, turned red, and then looked horribly offended. I believe she must have made some sign to me that I didn't understand. Are Nurses Freemasons, I wonder? Quite a secret society, it seems. Really that sort of thing oughtn't to be allowed. It makes things so awkward for the impost—the imitators, I mean.

Just got home after *dreadful* incident! I was in a Bayswater Square, when suddenly a man driving round a corner in a cart got upset, and was pitched on to the road close to me. A small crowd gathered immediately, and evidently expected *me* to help. One man shouted "Hi! Come and bind up his head, Miss!" And his head was actually bleeding! I couldn't do anything, except feel awfully inclined to faint, and then the mob began to hiss and jeer! Somebody said I must know how to render "first aid to the injured," and if I didn't come quick the man would bleed to death. I was so frightened I ran away, and the mob ran after me, and I had to take shelter in a shop, and ask the shopman to explain to the crowd that I was not really a nurse at all. Then they used dreadful expressions, and I had to be got out by a back way. I don't think the costume is half as becoming as it seemed this morning; I'm going to sell it as a "cast-off garment." Lucky for me it wasn't a torn-off garment!

## Scott on the New Woman.

(As the Wizard of the North would have written now.)

NEW Woman! in our hours of ease  
A smoking rival hard to please,  
Wishing to put Man in the shade,  
Collar his togs and take his trade;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A swaggering, "spanking" *Pipchin* thou!





**"THE COW WAS THE STAMP TO IMPRESS SUPERIOR BUTTER."**

"ARF A POUND ER MARGARINE, PLEASE; AN' MOTHER SAYS WILL YER PUT THE COW ON IT, 'COS SHE'S GOT COMPANY!"

### HINT FOR THE ALPINE SEASON.

(Adapted freely from the Old Royal Repartee.)

*Middle-aged would-be Mountaineer (log.).*

FAIN would I climb, but,—well, my belt's too small.

*Mr. Punch (in reply).*

If your girth grows, Sir, do not climb at all!

Your Alpen-stock put by, ere the world mock,

And you become an (Alpine) Laughing-stock. Though Alps on Alps arise you stop in bed,

And let a younger man yon glaciers tread. The dangers of steep slides and deep crevasses

Are not for elderly donkeys, but young asses. The Himalayas woo you still to pant on?

Well, treat 'em as you would an arch young wanton,

Think of your legs, the boys, the girls, the Missus,

And do not play the elderly Narcissus. To witch the world with noble "Ice-manship"

Is tempting, yes, but if you chance to slip, Your bones a fathomless abyss may strew, An Alpine death,—and they'll all pine for you.

Man after fifty fits not the sublime, So stay at home nor seek a foreign climb.

The plague of guide, and chum, and wife and daughter,

Is Senex who will climb and didn't oughter. Stick to your Alpine Club, but like old foodles,

Pay, stop at home, and play at whist at Boodles'.

Decline with the old mania to be bitten, And you will own this tip is diamond-written

(Like good Queen Bess's repartee on glass), And that you're saved from being an old ass!

### LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

VI.—KEW GARDENS.

In the gardens at Kew  
It were certainly sweet  
To be wand'ring with you,  
Far from city and street;  
'Twere the one thing, dear NELLIE, my joy  
and content to complete  
In the gardens at Kew.

In the gardens at Kew,  
If my way I might take  
By the water with you,  
Oh! how merry we'd make,—  
I am sure you would dote on the dear little  
ducks in the lake

In the gardens at Kew.  
In the gardens at Kew,  
Having tea *à la fraises*,  
We would cheerfully stew  
'Neath the fierce solar rays,  
And in "eloquent silence" you'd meet my  
affectionate gaze

In the gardens at Kew.  
In the gardens at Kew  
We would sit in the shade  
For an hour or two,  
Without chaperone's aid,  
And your head on my shoulder (who knows?)  
might be lovingly laid

In the gardens at Kew.  
In the gardens at Kew,  
Far away from the crowd,  
Though I'm longing for you,  
To stern Fate I have bowed:  
For it grieves me, dear NELLIE, to tell you,  
"No dogs are allowed"  
In the gardens at Kew!

### NOT MASTER OF HIMSELF THOUGH CHINA FALL.

["The Emperor (of China) is still cursed with the violent temper of his adolescence, and "breaks things."—"Times" Correspondent at Pekin.]

OH! is this announcement plain truth?  
Or is it mere genial mockery?  
And *what* does this choleric youth  
Of China thus break—is it crockery?

It does seem unfitting, you know—  
At least as we Westerners see things—  
That the lord of Souchong and Pekoe  
Should be guilty of smashing up tea-things!

Of course, if he had an idea  
Of breaking the Japanese bondage,  
Or breaking their hold on Korea,—

Well, youth is a fiery and fond age,  
And old age *might* find an excuse  
For breaking the peace; but kind wishes  
Can hardly invent an excuse

For breaking the plates and the dishes.  
He is youthful, like little AN SIO,

It would be very mean to malign a  
Mere boy; yet a true Chinese kid  
Should not start with the smashing of China!

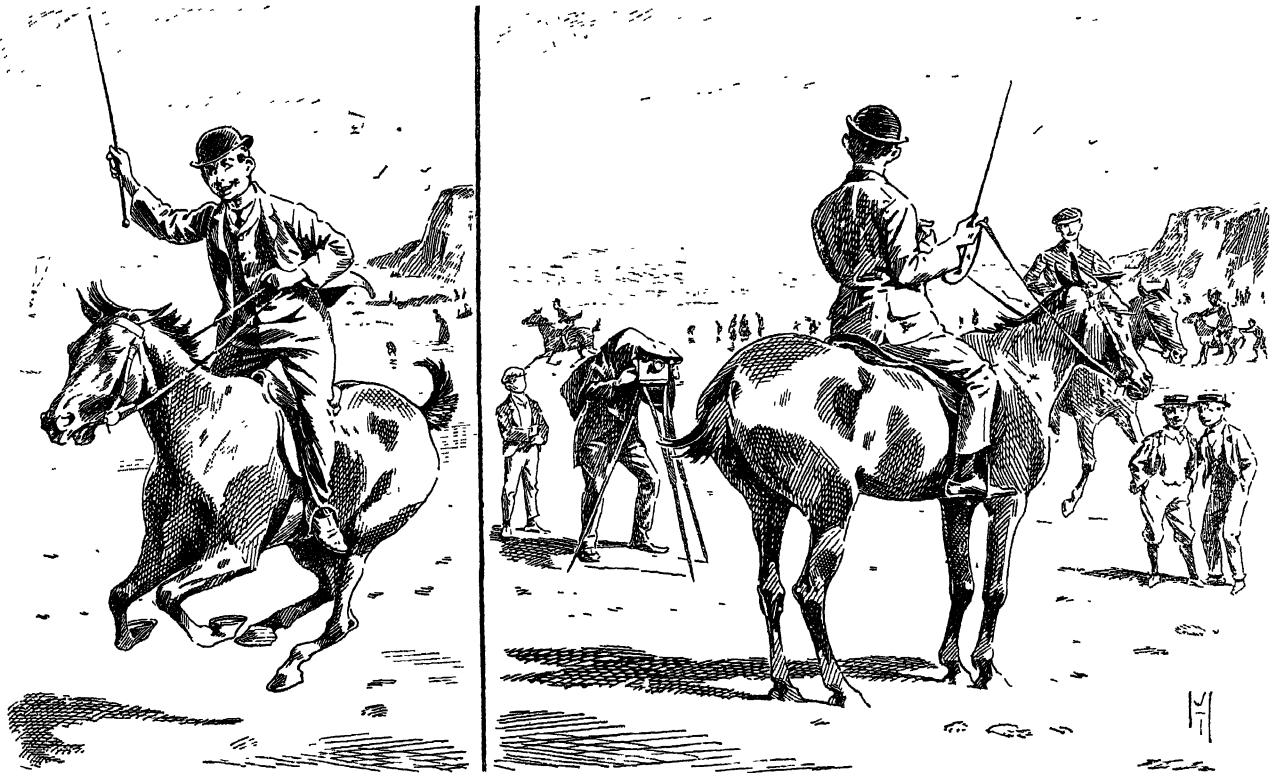
### The Cry of the (Literary) Croakers.

BATRACHIANS may doubt if King Stork or  
King Log [controller;  
Be the Frog-pond's most suitable lord and  
But Grub Street's unfortunate unlauded frog  
Loathes the rule of the new King Log-  
Roller!

MEM. BY AN OVERWORKED ONE.

WITH "brain-fag" our swift, feverish age is  
rife,  
And death is oft the mere "fag-end" of life.

SOMETHING LIKE A "PACKED MEETING."  
—The meeting of the various Arctic Expeditions in the Polar Ice Pack.



"TO BE WELL SHAKEN BEFORE TAKEN!"

## "JUSTICE AS SHE IS SPOKEN IN FRANCE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that we are close upon the silly season, when it is most difficult to get interesting "copy" for the columns of the daily papers, may I be permitted to make a suggestion? No doubt you have seen an account of the examination of CASERIO SANTO by the President of the Court on the occasion of his trial. Could not the idea be naturalised in London by the Metropolitan Police Magistrates? I would not, of course, propose to apply the method in cases of a serious character, but used in what are known as "the night charges," the practice would become very interesting. To better explain my meaning, I will imagine that a prisoner who has been arrested on a charge of being "drunk and incapable" is standing in front of his worship.

*Magistrate (with sarcasm).* You are sober now.

*Prisoner (in the same tone).* As a judge.

*Magistrate (indignantly).* Judges are always sober.

*Prisoner (with a laugh).* How should you know?—you, who are only a magistrate!

[*Murmurs.*]

*Magistrate.* You insult me! But that will not serve you. Drink is the curse of the country!

*Prisoner.* You have tried it? It has been a curse to you!

[*Cries of disapproval.*]

*Magistrate.* You are young to bandy words with one old enough to be your father!

*Prisoner.* My father! You my father! What an honour!

*Magistrate.* I do not envy him! Nor your mother!

*Prisoner (excitedly).* You shall not speak of my mother. My mother is sacred. She shall not be referred to in the tainted atmosphere of a Court of Justice.

[*Applause.*]

*Magistrate.* This hypocrisy shall not serve you. You never loved your mother!

[*Prolonged sensation.*]

*Prisoner.* Your worship, you are a liar!

[*Loud cheers.*]

*Magistrate.* This to the Bench from the gutter! For you know you were found drunk and incapable in the gutter. What were you doing there?

*Prisoner (tearfully).* I was dreaming of my mother, my loved mother.

[*Sympathetic applause.*]

*Magistrate.* You do not deserve to have a mother!

[*Prolonged sensation.*]

*Prisoner (scornfully).* Only a magistrate could make such a cold-blooded observation!

[*Cheers.*]

*Magistrate.* For all that you are fined five shillings and costs! Remove the wretched prisoner!

[*The accused was then removed amidst expressions of sympathy from the body of the Court.*]

There, Sir, would not that be far better reading than paragraphs about gigantic gooseberries and leaders upon the sea serpent? Perhaps my suggestion may be adopted in the proper quarter. Hoping that this may be the case, the police case,

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

THE MAN IN THE REPORTER'S BOX.

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

(*New Version.*)

"LET Art and Commerce, Laws and Learning die,  
But leave us still our Old Nobility!"

Without them, in our democratic day,

Who will the part of princely patriot play?

Who else will keep a splendid Family Seat,

And claim—for its defence—a mighty Fleet?

Who else will make Bank Holidays a joy

To wandering workman and to wondering boy?

Who else will rear big fortunes upon Rent,

Or palaces on Unearned Increment?

Monopolise art's treasures and life's pleasures,

And throw out dangerous democratic measures?

Who else will keep up England's glorious name?

Who else preserve her prestige—and her game?

Who else will wear the purple and the ermine,

And proudly stamp out Socialistic vermin?

Who else in one grand field-day, 'midst the Peers,

Undo the labours of ignoble years?

Who else in solemn ranks, like three-tailed Turks,

Defend the power of Privilege and Perks?

And 'tis these most magnanimous Mamelukes,

Our patriot Earls and foe-defying Dukes,

A traitorous Chancellor would dare to—*Tac!!!*

Ah! where's the dungeon, and oh! where's the axe?

*Noblesse oblige!* But sure the obligation

Cannot involve that horror, Graduation!

Is't not enough to rule, and guide, and bless,

And soar as shining samples of Success?

While with our Nobles England's glory waxes,

The Proletariat's proud to—pay the Taxes!

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART VII.—IGNOTUM PRO MIRIFICO.

SCENE XII.—*The Amber Boudoir at Wyvern—immediately after Lady CANTIRE and her daughter have entered.*

*Lady Cantire (in reply to Lady CULVERIN).* Tea? oh yes, my dear; anything warm! I'm positively perished—that tedious cold journey and the long drive afterwards! I always tell RUPERT he would see me far oftener at Wyvern if he would only get the Company to bring the line round close to the Park Gates, but it has no effect upon him! (*As TREDWELL announces SPURRELL, who enters in trepidation.*) Mr. JAMES SPURRELL! Who's Mr.—? Oh, to be sure; that's the name of my interesting young poet—*Andromeda*, you know, my dear! Go and be pleasant to him, ALBINIA, he wants reassuring.

*Lady Culverin (a trifle nervous).* How do you do, Mr.—ah—SPURRELL? (*To herself.*) I said he ended in "ell"! (*Aloud.*) So pleased to see you! We think so much of your *Andromeda* here, you know. Quite delightful of you to find time to run down!

*Spurrell (to himself).* Why she's chummy, too! Old Drummy pulls me through everything! (*Aloud.*) Don't name it, my la—hum—Lady CULVERIN. No trouble at all; only too proud to get your summons!

*Lady Culv. (to herself).* He doesn't seem very revolutionary! (*Aloud.*) That's so sweet of you; when so many must be absolutely fighting to get you!

*Spurr.* Oh, as for that, there is rather a run on me just now, but I put everything else aside for you, of course!

*Lady Culv. (to herself).* He's soon reassured. (*Aloud, with a touch of frost.*) I am sure we must consider ourselves most fortunate. (*Turning to the Countess.*) You did say cream, ROHESIA? Sugar, MAISIE dearest?

*Spurr. (to himself).* I'm all right up to now! I suppose I'd better say nothing about the horse till they do. I feel rather out of it among these nobles, though. I'll try and chum on to little Lady MAISIE again; she may have got over her temper by this time, and she's the only one I know. (*He approaches her.*) Well, Lady MAISIE, here I am, you see. I'd really no idea your aunt would be so friendly! I say, you know, you don't mind speaking to a fellow, do you? I've no one else I can go to—and—and it's a bit strange at first, you know!

*Lady Maisie (coloured with mingled apprehension, vexation, and pity).* If I can be of any help to you, Mr. SPURRELL—!

*Spurr.* Well, if you'd only tell me what I ought to do!

*Lady Maisie.* Surely that's very simple; do nothing; just take everything quietly as it comes, and you can't make any mistakes.

*Spurr. (anxiously).* And you don't think anybody'll see anything odd in my being here like this?

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* I'm only too afraid they will! (*Aloud.*) You really must have a little self-confidence. Just remember that no one here could produce anything a millionth part as splendid as your *Andromeda*! It's too distressing to see you so appallingly humble! (*To herself.*) There's Captain THICKNESSE over there—he might come and rescue me; but he doesn't seem to care to!

*Spurr.* Well, you do put some heart into me, Lady MAISIE. I feel equal to the lot of 'em now!

*Pilliner (to Miss SPELWANE).* Is that the Poet? Why, but I say—he's a fraud! Where's his matted head? He's not a bit ragged, or rusty either. And why don't he dabble? Don't seem to know what to do with his hands quite, though, does he?

*Miss Spelwane (coldly).* He knows how to do some very exquisite poetry with one of them, at all events. I've been reading it, and I think it perfectly marvellous!

*Pill.* I see what it is, you're preparing to turn his matted head for him? I warn you you'll only waste your sweetness. That

pretty little Lady MAISIE's annexed him. Can't you content yourself with one victim?

*Miss Spelw.* Don't be so utterly idiotic! (*To herself.*) If MAISIE imagines she's to be allowed to monopolise the only man in the room worth talking to!—

*Captain Thicknesse (to himself, as he watches Lady MAISIE).* She is lookin' prettier than ever! Forgotten me. Used to be friendly enough once, though, till her mother warned me off. Seems to have a good deal to say to that Poet fellow; saw her colour up from here the moment he came near; he's begun Petrarchin', hang him! I'd cross over and speak to her if I could catch her eye. Don't know, though; what's the use? She wouldn't thank me for interruptin'. She likes these clever chaps; don't signify to her if they are bounders, I suppose. I'm not intellectual. Gad, I wish I'd gone back to Aldershot!

*Lady Cant. (by the tea-table).* Why don't you make that woman of yours send you up decent cakes, my dear? These are cinders. I'm afraid you let her have too much of her own way. Now, tell me

—who are your party? VIVIEN SPELWANE! Never have that girl to meet me again, I can't endure her; and that affected little ape of a Mr. PILLINER—h'm! Do I see Captain THICKNESSE? Now, I don't object to him. MAISIE and he used to be great friends. . . . Ah, how do you do, Captain THICKNESSE? Quite pleasant finding you here; such ages since we saw anything of you! Why haven't you been near us all this time? . . . Oh, I may have been out once or twice when you called; but you might have tried again, mightn't you? There, I forgive you; you had better go and see if you can make your peace with MAISIE!

*Capt. Thick. (to himself, as he obeys).* Doosid odd, the Countess comin' round like this. Wish she'd thought of it before.

*Lady Cant. (in a whisper).* He's always been such a favourite of mine. They tell me his uncle, poor dear Lord DUNDERHEAD, is so ill—felt the loss of his only son so terribly. Of course it will make a great difference—in many ways.

*Capt. Thick. (constrainedly to Lady MAISIE).* How do you do? Afraid you've forgotten me.

*Lady Maisie.* Oh no, indeed! (*Hurriedly.*) You—you don't know Mr. SPURRELL, I think? (*Introducing them.*) Captain THICKNESSE.

*Capt. Thick.* How are you? Been hearin' a lot about you lately. *Andromeda*, don't you know; and that kind of thing.

*Spurr.* It's wonderful what a hit she seems to have made—not that I'm surprised at it, either; I always knew—

*Lady Maisie (hastily).* Oh, Mr. SPURRELL, you haven't had any tea! Do go and get some before it's taken away. [SPURRELL goes.]

*Capt. Thick.* Been tryin' to get you to notice me ever since you came; but you were so awfully absorbed, you know!

*Lady Maisie.* Was I? So absorbed as all that! What with?

*Capt. Thick.* Well, it looked like it—with talkin' to your poetical friend.

*Lady Maisie (flushing).* He is not my friend in particular; I—I admire his poetry, of course.

*Capt. Thick. (to himself).* Can't even speak of him without a change of colour. Bad sign that! (*Aloud.*) You always were keen about poetry and literature and that in the old days, weren't you? Used to rag me for not readin' enough. But I do now. I was readin' a book only last week. I'll tell you the name if you give me a minute to think—book everybody's readin' just now—no end of a clever book. [Miss SPELWANE rushes across to Lady MAISIE.]

*Miss Spelw.* MAISIE, dear, how are you? You look so tired! That's the journey, I suppose. (*Whispering.*) Do tell me—is that really the author of *Andromeda* drinking tea close by? You're a great friend of his, I know. Do be a dear, and introduce him to me! I declare the dogs have made friends with him already. Poets have such a wonderful attraction for animals, haven't they?

[Lady MAISIE has to bring SPURRELL up and introduce him: Captain THICKNESSE chooses to consider himself dismissed.]



J.B.P.

*Miss Speho.* (with shy adoration). Oh, Mr. SPURRELL, I feel as if I must talk to you about *Andromeda*. I did so admire it!

*Spurr.* (to himself). Another of 'em! They seem uncommonly sweet on "bulls" in this house! (*Aloud.*) Very glad to hear you say so, I'm sure. I've seen nothing to touch her myself. I don't know if you noticed all her points—?

*Miss Speho.* Indeed, I believe none of them were lost upon me; but my poor little praise must seem so worthless and ignorant!

*Spurr.* (indulgently). Oh, I wouldn't say that. I find some ladies very knowing about these things. I'm having a picture done of her.

*Miss Speho.* Are you really? How delightful! As a frontispiece? *Spurr.* Eh? Oh no—full length, and sideways—so as to show her legs, you know.

*Miss Speho.* Her legs? Oh, of course—with "her roseal toes cramped." I thought that such a wonderful touch!

*Spurr.* They're not more cramped than they ought to be; she never turned them in, you know!

*Miss Speho.* (mystified). I didn't mean that. And now tell me—if it's not an indiscreet question—when do you expect there'll be another edition?

*Spurr.* (to himself). Another addition! She's cadging for a pup now! (*Aloud.*) Oh—er—really—couldn't say.

*Miss Speho.* I'm sure the first must be disposed of by this time. I shall look out for the next so eagerly!

*Spurr.* (to himself). Time I "off" ed it. (*Aloud.*) Afraid I can't say anything definite—and, excuse me leaving you, but I think Lady CULVERIN is looking my way.

*Miss Speho.* Oh, by all means! (*To herself.*) I might as well praise a pillar-post! And after spending quite half an hour reading him up, too! I wonder if BERTIE PILLINER was right; but I shall have him all to myself at dinner.

*Lady Cant.* And where is RUPERT? too busy of course to come and say a word! Well, some day he may understand what a sister is—when it's too late. Ah, here's our nice unassuming young poet coming up to talk to you. Don't *repel* him, my dear!

*Spurr.* (to himself). Better give her the chance of telling me what's wrong with the horse, I suppose. (*Aloud.*) Er—nice old-fashioned sort of house this, Lady CULVERIN. (*To himself.*) I'll work round to the stabling presently.

*Lady Culr.* (coldly). I believe it dates from the Tudors—if that is what you mean.

*Lady Cant.* My dear ALBINIA, I quite understand him; "old-fashioned" is exactly the epithet. And I was born and brought up here, so perhaps I should know.

[A footman enters, and comes up to SPURRELL mysteriously.

*Footman.* Will you let me have your keys, if you please, Sir?

*Spurr.* (in some alarm). My keys! (*Suspiciously.*) Why, what do you want them for?

*Lady Cant.* (in a whisper). Isn't he deliciously unsophisticated? Quite a child of nature! (*Aloud.*) My dear Mr. SPURRELL, he wants your keys to unlock your portmanteau and put out your things; you'll be able to dress for dinner all the quicker.

*Spurr.* Do you mean—am I to have the honour of sitting down with all of you?

*Lady Culr.* (to herself). Oh, my goodness, what will RUPERT say? (*Aloud.*) Why, of course, Mr. SPURRELL; how can you ask?

*Spurr.* (feebly). I—I didn't know, that was all. (*To Footman.*) Here you are, then. (*To himself.*) Put out my things? he'll find nothing to put out except a nightgown, sponge bag, and a couple of brushes! If I'd only known I should be let in for this, I'd have brought dress-clothes. But how could I? I—I wonder if it would be any good telling 'em quietly how it is. I shouldn't like 'em to think I hadn't got any. (*He looks at Lady CANTIRE and her sister-in-law, who are talking in an undertone.*) No, perhaps I'd better let it alone. I—I can allude to it in a joky sort of way when I come down!

## TO MY BEEF TEA.

(By Our Dyspeptic Poet.)

WHEN the doctor's stern decree  
Rings the knell of libertee,  
And dismisses from my sight  
All the dishes that delight;  
When my temperature is high—  
When to pastry and to pie  
Duty bids me say farewell,  
Then I hail thy fragrant smell!

When the doctor shakes his head,  
Banning wine or white or red,  
And at all my well-loved joints  
Disapproving finger points;

When my poultry too he stops,  
Then, reduced to taking "slops,"  
I, for solace and relief,  
Fly to thee, O Tea of Beef!

But—if simple truth I tell—  
I can brook thee none too well;  
Thy delights, O Bovine Tea,  
Have no special charm for me!  
Though thou comest piping hot,  
Oh, believe I love thee not!  
Weary of thy gentle reign—  
Givemeoysters and champagne!

## "CLUBS! CLUBS!"

[“FRY of Wadham,” illustrious all-round athlete of Oxford, holds that Golf is no better than “glorified Croquet.”]

OH, FRY of Wadham, you've opened your mouth,  
And “put your foot in it!” Here in the South,  
Talked to death by wild golfers, we're likely to cry  
Hooray, to see Link-lovers roasted by FRY.

Golf-glorification's a terrible tax on  
The muscular Cricketing, Footballing Saxon.  
To whom the game seems just a little bit pokey.  
But FRY of Wadham, Sir, “glorified Croquet”!  
Champion of Champions, you're going to catch it!  
Each man loves his sport, swears no other can match it  
*Chacun à son goût!* And he's rather to blame  
Who's prompt to make game of another man's Game!

## “TO BE TAKEN AS READ.”

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Thanks to the action of the Circulating Libraries, it seems that the old-fashioned three-volume novel is doomed to become a work of the past. Most of the popular writers have abandoned it, and now the publishers are beginning to fight



shy of it. The principal argument, I believe, in favour of its retention is that it gives a chance to “the little read.” The Circulating Libraries are called upon to fill boxes intended for the edification of subscribers in the country, and in these receptacles of light literature I believe the unpopular authors have their greatest chance. But as a matter of fact, although a romance may be sent to a peruser, it is not within the scope of civilisation to cause that romance to be read. According to statistics I believe about sixty per cent of the second and third rate is only sampled by the recipients of the aforesaid boxes. The last couple of pages of the third volume are largely read, whilst the remainder of the work is saved from the labours of the paper-knife. As this is so, would it not be as well to give a “common form” finale to serve as a model for novels in extremis? To make my meaning plainer I will give an example.

Let me suppose that the country subscriber has received a novel per parcels post called *The Deed in Drab*. Instead of having to cut some nine hundred pages, he finds gummed to the inside of the cover what I may call

## THE LAST CHAPTER.

And so amidst the joy bells of the old church and the songs of the nightingales, and the pleasant laughter of the little children, EDWIN and ANGELINA were married. As they passed under the oaken porch the Duke gave them his blessing. Need it be said they lived happily—like a prince and a princess in fairy tale—for ever after?

Captain MONTMORENCY GUILT, kicked out of his club and warned off the Turf at Newmarket, left England with his ill-gotten gains for Cairo. Arrived in Egypt, he disappeared into the Soudan. Those of the Arabs who came from the desert declare that there is a white ruler in Khartoum. Whether it be he, who knows? Still, the stories of cruelty brought back by the swarthy traders are not unsuggestive of the man who brought poor PAULINE to her grave and broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

EDWARD WATTS did marry MARY BEETLES, and they are now doing well at Little Pannington. The village all-sorts shop has grown into a “Stores,” and those who are in the know say that at a near date it will be converted into a “Company, Limited.” Be this as it may, EDWARD and MARY drive to chapel in their own gig.

And what became of PAUL PETERSON? Overwhelmed with the secret sorrow that could never be shared by another, he went his way to the wilds of Australia. And there, under the starlight influence of the Southern Cross, and amidst the glorious glaciers of the Boomerang Mountains, he tries to forget the terrible and half-forgotten details of the “Deed in Drab.”

## THE END.

There, Sir, you have the ending of ninety-nine novels out of a possible hundred. In the hands of an experienced writer the sentences might be so adapted as to meet the requirements of the book completing the century. Surely the suggestion is worthy of the attention of a MUDIE, and the consideration of a W. H. SMITH.

Yours faithfully,

MULTUM IN PARVO.



## SUPPRESSIO VERI.

Mr. "AND HOW OLD ARE YOU, DEAR CHILD?"

Little Miss. "I SHOULD LIKE TO SAY I'M EIGHT—BUT MAMMA WON'T LET ME!"

## YE GENTLEMEN OF HOLLAND.

AN ODE TO THE DUTCH CRICKETERS.

AIR—"Ye Mariners of England."

## I.

YE Gentlemen of Holland  
That guard your native stumps,  
Ye come to bat on wickets damp,  
And block the ball that bumps.  
The "glorious game" you play amain,  
And may you match the foe;  
And smite left and right,  
While the balls for "boundaries" go;  
While your batsmen run 'em fast and long,  
And the balls for "boundaries" go!

## II.

The spirits of your fathers  
Should watch you from the wave!—  
The brine, it was their field of fame;  
On turf you're just as brave.  
As VAN TROMP's and DE RUYTER's did  
Your manly breasts must glow  
As you smite left and right,  
While the balls for "boundaries" go;  
Whilst the batsmen run 'em fast and long,  
And the balls for "boundaries" go!

## III.

BRITANNIA loves to encounter  
Her ancient foes—in peace.  
Our march is to the wickets green,  
Our home is at the crease.  
With volleys from her native wood  
She meets the friendly foe,  
As they smite left and right,  
And the balls for "boundaries" go;  
While the batsmen run 'em fast and long,  
And the balls for "boundaries" go!

## IV.

The willows of old England,  
Dutch willows shall not spurn!

Your team we'll cheer when they depart,  
We'll welcome their return!  
Then, then ye willow-warriors,  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When to Holland back ye go;  
When the shout "How's that?" is heard  
no more,  
And to Dutchland back ye go!

## PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT;

Or, *The Wilful Markee.*

[“The House of Lords, for some reason, always assumes special care of Ireland, a fact which may account for a few of the curiosities of Irish political and domestic economy.”—*Mr. Punch's Essence of Parliament*, June 3, 1881.]

AIR—"Widow Machree."

WILFUL Markee, it's loike thunder ye frown,  
Ochone! Wilful Markee!  
Faith ye'd plase yer proud Parthy by kicking  
me down.

Ochone! Wilful Markee!

How haughty your air,  
As you kick me down-stair!  
Faix, I wondher ye dare

In this oisle of the free!

Och, ye autoerat churl,

Me poor head's in a whirl.

Ochone! Wilful Markee!

Wilful Markee, Oireland's chance is now come,  
Ochone! Wilful Markee!

Whin everything smoiles must the Tories  
look glum?

Ochone! Wilful Markee!

Sure the Commons, wid prayers,

Have sint me upstairs;

Who is it that dares

Wid me form disagree?

Don't haughtily pish  
At ould Oireland's last wish!  
Ochone! Wilful Markee!

Wilful Markee, whin a Bill enters in.  
Ochone! Wilful Markee!  
To be kicking it out in this stoyle is a sin.  
Ochone! Wilful Markee!

Surely hammer and tongs  
To bad ould days belongs;  
Far better sing songs  
Full of family glee.  
Oireland's bad bitter cup  
Do not harshly fill up,  
Ochone. Wilful Markee!

And do ye not know wid yer bearing so  
bould,—  
Ochone! Wilful Markee!  
How ye're kaping the poor tinants out in the  
ould?

Ochone! Wilful Markee!  
Wid such sins on your head,  
Sure your peace will be fled;  
Could you slape in your bed  
Widout thinking to see  
My ghost or my sprite  
That will wake ye each night  
Groaning Ochone! Wilful Markee!

Then take my advice haughty Wilful  
Markee.

Ochone! Wilful Markee!  
And loike "Compensation Bill" do not  
trate me!

Ochone! Wilful Markee!

Of stroife we all tire,  
Then why stir the ould fire?  
Sure hope is no liar

In whisperin' to me,  
Hate's ould ghost will depart  
When you win Oireland's heart!

Ochone! Wilful Markee!





“PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.”







STROLL IN THE ZOO. SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

## THE MESSAGE FROM MARS.

(Per favour of Mr. Punch.)

*Mr. Punch.* So you've not been signalling to Mother Earth, after all, my noble Warrior?

*Mars (with a wink).* What do you think? Why should I dig canals 100 miles wide, and 2,000 miles long, or build bonfires as big as Scotland, when I can always communicate what I may have to say through you?

Because Mars looks spotty or misty,  
Some dreamers, with intellects twisty,  
Imagine, old horse,  
Mars is playing at Morse!  
All bosh! You ask DYSON or CHRISTIE.

*Mr. Punch.* Mr. MAUNDER "has you under his special charge," hasn't he?

*Mars.* Much obliged to Mr. MAUNDER, I'm sure! Wants to take my photo, doesn't he? As if I were a mere politician, a popular comedian, or 'ARRIET at the seaside on a Bank Holiday!

*Mr. Punch.* Have you any Bank Holidays in your planet?

*Mars.* Thank Sol, *Mr. Punch*, we have outlived the epoch of taking our pleasure in spasms, like your cockney victims of the vulgar voluptuary's St. Vitus's dance!

*Mr. Punch.* Don't be uppish, old man! 'Tis an ill-bred age of Kodaks, and Interviews, and other phases of popular Paul Pryism. But you've had your ignominious moments, Mars. If a "snapshot" could have been taken at you when held prostrate, chained, and captive, at the feet of Otus and Ephialtes, or, still worse, when caught with Venus in the iron net of Vulcan:—

All heaven beholds, imprison'd as they lie,  
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.

*Mars.* Spare me, excellent *Punch*. Eugh! Thank heaven Olympus knew no Kodaks then, or "the gay Apollo" would yet longer have had the laugh of me.

*Mr. Punch.* Pardon me for awaking unpleasant memories! But even gods should not be bumptious, especially when, like the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, they "have a past."

*Mars.* Well, anyhow I've been able to baffle the camera-wielders up to now. My ruddy countenance and "bluish radiance" have beaten Greenwich, and even licked the Lick! As they themselves admit, "Mars up to the present has defied cameral detection."

*Mr. Punch.* But what about those "bright spots"?

*Mars.* Have you no "bright spots" even on your dull and foggy old planet? I have often noticed one at 85, Fleet Street. In June and December it emits thousands of brilliant sparks of a "bluish radiance," too. But I don't jump to the conclusion that you are

"signalling" to me. Look, the naked eye can see the Punchian "projection lumineuse" even from here!

*Mr. Punch.* I do not have to "signal" my messages to "Hellas" or "LOCKYER'S Land" by canals or "ten million arc lights of 100,000 candle-power apiece." Like the Sun, I am self-luminous, and do not, like the finest planets, shine by reflected light.

*Mars.* True for you. And from your own intellectual observatory, like TRUFFELSDROECKH "alone with the stars," you oftentimes scan the heavens when, as LONGFELLOW says:—

"— the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars."

*Mr. Punch.* Precisely!

[*Murmurs musingly.*]

And earnest thoughts within me rise  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies  
The shield of that red star.

Thou becomest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

A star of strength! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain;

The star of the unconquered will  
He rises in my breast.  
Serene, and resolute and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

*Mars.* Ah yes! that's all very pretty and poetical, and I'm much obliged to HENRY WADSWORTH and the other bards who have lyrically glorified me. But *Punch*, old man, you and I know better! Mother Earth has ever paid, and payeth still, far too much worship to Mars—the Mars of her own militant fancy. To tell you the truth, *Punch*, I'm sick of my old *métier*, especially since Science stepped in and bedevilled it past bearing with her big guns, and dynamite-bombs, and treacherous torpedoes; weapons more fit for grubby Vulcan's subterranean Cyclops than a god, a gentleman and a soldier like me.

*Mr. Punch.* Hoho! That's the way the (LOCKYER'S) land lies, eh?

*Mars.* Exactly. I wasn't signalling to your stupid, conservative, bellicose old world, which, like the Bourbons, learns nothing and forgets nothing. Could I write in plain Titanic capitals across a thousand square miles of my smoothest surface Mars's Straight Tip to Mother Earth, viz.:—

FIGHTING'S AN EXPENSIVE BORE,  
SO DISARM AND WAR NO MORE!

what effect would it have on any of you, from civilised England, with you to enlighten it, to the furious fighting dragons who are tearing each other in the eastern seas? None! But if any of your quidnuncs really want to know what I would say if I did signal, tell them old Mars, grown wiser, has turned up War; has nailed his raven to a barn-door as a warning; has made a pet of Peace's soft-plumed dove; and strongly advises the belligerent boobies on earth who take his old name in vain, and play his abandoned game still, to—go and do likewise!!

*Mr. Punch.* By the cestus of Venus, and so I will!!!

## ODE TO IXION.

(By a Sympathetic, but Superficial Observer.)

OH! the hardest of hearts some compassion must feel  
For that modern Ixion, the Man on the Wheel!  
See him scouring the roads on his spindly-spoked spider,  
Dust-hid till you scarce tell the "bike" from its rider;  
His abdomen shrunken, his shoulders up-humped,  
With the gaping parched lips of one awfully pumped.  
Could a camel condemned to the treadmill look worse?  
Sure those lips, could he close them, would shape to a curse  
On his horrible doom! As I gaze and stand by,  
With a pang at my heart, and a tear in my eye,  
I think of Ixion, the Wandering Jew,  
That Cork-legged Dutchman—the Flying One, too,  
And other poor victims of pitiless speed;  
And I own, while their cases were frightful indeed,  
The Bicyclist's fate is the worser by far.  
Poor soul!!! The small "pub," and a "pull" at the "bar,"  
Appear your best comfort. Imagine the cheer  
Of a slave of the "bike" whose sole solace is beer!  
You can't see the prospect; your eyes are cast down  
Like BUNYAN'S *Muck-raker*; your brows in a frown



## CONJUGAL EGOTISM.

"WHAT A STUPID PAPER THIS IS, ROBERT! NOT A WORD ABOUT YOU IN IT!"

Of purposeless effort are woefully knit;  
Of Nature's best charms you perceive not a bit.  
The hedge your horizon, the long, dusty road  
Is your sole point of sight.  
Wretched victim, what goad Of Fate, or sheer folly, thus urges you on?  
Old torments—like poor Io's gaddy—are gone,  
And yet, like Orestes, the Fury-whipped, you  
Wheel on, as some comet wheels on through the blue  
In billion-leagued cycles less dreary than is  
The cycle on which round the wide world you whiz!  
Eh? *Cutting a record?* You like it? The goose!!!  
A task without pleasure, a toil without use!  
Poor soul! You are worse than Ixion, I feel,  
For he was not tied by himself to the wheel!

## The Complaint of the Unwilling Peer.

From my M.P.'s seat I—oh, the pity!—must move,  
I am one of Rank's sorrowful heirs;  
For the Commons Fate bids me dissemble my love,  
But *why* did she kick me upstairs?

ON TICK.—The Modern Novel is a blend of the Erotic, the Neurotic, and the Tommyrotic.

## WHERE TO GO.

*Antwerp*—if you are not tired of Exhibitions.  
*Boulogne*—if you don't mind the mud of the port.  
*Cologne*—if you are not particular about the comfort of your nose.  
*Dieppe*—if you like bathing in the foreign fashion.  
*Etretat*—if solitude has commanding charms.  
*Florence*—if you are partial to 100° in the shade.  
*Genoa*—if you have no objection to mosquitoes.  
*Heidelberg*—if you are not tired of the everlasting castle.  
*Interlaken*—if the Jungfrau has the advantage of novelty.  
*Java*—if you wish to eat its jelly on the spot.  
*Kandahar*—if you are not afraid of Afghan treachery.  
*Lyons*—if you are fond of riots and *émeutes*.  
*Marseilles*—if you are determined to do the Château D'If.  
*Naples*—if you are anxious to perform an ante-mortem duty.  
*Ouchy*—if you like it better than Lausanne.  
*Paris*—if you have not been there for at least a fortnight.  
*Quebec*—if you are qualifying for admission to a lunatic asylum.  
*Rome*—if you have never had the local fever and want to try it.  
*Strasbourg*—if you are hard up for an appropriate destination.  
*Turin*—if it is the only town you have not seen in Italy.  
*Uig*—if you affect the Isle of Skye in a thunder-storm.  
*Venice*—if you scorn stings and evil odours.  
*Wiesbaden*—if you can enjoy scenery minus gambling.  
*Yokohama*—if you are willing to risk assault and battery.  
*Zurich*—if you can think of no other place to visit.

N.B.—The above places are where to go on the keep-moving-tourist plan. But when you want to know "WHERE TO STAY,"—we reply, "AT HOME."

## THE INCONVENIENCED TRAVELLER'S PHRASE-BOOK.

(To be Translated as Required.)

WHY have you thrown my boxes down with such violence that their contents have become distributed on the platform?  
Why is it necessary to strike me on the head with a stick because I am taking my proper place at the ticket-office?  
Why have you refused to give me change for a sovereign, minus the eighteenpence you have the right to charge for my fare?  
Why do you close the door of communication when I offer a remonstrance?  
Why can I not obtain redress upon complaint to the station-master?  
Why am I chased off the premises by a private policeman when I am anxious to catch the next train?  
Why is my luggage being placarded with places that certainly do not correspond with my desired destination?  
Why can I not have my tea cool enough to drink? and why I am hurried out of the refreshment-room before I can discuss my bread and butter?  
Why must I pay half-a-crown for comestibles valued on the card at less than a shilling?  
Why am I forced into a carriage already overcrowded with aged females, sickly children, and snarling spaniels?  
Why can I not have a seat, considering I have paid the full fare, and amply tipped the guard?  
Why can I not have a window open, considering that the glass stands at ninety in the shade?  
Why can I not smoke, having chosen a smoking carriage?  
Why should I be dictated to by a disagreeable and elderly stranger, who snores half the journey, and helps herself to ardent spirits in the tunnels?  
Why should I be threatened with imprisonment, and be only pardoned by repaying my fare because I have lost my ticket?  
And, lastly (for the present), why have I been carried to Little Peddlington-on-the-Ditch when I desired to reach the British Coast en route for Paris?

## AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

III.—THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT  
SAWBATH-BREAKER.

(Being a Record of the 12th.)

It was an ancient poacher-man,  
Bronzed as a penny-bun;—  
"By thy beady eye, now tell  
me why,

Thou offspring of a gun,

O tell me why beneath thy  
Exceeding hoary tuft (chin's  
Precisely half a brace of grouse  
Hangs, admirably stuffed?"

He blinked his beady eye; his  
voice

Was singularly clear;  
And as I listened to his tale  
I could not choose but hear.

"Mon, ye mun ken I have not  
aye

Been see a feckless loon;  
In me behold the wreck of what  
Was once The McARoon.

Oft have I made a merrie bag  
Across my native heath;  
Shot o'er my ain ancestral  
dawgs

Or aiblins underneath.

Untill lang syne, a monie year—  
Ye couldna weel be born—  
The blessed twalfth of August  
fell

Upon a Sawbath morn.

Braw were the birds, my gun  
was braw,

My bluid was pipin' hot;  
I thoct it crime to gie 'em  
time—

—Allowance like a yacht.

Searee had I bagged but ane  
wee bird,

There was the de'il to pay:  
It's unco deadly skaith wi'  
Scots

To break the Sawbath day.



## THE OBSTINACY OF THE PARENT.

*Emily Jane.* "YES, I'M ALWAYS A-SAYIN' TO FATHER AS 'E OUGHTER  
RETIRE FROM THE CROSSIN', BUT KEEP AT IT 'E WILL, THOUGH IT AIN'T  
JUST NO MORE 'N THE BROOM AS 'OLDS 'IM UP!"

The billies wha the night before  
Were fou at my expense,  
They deaved the meenister  
about

My verra bad offence.

An' a' the Kirk declared the  
work

Was perfect deevilrie,  
An' hung the bird by this  
absurd

Arrangement whilk ye see.

Twal' month an' mair my  
shame I bear

Beneath the curse o' noon,  
A paltry wraith of what was  
once

The Laird o' McARoon.

An' aye when fa's the blessed  
twalfth

Upo' the Sawbath day,  
I bear the bird in this absurd  
An' aggravatin' way."

The ancient ceased his sorry  
tale,

And craved a trifling boon,  
To wet the whistle of what  
was once

The Laird o' McARoon.

Ditto to Mr. Courtney.

As after jackdaw chatter and  
owl-hooting,

Gratefully follows Philomel's  
dulcet fluting;

So, after HANBURY'S gibes and  
HEALY'S jeers,

COURTNEY'S cool reason glad-  
dens patriot ears.

O, *si sic omnes!* But though  
his sole voice

Sound "in the wilderness,"  
yet some rejoice

To hear, midst blare of venom-  
ed wrath and vanity,

The moving tones of brave,  
sound-hearted sanity.

## THE FLY ROUTE TO CASTLES IN THE AIR.

(By Our Imaginary Interviewer.)

I FOUND the great man surrounded by plans and models of any  
number of wonderful inventions. Here was a clever scheme for  
spending a week's holiday in the Mountains of the Moon, there a  
recipe for removing the spots from the  
face of the sun. It would take too long  
to give an inventory of all the marvels.  
Enough to say their name was legion.

"And so you have discovered the secret  
of aerial navigation?" I asked, after I  
was comfortably seated.

The great man smiled. He evidently  
had solved the difficult problem.

"I suppose that now you and all will be  
able to do without ships and railways? I  
presume we shall be independent of cabs  
and omnibuses?"

Once more there was a smile. I was  
answered. "Of course," I continued, "you will be able to take your  
aerial contrivances to all the countries of the earth? What is there to  
prevent you from starting flying-machines from London to Paris, or  
Berlin, or even Timbuctoo?" Again there was a pleasant smile.  
Evidently my guess was a good one.

"You will be able to travel thousands of miles without the assist-  
ance of rails? You will dispense with land and water? All you will  
require will be the atmosphere, and that is always with us—always  
at our service."

Again my suggestions remained uncontradicted.

"It is truly marvellous," I remarked; "truly marvellous! And  
you have commenced? You have been able to float through the air  
for a dozen, a hundred feet?" There was a smile once again.

"And yet, perhaps, as railways and steamships are still 'firm' on

the Stock Exchange, it may be just as well to allow our holdings in  
those securities to remain undisturbed? What do you think? It  
is scarcely time to speculate for a fall?" Once more he smiled, and  
as smiling is infectious, I joined him in his merriment.

## TO A VETERAN CHAMPION.

[At Clifton, on Aug. 9, in Gloucestershire v. Middlesex, Dr. W. G. GRACE com-  
pleted his 1000 runs in first-class matches this summer. The other players  
who share this distinction are ABEL, ALBERT WARD, and BROCKWELL.]

WELL hit! *Mr. Punch* chalks it up once more—

Your ten-hundredth run between the "creases"!

Why, this (at twenty-two yards apiece) is  
Twelve-miles-and-a-half for this season's score!

But stay! we've no business to "notch" each mile!

With your cuts and draws, and your drives and trick hits,

You've only to stand still before the wickets,  
And straight to the boundary "fours" compile!

With ABEL, WARD, BROCKWELL, you hold your own,

As '94 cricket now nears its finish;

We'll hope your four figures will ne'er diminish—  
As "Grand Old Bat" you shall e'er be known!

QUEER QUERIES.—THE LAW AND THE LADY.—Can it really  
be true that at a place called Onchunga, in New Zealand, they have  
a lady as Mayor? Surely this is altogether "*ultra vires*," as well  
as being *ultra-virile*! My legal knowledge—which is considerable—  
convinces me that there is a fatal flaw in the so-called election of a  
woman to the chief post in a municipality, even in New Sheland—I  
mean New Zealand. It's quite settled law that a *femme sole* cannot  
be a Corporation; then how, I should like to know, can she preside  
over a Corporation? Possibly some legal readers will say if their  
opinion coincides with mine.  
BARRISTER (UNCALLED FOR).

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Lords, Monday Night, August 6.*—MARKISS expected to continue to-night that speech around the Budget he didn't commence on second reading of the Bill. Sat mysteriously quiet on that occasion. Unexpectedly broke out at following sitting, wanting to know what HERSCHELL meant by saying Judicial Committee of Privy Council had arrived at conclusion that Lords had no power to amend a money bill. "Where's your report?" he asked. "Produce it."

LORD CHANCELLOR didn't happen to have it in his waistcoat pocket or secreted in wig. MARKISS gave notice that he would to-night formally move for production of report. Flutter of interest in House. Commons flocked in prepared for some fresh "blazing indiscretion." Found the MARKISS sitting on woolsack chatting with LORD CHANCELLOR. Held book between them, as young persons about to marry are wont to do when attending morning or evening service. Vague idea that presently they would rise and sing a hymn. LORD CHANCELLOR quite equal to it, being a big gun at the Bar Musical Society and very fond of the Opera. Nothing however came of it, at least, not in that direction. When hour for public business arrived MARKISS left woolsack carrying the tune book with him. His motion for report of Judicial Committee stood half way down Orders of the Day. When it was reached MARKISS said nothing. Naturally other peers were silent, and whilst commoners accustomed to other ways of transacting business were marvelling as to what had happened, and what would follow, House adjourned, practically for a week.

"Well," said SARK for once nonplussed; "certainly if there is a place in the world where 'e don't know where 'e are, it's the House of Lords. When a peer is expected to speak he sits dumb. When arrangements have been made for a quiet sitting, the MARKISS or some other big gun is sure to go off unexpectedly with alarming consequences."

*Business done.*—Irish Evicted Tenants Bill passed Report Stage in Commons.

*Tuesday.*—It is the unexpected that happens in the House of Commons. Befel to-night with dramatic suddenness. Third reading of Evicted Tenants Bill moved. At eleven o'clock JOSEPH resumed his seat with pleased consciousness of having cast some balm, in the shape of vitriol, over Irish Question. House crowded; DEVONSHIRE, in depression and dinner dress, looked down from Peers' Gallery. Over the clock sat SANDHURST, presently to move first reading of Bill in House of Lords. Arranged Bill should finally leave Commons to-night. Only one hour in which PRINCE ARTHUR might speak, and JOHN MORLEY reply. JOSEPH having despatched his final arrow at his old friends the Irish Members, the shaft being barbed with points composing pleasing legend, "Violence, Agitation, Dishonesty," PRINCE ARTHUR rose, with evident intent of showing, as has happened several times this Session, how the same sort of thing may be said with better effect in quite another way.

Simultaneously from below gangway uprose the tall figure of JOHN DILLON. Opposition roared with despairing indignation. Everything settled, to last button on the gaiter; JOSEPH had had his half-hour; PRINCE ARTHUR would take his, honourably leaving JOHN MORLEY his thirty minutes. Then Division called; Bill read third time; sent on to Lords; Commons comfortably home by half-past twelve. And here was JOHN DILLON claiming the right to reply to attacks and innuendos of the genial JOSEPH!

Tumult rose; DILLON folded his arms and faced it. A bad sign that gesture. Remember it in years gone by, when all things were topsy-turvy; when FORSTER was Chief Secretary, and, next to PARNELL, the hope of the Irish Members fighting for Home Rule was JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

DILLON in that attitude evidently immovable; various suggestions offered. Evade the Twelve o'Clock Rule, and sit till all was over; adjourn the Debate. Finally agreed that Debate should be adjourned till to-morrow—to-morrow, the day on which, at end of last real fight of Session, most Members were off on the delayed holiday.

Out of this dilemma PRINCE ARTHUR delivered a grateful House. Had prepared his speech through long sitting; doubtless had many

bright things to say; but what was one speech among so many? Perish his speech, rather than the whole arrangements of Parliamentary week be upset. So gracefully stood aside; DILLON took his half hour; JOHN MORLEY followed in vigorous fighting form, marking fresh step in steady improvement as Parliamentary debater; and before midnight all was over.

*Business done.*—Evicted Tenants Bill read third time by 199 votes against 167.

*Wednesday.*—M. de Londres—the Hangman, as blunt Britons put it—called to-day. House engaged on Committee of Equalisation of Rates Bill; seat found for Monsieur under Gallery, where private secretaries of ministers and heads of public offices sit when Bills affecting their departments are under discussion.

"Monsieur has something to do with the Home Office, n'est ce pas?" I asked SARK. "Looked in, I suppose, to help ASQUITH?"

"No," said the Member for SARK. "It's not that. He's heard House intends to suspend the Standing Orders. Wants to see how we go to work. Not above taking a wrinkle even from amateurs."

"Ah," said W. P. JACKSON, throwing up his hands with gesture of despair. "Knew it would come to this under present Government. First the guillotine, then the gallows."

*Business done.*—Quite a lot.

*Thursday.*—Southerners long heard of pleasurable hours spent in Committee-room upstairs, where Scotch Members been engaged for weeks in Grand Committee on their Local Government Bill. Such badinage! such persiflage! not omitting refreshing influences of another kind familiar in *Noctes Ambrosianae*. 'Tis said, when conversation flagged quite usual thing for J. B. BALFOUR and CHARLES PEARSON to strip off coats and waistcoats, place two umbrellas crosswise on floor, and go through sword-dance, TREVELYAN in the chair leading off colourable imitation of bagpipe accompaniment, in which Committee joined in mad chorus.

Not sure about that. Absolutely no doubt that on last day of meeting all the members stood on chairs, with one foot on the table, and, holding hands, sang "*Auld Lang Syne*." Bound to say they seem to have exhausted all their hilarity in Committee-room. PARKER SMITH still a good deal to say; HOZIER not uncommunicative; and WALTER M'LAREN enjoys keen satisfaction of insisting on Division that presents smallest minority of the series. But, on the whole, House seems filled with what SARK tell me Edinburgh, occasionally suffering from the visitation, calls "an easterly haar."

Through the cold, wet, white fog, comes one gleam of light. JOHN MORLEY brings in a Bill making further provision with respect to Irish Congested Districts Board. SPEAKER puts customary question, "Who is prepared to bring in this Bill?" "Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR and myself," responds the CHIEF SECRETARY; and the House gratefully goes off into a fit of laughter.

"Lovely in life," exclaims DAVID PLUNKET, looking with almost equal affection on his two right hon. friends, "on the Congested Districts Board (Ireland) Bill they are not divided."

*Business done.*—Scotch Local Government Bill.

*Friday.*—Another "Nicht wi' Buens." Sadder even than the last. But sooner over. By eleven o'clock report stage agreed to. "Shall we take third reading now, or would you like a third night with the Bill?" asked TREVELYAN.

A shudder ran through the House; when it was over Bill hurried past final stage. *Business done.*—Winding-up rapidly.

## THE NEW NEWNESS.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun."

So said the proverbial preacher.

But surely 'twas only his fun!

A modern and up-to-date teacher

Would tell him that Humour, and Art,

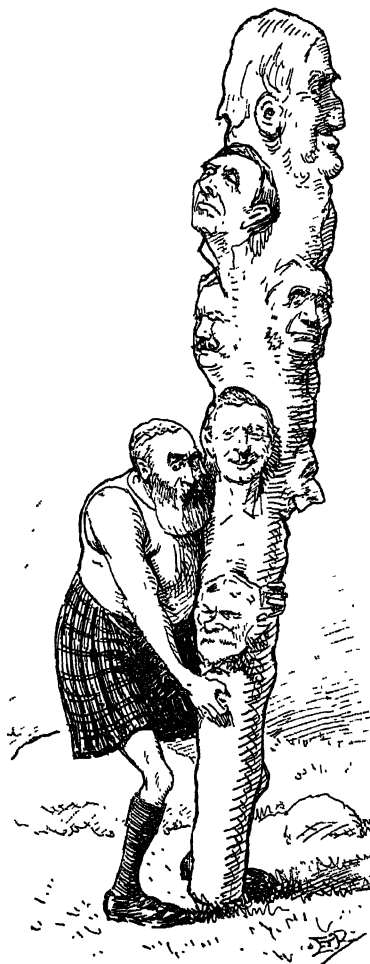
And Daughters, and Wives, and Morality,

All aim to make a fresh start

In novel (and nauseous) reality;

And the wail of the Wise Man will be, pretty soon,

"There is nothing *old* under the sun—or the moon!"



The Macgregor proposes to "toss the Caber"—next Session!

## TO A SURREY HOSTESS.

(A Parodic Vote of Thanks to a Town Matron,  
who took a House in the Country.)

LADY CLARA SHERE DE SHERE,  
Through me you now shall win renown;  
It nearly broke my country heart  
To come back to the dusty town.



In kindest way, you bade  
me stay  
And nothing better I de-  
sired,  
But Duty with a great big D  
Called far too loud, and  
I retired.

Lady CLARA SHERE DE  
SHERE

I wonder if you'll like  
your name!  
Oh! how you all began to  
chaff

And laugh the moment  
that I came.

Yet would I take more for  
the sake

Of your dear daughter's  
girlish charms.

A simple maiden not yet four  
Is good to take up in one's arms.

Lady CLARA SHERE DE SHERE,  
Some newer pupil you must find,  
Who, when you pile his plate sky-high,  
Will meekly say he does not mind.  
You sought to beat my power to eat,  
An empty plate was my reply.  
The cat you left in Grosvenor Square  
Is not more hungry now than I.

Lady CLARA SHERE DE SHERE,  
You sometimes took a mother's view,  
And feared lest winsome DOROTHY  
Should learn too much from me—or you.  
Indeed I heard one bitter word  
That scarce were fit for her to hear;  
Our language had not that repose  
Which rightly fits a SHERE DE SHERE.

Lady CLARA SHERE DE SHERE,  
The marriage bells rang for the Hall.  
The flags were flying at your door;  
You spoke of them with curious gall.  
How you derided the pretty bride  
And swore her dresses weren't by WORTH,  
And gaily went to church to stare  
At her of far too noble birth.

Trust me, CLARA SHERE DE SHERE,  
The man I saw who's rather bent,  
The grand old gardener at your house  
Prefers the bride of high descent.  
How'er that be, it seems to me  
'Tis all important what one eats.  
Milk pudding's more than caviare,  
And simple food than coloured sweets.

CLARA, CLARA SHERE DE SHERE,  
If time be heavy on your hands,  
And there are none within your reach  
To play at tennis on your lands,  
Oh! see the tennis court is marked,  
And take care that it doesn't rain,  
Then stay at SHERE another month  
And ask me down to stay again.

## A VOICE FROM "THE UPPER SUCKLES."

MY GOOD MR. PUNCH,—I notice that in spite of all London being out of town, a number of persons have been holding, or propose holding, a meeting condemnatory of the House of Lords. I fancy, regardless of the close of the season, the site chosen has been or will be Hyde Park. Perhaps, under these circumstances, you, as the representative of the nation—equally of the aristocracy and

the democracy—will allow me a few lines space in which to express my sentiments.

My good Sir, I am considerably past middle age, and yet, man and boy, have been in the House of Peers quite half-a-dozen years. I cannot say that I was added to the number of my colleagues because I was an eminent lawyer, or a successful general, or a great statesman. I believe my claim to the distinction that was conferred upon me,—now many summers since,—was the very considerable services I was able to afford that most useful industry the paper decoration of what may be aptly termed "the wooden walls of London." When called upon to select an appropriate territorial title, I selected, without hesitation, the Barony of Savon de Soapleigh. Savon is a word of French extraction, and denotes the Norman origin of my illustrious race. Not only was I able to assist at the regeneration of the "great unwashed," but also to do considerable service to the grand cause with which my party in politics is honourably associated. I was able to contribute a very large sum to the election purse, and having fought and lost several important constituencies, was amply rewarded by the coronet that becomes me so well, the more especially when displayed upon the panels of my carriage.

You will ask me, no doubt (for this is an age of questions), what I have done since I entered the Upper Chamber? I will reply that I have secured a page in *Burke*, abstained from voting, except to oblige the party whips, and, before all and above all, pleased my lady wife. And yet there are those who would wish to abolish the House of Peers! There are those who would do away with our ancient nobility! Perish the thought! for in the House of Peers I see the reflection of the nation's greatness.



But you may ask me, "Would I do anything to improve that Chamber?" And I would answer, "Yes." I would say, "Do not increase its numbers; it is already large enough."

It is common knowledge that a gentleman of semi-medical reputation, who has been as beneficial, or nearly as beneficial, to the proprietors of hoardings as myself, wishes to be created Viscount Cough of Mixture. Yet another of the same class desires to be known to generations yet unborn as Lord Tobacco of Cigarettes; whilst a third, on account of the attention he has paid to the "understandings" (pardon the *plaisanterie*) of the people, is anxious to figure on the roll of honour as "Baron de Boots."

My good Mr. Punch, such an extension of the House of Peers merely for the satisfaction of the vanity of a number of vulgar and puffing men would be a scandal to our civilisation. No, my good Sir, our noble order is large enough. I am satisfied that it should not be extended, and when I am satisfied the opinions of every one else are (and here I take a simile from an industry that has given me my wealth) "merely bubbles—bubbles of soap."

And now I sign myself, not as of old, plain JOE SNOOKS, but Yours very faithfully,  
SAVON DE SOAPLEIGH.

P.S.—I am sure my long line of ancestors would agree with me. When that long line is discovered you shall hear the result.

## BYGONES.

THE midsummer twilight is dying,  
The golden is turning to gray,  
And my troublesome thoughts are a-flying  
To the days that have vanished away,

When life had no  
crosses for me,  
love,

But Proctors  
and bulldogs  
and dons,  
And I used to  
write sonnets to  
thee, love,

In the dreamy  
old garden of  
John's.

By Jove! What  
a time we just  
had, love,

That week you  
were up for  
Commem.!

The dances and  
picnics—egad,  
love,

How strange  
to be thinking  
of them!

How we laughed at the dusty old doctors,  
And the Vice with his gorgeous gold gown,  
And you thought it a shame that the Proctors  
Were constantly sending me down.

We danced and we dined and we boated,  
Did the lions all quite *comme il faut*,  
And I felt a strange thrill when you voted  
Old JOHNIE'S the best of the show.

I remember your eager delight, love,  
With our garden and chapel and hall—  
And oh, for that glorious night, love,  
When we went to the Balliol ball!

There is very poor pleasure in dancing  
In a stuffy hot ball-room in June—  
And the Balliol lawn looked entrancing  
In the silvery light of the moon.  
I fancy the thought had occurred, love,  
To somebody else besides me,  
For I managed, with scarcely a word, love,  
To get you to smile and agree.

We sat on the Balliol lawn, love,  
And the hours flew as fast as you please,  
Till the rosy-tipped fingers of dawn, love,  
Crept over the Trinity trees.  
A stranger might say he had never  
Heard trash in a vapid key;  
But no conversation has ever  
Been half so delicious to me.

I seemed to be walking on air, love;  
And oh, how I quivered when you  
Snipped off a wee lock of your hair, love,  
And said you were fond of me too.  
I clasped it again and again, love,  
To my breast with a passionate vow.  
There ever since it has lain, love,  
And there it is lying just now.

—But my heart gives a horrible thump, love,  
I find myself gasping for air,  
For my throat is choked up with a lump,  
love,  
Which surely should never be there.  
And I sadly bethink me that life, love,  
Won't always run just as we will—  
For you are another man's wife, love,  
And I am a bachelor still

## Common (Gas) Metre.

"LIGHT metres" there are many,  
The lightest of the lot  
Is what is called "the Penny-  
-in-the-Slot!"







### EMBARRAS DE RICHESSES.

*The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. "Go away! Go away with your nasty money! I can't do with any more of it!"*

## EMBARRAS DE RICHESSES.

["The Bank Return shows considerable additions to the reserve and the stock of bullion."—*"Times,"* on *"Money Market."*]

**RICHER** Old Lady you'll not meet,  
Than this one, of Threadneedle Street.  
Nicer Old Lady none, nor neater,  
But, like the boy in *Struwwelpeter*,  
That whilom chubby, ruddy lad,  
The dear old dame looks sour and sad;  
Nay, long time hath she seemed dejected,  
And her once fancied fare rejected.  
She screams out—"Take the gold away!  
Oh, take the nasty stuff away!  
I won't have any gold to-day."

This Dame, like Danaë of old  
Has long been wooed in showers of gold,  
By Jupiters of high finance;  
But, sick of that cold sustenance,  
Or surfeited, or cross, or ill,  
The dear Old Lady cries out still—  
"Not any gold for me, I say!  
Oh, take the nasty stuff away!!  
I won't have any more to-day!!!"

And on my word it is small wonder,  
For in her spacious house, and under,  
Of bullion she hath boundless store,  
And scarcely can find room for more.  
Filled every pocket, purse, safe, coffer,  
And still the crowds crush round and offer  
Their useless, troublesome deposits,  
To cram her cupboards, choke her closets.  
What marvel then that she should say—  
"Oh, take the nasty stuff away!  
I won't have any more to-day!!!"

The poor Old Lady once felt pride as  
A sort of modern *Mrs. Midas*;  
For all she touches turns to gold  
Within her all-embracing hold;  
Gold solid as the golden leg  
Of opulent *Miss Kilmansegge*,  
But, like that lady, poor-rich, luckless,  
She values now the yellow muck less,  
Though once scraped up with assiduity,  
Because of its sheer superfluity.  
It blocks her way, it checks the breath of her;  
She dreads lest it should be the death of her.  
With bullion she could build a Babel,  
So screams, as loud as she is able,—  
"Not any more, good friends, I say!  
For goodness gracious go away!!  
I won't take any more to-day!!!"

They beg, they pray, they strive to wheedle  
The Old Lady of the Street Threadneedle.  
The cry is still they come! they come!  
Men worth a "million" or a "plum."  
The "goblin," or the "merry monk";  
Constantly chinketh, chink-chank-chunk!  
In "Gladstone" or in canvas bag;  
But sourly she doth eye the "swag,"  
Peevishly gathers round her skirt,  
As though the gold were yellow dirt.  
Crying, "Oh, get away now, do!  
I'm really getting sick of you.  
The proffered 'stuff' I must refuse;  
I have far more than I can use.  
I've no more need or wish for money  
Than a surfeited bee for honey.  
Money's a drug, a nauseous dose.  
At cash the Market cocks its nose.  
'Tis useless as the buried talent,  
Or the half-crown to a poor pal lent;  
As gilded oats to hungry nag.  
Away with bulging purse and bag!  
They are a bother and a pest.  
I will not store, I can't invest.  
With your 'old stocking' be content,  
I can't afford you One per Cent.  
Bullion's a burden and a bore.  
I cannot do with any more!  
Not any more for me, I say  
Oh, take the nasty stuff away  
I won't have any gold to-day!!!"



## ON THE SAFE SIDE.

*Brown.* "By GEORGE, JONES, THAT'S A HANDSOME UMBRELLA! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"  
*Jones.* "I DECLINE TO ANSWER UNTIL I'VE CONSULTED MY LAWYER!"

## THE NEW AIR.

(To an Old Tune.)

O RAYLEIGH now, this *raelly* strange is  
This New Nitrogen!  
Air that into water changes  
Seem not new to men,  
(All our atmosphere this summer  
Has been "heavy wet.")  
But sheer solid air seems rummer,  
More Munchausenish yet!  
New things now are awfully common;  
And it seems but fair,  
With New Humour, Art, and Woman,  
We should have New Air.  
"Lazy air," one calls it gaily;  
Seasonable, very!  
Will it quiet us, dear RAYLEIGH,  
Soothe us, make us merry?

Still the flurry, cool the fever,  
Calm the nervous stress!  
If it be so, you for ever  
Punch will praise and bless.  
Will the New Air set—oh! grand Sir!—  
Life to a new tune?  
Lead us to a Lotos-Land, Sir,  
Always afternoon?  
One per cent. seems rather little!  
Can't you make it more?  
When 'tis solid is it brittle?  
Liquid, does it *pour*?  
RAYLEIGH? No? You don't say so!  
What lots of funny things you know!

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BAD GERMAN  
BAND AND A BEATEN CRICKET TEAM.—One  
fails to play in time and the other to "play  
out time."

# LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART VIII.—SURPRISES—AGREEABLE AND OTHERWISE.

SCENE XIII.—*The Amber Boudoir.* Sir RUPERT has just entered.

Sir Rup. Ha, MAISIE, my dear, glad to see you. Well, ROHESIA, how are you, eh? You're looking uncommonly well! No idea you were here!

Spurrell (to himself). Sir RUPERT! He'll have me out of this pretty soon, I expect!

Lady Cantive (aggrieved). We have been in the house for the best part of an hour, RUPERT—as you might have discovered by inquiring—but no doubt you preferred your comfort to welcoming a guest who was merely your sister!

Sir Rup. (to himself). Beginning already! (Aloud.) Very sorry—got rather wet riding—had to change everything. And I knew ALBENIA was here.

Lady Cant. (magnanimously). Well, we won't begin to quarrel the moment we meet; and you are forgetting your other guest. (In an undertone.) Mr. SPURRELL—the Poet—wrote *Andromeda*. (Aloud.) Mr. SPURRELL, come and let me present you to my brother.

Sir Rup. Ah, how d'ye do? (To himself, as he shakes hands.) What the deuce am I to say to this fellow? (Aloud.) Glad to see you here, Mr. SPURRELL—heard all about you—*Andromeda*, eh? Hope you'll manage to amuse yourself while you're with us; afraid there's not much you can do now though.

Spurr. (to himself). Horse in a bad way; time they let me see it. (Aloud.) Well, we must see, Sir; I'll do all I can.

Sir Rup. You see, the shooting's done now.

Spurr. (to himself, professionally piqued). They might have waited till I'd seen the horse before they shot him! After calling me in like this! (Aloud.) Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, Sir RUPERT. I wish I could have got here earlier, I'm sure.

Sir Rup. Wish we'd asked you a month ago, if you're fond of shooting. Thought you might look down on Sport, perhaps.

Spurr. (to himself). Sport? Why, he's talking of birds—not the horse! (Aloud.) Me, Sir RUPERT? Not much! I'm as keen on a day's gunning as any man, though I don't often get the chance now.

Sir Rup. (to himself, pleased). Come, he don't seem strong against the Game Laws! (Aloud.) Thought you didn't look as if you sat over your desk all day! There's hunting still, of course. Don't know whether you ride?

Spurr. Rather so, Sir! Why, I was born and bred in a sporting county, and as long as my old uncle was alive, I could go down to his farm and get a run with the hounds now and again.

Sir Rup. (delighted). Capital! Well, our next meet is on Tuesday—best part of the country; nearly all grass, and nice clean post and rails. You must stay over for it. Got a mare that will carry your weight perfectly, and I think I can promise you a run—eh, what do you say?

Spurr. (to himself, in surprise). He is a chummy old cock! I'll wire old SEAVIN that I'm detained on biz; and I'll tell 'em to send my riding-breeches down! (Aloud.) It's uncommonly kind of you, Sir, and I think I can manage to stop on a bit.

Lady Culverin (to herself). RUPERT must be out of his senses! It's bad enough to have him here till Monday! (Aloud.) We mustn't forget, RUPERT, how valuable Mr. SPURRELL's time is; it would be too selfish of us to detain him here a day longer than—

Lady Cant. My dear, Mr. SPURRELL has already said he can manage it; so we may all enjoy his society with a clear conscience. (Lady CULVERIN conceals her sentiments with difficulty.) And now, ALBENIA, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll go to my room and rest a little, as I'm rather fatigued, and you have all these tiresome people coming to dinner to-night.

[She rises, and leaves the room; the other ladies follow her example.]

Lady Culv. RUPERT, I'm going up now with ROHESIA. You know where we've put Mr. SPURRELL, don't you? The Verney Chamber.

Sir Rup. Take you up now, if you like, Mr. SPURRELL—it's only just seven, though. Suppose you don't take an hour to dress, eh?

Spurr. Oh dear no, Sir, nothing like it! (To himself.) Won't take me two minutes as I am now! I'd better tell him—I can say my bag hasn't come. I don't believe it has, and, anyway, it's a good excuse. (Aloud.) The—the fact is, Sir RUPERT, I'm afraid that my luggage has been unfortunately left behind.



"I say, you know, that's rather smart, eh?"

Sir Rup. No luggage, eh? Well, well, it's of no consequence. But I'll ask about it—I daresay it's all right. [He goes out.]

Captain Thicknesse (to SPURRELL). Sure to have turned up, you know—man will have seen to that. Shouldn't altogether object to a glass of sherry and bitters before dinner. Don't know how you feel—suppose you've a soul above sherry and bitters, though?

Spurr. Not at this moment. But I'd soon put my soul above a sherry and bitters if I got a chance!

Capt. Thick. (after reflection). I say, you know, that's rather smart, eh? (To himself.) Aw'fily clever sort of chap, this, but not stuck up—not half a bad sort, if he is a bit of a bouncer. (Aloud.) Anythin' in the evenin' paper? Don't get 'em down here.

Spurr. Nothing much. I see there's an objection to *Monkey-tricks* for the Grand National.

Capt. Thick. (interested). No, by Jove! Hope they won't carry it—meant to have something on him.

Spurr. I wouldn't back him myself. I know something that's safe to win, bar accidents—a dead cert, Sir! Got the tip straight from the stables. You just take my advice, and pile all you can on *Jumping Joan*.

Capt. Thick. (later, to himself, after a long and highly interesting conversation). Thunderin' clever chap—never knew poets were such clever chaps. Might be a "bookie," by Gad! No wonder MAISIE thinks such a lot of him! [He sighs.]

Sir Rup. (returning). Now, Mr. SPURRELL, if you'll come upstairs with me, I'll show you your quarters. By the way, I've made inquiries about your luggage, and I think you'll find it's all right. (As he leads the way up the staircase.) Rather awkward for you if you'd had to come down to dinner just as you are, eh?

Spurr. (to himself). Oh, lor, my beastly bag has come after all! Now they'll know I didn't bring a dress suit. What an owl I was to tell him! (Aloud, feebly.) Oh—er—very awkward indeed, Sir RUPERT!

Sir Rup. (stopping at a bedroom door). Verney Chamber—here you are. Ah, my wife forgot to have your name put up on the door—better do it now, eh? (He writes it on the card in the door-plate.) There—well, hope you'll find it all comfortable—we dine at eight, you know. You've plenty of time for all you've got to do!

Spurr. (to himself). If I only knew what to do! I shall never have the cheek to come down as I am!

[He enters the Verney Chamber dejectedly.]

SCENE XIV.—*An Upper Corridor in the East Wing.*

Steward's Room Boy (to UNDERSHELL). This is your room, Sir—you'll find a fire lit and all.

Undershell (scathingly). A fire? For me! I scarcely expected such an indulgence. You are sure there's no mistake?

Boy. This is the room I was told, Sir. You'll find candles on the mantelpiece, and matches.

Und. Every luxury indeed! I am pampered—pampered!

Boy. Yes, Sir. And I was to say as supper's at ar-past nine, but Mrs. POMFRET would be 'appy to see you in the Pugs' Parlour whenever you pleased to come down and set there.

Und. The Pugs' Parlour?

Boy. What we call the 'Ousekeeper's Room, among ourselves, Sir.

Und. Mrs. POMFRET does me too much honour. And shall I have the satisfaction of seeing your intelligent countenance at the festive board, my lad?

Boy (giggling). Lor, Sir, I don't set down to meals along with the upper servants, Sir!

Und. And I—a mere man of genius—do! These distinctions must strike you as most arbitrary; but restrain any natural envy, my young friend. I assure you I am not puffed up by this promotion!

Boy. No, sir. (To himself, as he goes out.) I believe he's a bit dotty, I do. I don't understand a word he's been talking of!

Und. (alone, surveying the surroundings). A cockloft, with a painted iron bedstead, a smoky chimney, no bell, and a text over the mantelpiece! Thank Heaven, that fellow DRYSDALE can't see me here! But I will not sleep in this place, my pride will only just bear the strain of staying to supper—no more. And I'm hanged if I go down to the Housekeeper's Room till hunger drives me. It's not eight yet—how shall I pass the time? Ha, I see they've favoured me with pen and ink. I will invoke the Muse. Indignation should make verses, as it did for JUVENAL; and he was never set down to sup with slaves! [He writes.]

SCENE XV.—*The Verney Chamber.*

Spurr. (to himself). My word, what a room! Carpet all over the

walls, big fourposter, carved ceiling, great fireplace with blazing logs,—if this is how they do a *vet* here, what price the *other fellows'* rooms? And to think I shall have to do without dinner, just when I was getting on with 'em all so swimmingly! I *must*. I can't, for the credit of the profession—to say nothing of the firm—turn up in a monkey jacket and tweed bags, and that's all I've got except a nightgown! . . . It's all very well for Lady MAISE to say "Take everything as it comes," but if she was in *my* fix! . . . And it isn't as if I hadn't *got* dress things either. If only I'd brought 'em down, I'd have marched in to dinner as cool as a— (*he lights a pair of candles.*) Hullo! What's that on the bed? (*He approaches it.*) Shirt! white tie! socks! coat, waistcoat, trousers—they are dress clothes! . . . And here's a pair of brushes on the table! I'll swear they're not *mine*—there's a monogram on them—"U. G." What does it all mean? Why, of course! regular old trump, Sir RUPERT, and naturally he wants me to do him credit. He saw how it was, and he's gone and rigged me out! In a house like this, they're ready for emergencies—keep all sizes in stock, I daresay. . . . It isn't "U. G." on the brushes—it's "G. U."—"Guest's Use." Well, this is what I call doing the thing in style! *Cinderella's* nothing to it! Only hope they're a decent fit. (*Later, as he dresses.*) Come, the shirt's all right; trousers a trifle short—but they'll let down; waistcoat—whew, must undo the buckle—hang it, it is undone! I feel like a hooped barrel in it! Now the coat—easy does it. Well, it's *on*; but I shall have to be peeled like a walnut to get it off again. . . . Shoes? ah, here they are—pair of pumps. Phew—must have come from the Torture Exhibition in Leicester Square; glass slippers nothing to 'em! But they'll have to do at a pinch; and they *do* pinch like blazes! Ha, ha, that's good! I must tell that to the Captain. (*He looks at himself in a mirror.*) Well, I can't say they're up to mine for cut and general style; but they're passable. And now I'll go down to the Drawing Room and get on terms with all the smarties! [*He saunters out with restored complacency.*]

## SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF LITERATURE.

THE first annual meeting of this society, which, as our readers will remember, has been in process of formation for some years past, was held yesterday. We cannot congratulate the society on its decision

to exclude reporters. It is true that our representative, on seeking admission, was informed that his presence would be unnecessary, as members of the society, having for some time past done their own reviewing, intended for the future to report themselves. The public, however, whose eager interest in literature is sufficiently attested not only by the literary page of democratic news-

papers, but by the columns which even reactionary journals devote to higher criticism and literary snippets—the public, we say, will not brook this absurd plea, and will refuse to accept any but an impartial report of a gathering such as was held yesterday. This we have obtained, and we now proceed to publish it for the benefit of the world.

The meeting opened with a prayer of two thousand words specially written for the occasion by Mr. RICHARD L. G-L-L-I-N-N-E in collaboration with Mr. ROBERT B-CH-N-N. As this is shortly to be published in the form of a joint letter to the *Daily Chronicle* it is only necessary to say at present that it combines vigour of expression with delicacy of sentiment and grace of style in the very highest degree. By the way, we may mention that the new Prayer-book of the Society is to be published by Messrs. E-K-N M-T-H-W-S and J-H-N L-N-E, at the "Bodley Head," before the end of the year. It will be profusely illustrated by Messrs. A-B-B-Y B-A-R-D-I-Y and W-T-R S-C-K-R-T, who have also designed for it a special fancy cover. Only three hundred copies will be issued. To return, however, to the meeting.

After harmony had been restored, Mr. W-L-T-R B-S-N-T asked leave to say a few words. His remarks, in which he was understood to advocate the compulsory expropriation of publishers, were at first listened to with favour. Happening incautiously to say a word or two in praise of a Mr. DICKENS and a Mr. THACKERAY he was groaned down after a sturdy struggle. Mr. DICKENS and Mr. THACKERAY were not, we understand, present in the room at the time.

Mr. H-B-R-T CR-CK-NTH-RPE rose and denounced the previous speaker. Literature, he declared, must be vague. What was the use of knowing what you were driving at? What was the use of anyone knowing anything? Personally he didn't mean to know

more than he could help, and he could assure the meeting that he could help a great deal; yes, he could help his fellow-creatures to a right understanding of the value of patchwork and jerks. That was the religion of humanity.

Mr. N-EM-N G-LE said he wasn't much good speaking, but he could do something in the dairy and orchard style. He then gave the following example:—

Enter CELIA, robed in white,

CELIA 's been a-milking.

CELIA daily doth indite

Praises to the Pill-king.

CELIA's flocks and CELIA's herds

(Only she can teach 'em)

All produce their cream and curds,

Helped by Mr. B-CH-M.

A loud cheer greeted the recital of this charming pastoral, and one editor, who is not often a victim to mere sentiment, said it reminded him of his happy childhood, when he used to take Dr. GREGORY's powders after a day spent in the neighbouring farmer's orchard.

The next speaker was G-ORGE EG-RT-N. All women, she said, must be GEORGES. GEORGE SAND and GEORGE ELIOT were women she believed. GEORGE MEREDITH was an exception, but that only proved her rule. Women were a miserable lot: it was their own fault. Why marry? ("Hear, hear," from Mrs. MONA CAIRD.) Why be born at all? She paused for a reply.

At this point Mr. W. T. ST-AN entered the room and offered to talk about "JULIA in Chicago," but the meeting broke up in confusion, without the customary vote of thanks to the Chair.

## HOW IT WILL BE DONE HEREAFTER.

(A Serene Ducal Romance of the Future.)

HIS Highness was smoking a pipe at the close of the day in the fair realm of Utopia. He had finished dinner, and was discussing his *lager* beer, which had quite taken the place of coffee.

"Dear me," said the Duke, rather anxiously, as he noticed the Premier was seating himself in a chair in his near neighbourhood; "I am afraid I am in disgrace."

"Not at all, Sir," replied the Minister, graciously. "On the contrary, in the name of the people of Utopia, I beg to offer you my sincere thanks."

"For what?" queried the Duke.

"For doing your duty, my liege. Not that that is a novelty, for, as a matter of fact, you are always doing it."

"I am pleased to hear you say so," observed His Highness; "as I was under the impression that I had rather shirked my engagements."

"Not at all, Sir—not at all. If you consult your memory, you will find you carried out to-day's programme to the letter."

"Had I not to lay a foundation stone, or something, this morning?"

"Assuredly; and you touched a cord as you were getting up, and immediately the machinery was set in motion, and the stone was duly laid. Much better than driving miles to have to stand in a drafty marquee."

"And had I not to open an exhibition?"

"Why, yes. And you opened it in due course. Your equerry represented you and ground out your speech from the portable phonograph."

"Well, really, that was very ingenious," remarked His Highness. "But was I not missed?"

"You would have been, Sir," returned the Premier, "had we not had the forethought to send down the lantern that gives you in a thousand different attitudes. By revolving the disc rapidly the most life-like presentment was offered immediately."

"Excellent! and did I do anything else?"

"Why your Highness has been hard at work all day attending reviews, opening canals, and even presiding at public dinners. Thanks to science we can reproduce your person, your speech, your very presence at a moment's notice."

"Exceedingly clever!" exclaimed His Highness. "Ah, how much better is the twentieth century than its predecessor!"

And no doubt the sentiment of His Highness will be approved by posterity.







## HOLIDAY CHARACTER SKETCHES.

LITTLE BINKS LOVES CLARA PURKISS, WHO LOVES BIG STANLEY JONES, WHO LOVES HIMSELF AND NOBODY ELSE IN THE WORLD !  
WHICH IS THE MOST TO BE PITIED OF THE THREE ?

## COUNTING THE CATCH.

*A Wallonian Fragment.*

*First Piscator, R-S-B-RY. Second Piscator, H-RC-RT.*

*First Piscator.* Oh me, look you, master, a fish, a fish ! [*Loses it.*  
*Second Piscator.* Aye, marry, Sir, that was a good fish ; if I had had the luck to handle that rod, 'tis twenty to one he should not have broken my line as you suffered him ; I would have held him, as you will learn to do hereafter ; for I tell you, scholar, fishing is an art, or at least it is an art to catch fish. Verily that is the second brave Salmon you have lost in that pool !

*First Piscator.* Oh me, he has broke all ; there's half a line and a good flie lost. I have no fortune, and that Peers' Pool is fatal fishing.

*Second Piscator.* Marry, brother, so it seems—to you at least ! Wel, wel, 'tis as small use crying over lost fish as spilt milk ; the sunne hath sunk, the daye draweth anigh its ende ; let us up tackle, and away !

*First Piscator.* Look also how it begins to rain, and by the clouds (if I mistake not) we shal presently have a smoaking showre. Truly it has been a long, rough day, and but poorish sport.

*Second Piscator.* Humph ! I am fairly content with my catch, and had all been landed that have been hookt—but no matter ! "Fishers must not rangle," as the Angler's song hath it.

*First Piscator.* Marry, no indeed ! (*Sings.*)

O the brave fisher's life  
It is the best of any !  
He who'd mar it with mere strife  
Sure must be a zany.  
Other men,  
Now and then,  
Have their wars,  
And their jars ;  
Our rule stil  
Is goodwill  
As we gaily angle.

We have hooks about our hat,  
We have rod and gaff too ;  
We can cast and we can chat,  
Play our fish and chaff too.  
None do here  
Use to swear,  
Oathes do fray  
Fish away.  
Our rule stil  
Is goodwill.  
Fishers must not rangle.

*Second Piscator.* Well sung, brother ! Oh me, but even at our peaceful and vertuous pastime, there bee certain contentious and obstructive spoil-sports now. These abide not good old Anglers' Law, but bob and splash in other people's swims, fray away the fish they cannot catch, and desire not that experter anglers should, do muddy the stream and block its course, do net and poach and foul-

hook in such noisy, conscienceless, unmannerly sort, that even honest angling becometh a bitter labour and aggravation.

*First Piscator.* Marry, yes brother ! the Contemplative Man's Recreation is verily not what it once was. What would the sweet singer, Mr. WILLIAM BASSE, say to the busy B's of our day ; DUBARTAS to B-RT-L-Y, or Mr. THOMAS BARKER, of pleasant report, to TOMMY B-W-L-S ?

*Second Piscator.* Or worthy old COTTON to the cocky MACULLUM MORE ?

*First Piscator.* Or the equally cocky BRUMMAGEM BOY ?

*Second Piscator.* Or Dame JULIANA BERNERS to B-LF-UR ?

*First Piscator.* Or Sir HUMPHREY DAVY to the haughty autocrat of H-TR-ID ?

*Second Piscator.* Wel, wel, I hate contention and obstruction and all unsportsmanlike devices—when I am fishing.

*First Piscator.* And so say I. (*Sings.*)

The Peers are full of prejudice,  
As hath too oft been tri'd ;  
High trolollie lollie loe,  
high trolollie lee !

*Second Piscator.* The Commons full of opulence,  
And both are full of pride.

*Then care away  
and fish along with me !*

*First Piscator.* Marry, brother, and would that I could always do so. But doomed as we often are to angle in different swims, I may not always land the big fish that you hook, or even—

*Second Piscator.* Wel, honest scholar, say no more about it, but let us count and weigh our day's catch. By Jove, but that bigge one I landed after soe long a fight, and which you were so luckie as to gaff in that verie snaggy and swirly pool itself, maketh a right brave show on the grassie bank ! And harkye, scholar, 'tis a far finer and rarer fish than manie woule suppose at first sight !

[*Chuckleth inwardly.*  
*First Piscator.* You say true, master. And indeed the other fish, though of lesser bigness, bee by no manner of meanes to be sneezed at. Marry, Master, 'tis none so poor a day's sport after all—considering the weather and the much obstruction, eh ?

*Second Piscator.* May bee not, may bee not ! Stil, I could fain wish, honest scholar, you had safely landed those two bigge ones you lost in Peers' Pool, out of which awkward bit of water, indeed, I could fain desire we might keep all our fish !







## TO A WOULD-BE AUTHORESS.

THOUGH, MAUD, I respect your ambition,  
I fear, to be brutally plain,  
No proud and exalted position  
Your stories are likely to gain;



And, frankly, I cannot pretend I  
Regard with the smallest delight  
The vile *cacoëthes scribendi*  
Which led you to write.

Your talk is most charming, I know it,  
You readily fascinate all,  
But yet as a serious poet  
Your worth, I'm afraid, is but small;  
Your features, though well-nigh perfection,  
Of the obstacle hardly dispose  
That you haven't the faintest conception  
Of how to write prose!

You think it would be so delightful  
To see your productions in print?  
Well, do not consider me spiteful  
For daring discreetly to hint  
That in this too-crowded profession,  
Where prizes are fewer than blanks,  
You'll find the laconic expression,  
"Rejected—with thanks."

And so, since you do me the pleasure  
To ask for my candid advice,  
Allow for your moments of leisure  
Some other pursuit to suffice;  
And, if you would really befriend me,  
One wish I will humbly confess,—  
Oh, do not continue to send me  
Those reams of MS.!

## A MODERN TRAGEDY.

Our hostess told us off in pairs,  
I had not caught my partner's name,  
But learned, when half way down the stairs,  
She long had been a Primrose Dame;  
And, ere the soup was out of sight,  
She'd found, and left behind, her text on  
A speech, if I remember right,  
Attributed to Mr. SEXTON.

And I—I sat and gasped awhile,  
And only when we reached the pheasant,  
Assuming my politest smile,  
And with an air distinctly pleasant,  
Attempted firmly to direct  
Her flow of talk to other channels,  
Books—shops—the latest stage-effect—  
The newest ways of painting panels.

I tried in vain. "Ah, yes," she said,  
"And that reminds me—this Dissent"—  
And thereupon began, instead,  
Discussing Disestablishment!

The case was clearly hopeless, so  
I hazarded no more suggestions,  
But merely answered Yes or No  
At random, to her frequent questions.

Yet, while that gushing torrent ran,  
I made a solemn private vow  
That, though no ardent partisan,  
Those Ministers I'll vote for now  
Who'll introduce a drastic bill  
To bring about her abolition,  
To banish utterly, or kill  
The modern lady-politician!

## THE OYSTER AND THE SPARROW.

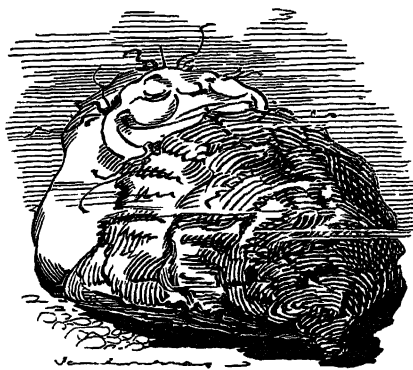
*A Pessimistic Tale.*

AT Whitstable one summer day,  
An oyster gave his fancy wings;  
He very indolently lay  
In bed, and thought of many things;  
Of what his life had been; of weeks  
All spent in having forty winks—  
You know an oyster never speaks,  
But lies awake in bed, and thinks.

He thought, with pardonable pride,  
That he had never worked—a plan  
Which showed, it cannot be denied,  
That he was quite a gentleman.

He lived more calmly in his sea  
Than any Bishop; never crossed  
In any sort of wishes, he  
Had never loved, and never lost.

No cruel maid had ever spurned  
His heart, such grief no oyster knows;  
Nor hatred ever in him burned  
Against the rival whom she chose.



Yet, when considered, all appeared  
Too softly calm, too free from strife;  
He thought, and, sighing, stroked his  
beard,  
"There does not seem much use in life."

By chance, upon this very day  
A London sparrow, for a minute,  
Was thinking somewhat in this way  
Of life, and what the deuce was in it,

And how he fluttered up and down,  
Like Berthas, Doras, Trunks, or Yankees—  
His nest was far above the town,  
Upon the buildings known as Hankey's.

He thought, with pardonable pride,  
Unlike a pampered, gay canary,  
He worked—it cannot be denied  
That "*Laborare est orare.*"

He worked with all his might and main,  
Yet now he chirped with some misgiving,  
"Shoot me if I know what I gain,  
There does not seem much use in living."

Soon after this the bird and fish  
Were slain by old, relentless foes,  
When death was near, each seemed to wish  
To keep his life—why, no one knows.

The bird was knocked upon the head—  
A crack no gluing could repair;  
The oyster rudely dragged from bed,  
Died from exposure to the air.

They helped in one great work, at least,  
To make some greedy beings fat;  
The oyster graced a City feast,  
The bird was eaten by the cat.



Thus, though they led such different lives,  
One fat from sloth, from work one  
thinner,  
Their end was that for which man strives,  
And mostly ends his days with—dinner!

## VERSES TO THE WEATHER MAIDEN.

LADY, the best and brightest of the sex,  
Whose smile we value, and whose frown  
we fear,

Let me proclaim the miseries that vex  
The numerous throng who all esteem you  
dear;

'Tis not that you habitually appear  
Serenely contemplating the Atlantic  
In raiment which, if fashionable here,  
Would greatly shock the properly pedantic,  
Make Glasgow green with rage, and Mrs.  
GRUNDY frantic;

Your classical costume a true delight is  
To all who study you from day to day,  
And even if it hastens on bronchitis  
It serves your graceful figure to display:  
But now your thousand fond admirers  
pray

Amid the tumult of the London traffic  
And in each rural unfrequented way—  
"O weather-goddess, look with smile  
seraphic

And prophesy 'Set Fair' within the *Daily  
Graphic!*"

Too long, too long, each worshipper relates,  
You've told of woe with melancholy  
glance,

Predicted new "depressions" from the  
States,  
Or "V-shaped cyclones" nearing us from  
France;

Our summer flies, oh, herald the advance  
Of decent weather ere its course be ended,  
Put your umbrella down, and if by  
chance

PISCATOR grumble, let him go unfriended,  
Heed not his selfish moan, but give us  
sunshine splendid!

Our confidence towards you never flinches,  
Let others be unceasingly employed  
In working out the barometric inches,  
Or tapping at the fickle aneroid,

Wet bulb and dry we equally avoid,  
In you, and you alone, our hopes remain,  
Then be not by our forwardness annoyed,  
Nor let our supplications rise in vain,—  
Oh, *Daily Graphic* maid, smile, smile on us  
again!

### THE YELLOW RIDING-HABIT.

CHANG, he had a yellow jacket  
Fitting rather nice and slick;  
When the garment got the  
sack, it [sick;  
Made him simply deathly  
And he swore, with objurgations,  
[hung—  
It was due—or he'd be  
To the fiendish machinations  
Of a man who rhymed with  
Bung.

But his lord in mild, celestial,  
Manner moralised and said—  
"There are other really bestial  
Things I might have done  
instead; [tied you  
Might, in point of fact, have  
To a poplar with a splice,  
And explicitly denied you  
Every claim to Paradise.

Nay, I even wondered whether  
I should play another card,  
And reduce your dorsal tether  
By a matter of a yard;  
Or curtail your nether raiment,  
(This I waived as rather  
coarse.)

Or appropriate your payment  
As a marshal of the force.

But I gave you just a gentle,  
If humiliating, shock,  
Much as any Occidental  
Castigates the erring jock,  
Who in place of freely plug-  
ging

At a reasonable rate,  
By irregularly lugging  
Lets a rival take the plate.



### PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

*The Vicar.* "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT BURGUNDY? IT'S THE LAST BOTTLE OF SOME THE DEAR BISHOP GAVE ME. IT COST HIM EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS A BOTTLE!"

*The Major.* "VERY NICE! BUT I SHOULD JUST LIKE YOU TO TRY SOME I GAVE TWELVE SHILLINGS A DOZEN FOR!"

Thus I delicately hinted  
It was time to jog your gee;  
And the proper view is printed,  
In the pagan *P. M. G.*,  
Namely, that you might be  
chary  
Of a deal of sultry dirt,  
And do better in an airy  
Waistcoat with a cotton  
shirt.

Doubtless habits have a lot to  
Do with character as such,  
Yet the prophet warns us  
not to  
Trust in colour very much;  
And indeed your yellow cus-  
tard

Came to smack of rotten  
cheese,  
Since they took to making  
mustard  
Books and Asters over-seas."

### Noble Half Hundred!!!

"We mean to keep our Empire  
in the East!"

So sang the music halls with  
noisy nous,

Well, one thing now is very  
clear at least,

Our Empire in the East can't  
keep—a House!

Is our Indian Government  
fairly cheap? men ask

Are Anglo-Indian rulers  
wise and thrifty?

The Commons meet to tackle  
that big task,

And FOWLER's speech is  
listened to by—Fifty!

### ROBERT AT GRINNIDGE.

How werry particklar sum people is in having it adwertised where they have gone to to spend their summer holliday. I wunce saw it stated, sum years ago, that the Markis of SORLSBERRY had gone with the Marchoness to Deep, I think it was, and then follered the staggering annoucement that Mr. Deputy MUGGINS and Mrs. MUGGINS was a spending a hole week at Gravesend! I'm a having mine at Grinnidge, and had the honner last week of waiting upon the Ministerial Gents from Westminster, and a werry jowial lot of Gents they suttlenly seems to be.



I likes Grinnidge somehow; it brings back to fond memory the appy days when I fust preposed to my Misses ROBERT in Grinnidge Park, and won from her blushing lips a fond awowal of her loving detachment for me!

Ah! them was appy days, them was, and never cums more than wunce to us; no, not ewen in Grinnidge Park.

I'm told as how as Appy Amsted is not at all a bad place for this sort of thing; but I cannot speak from werry much pussional xperience there myself.

Having a nou or two to spare before the Westminster Dinner, I took a strol in the butiful Park. Not quite the place for adwertisers, but I had a little one there on that werry particklar day as I shant soon forget.

I was a setting down werry cumfural on a nice cumfural seat, when a nice looking Lady came up to me, and setting herself down beside me asked me werry quietly if I could lend her such a thing as harf a crown! I was that estonished that I ardlly knew what to say, when to my great surprise she bust out a crying, and told me as how as she had bin robbed, and had not a penny to take her home to London! What on airth could I do? I couldn't say as I hadn't no harf crown coz I had one, and I carnt werry well tell a hun-bushing lie coz I allers blushes if I tries one, so I said as how as it was the only one as I had, and so I hoped as she woud return it to me to-morrow, and I told her my adress, when she suddenly threw her arms round my neck and aoshally kist me, and then got up and ran away! and I have lived ever since in a dredful state of dowl and unsertenty for fear as she shoud call when I was out and tell Mrs. ROBERT the hole particklers! and ewen expect her to believe it!

ROBERT.

### THE NEXT WAR.

(Fragment from a Romance of the Future.)

THE successful General, after winning the great victory, acted with decision. He cut all the telegraph wires with his own hands, until there was but one left in the camp—that which had its outlet in his own tent. He called for the special correspondents. They came reluctantly, writing in their note-books as they approached him.

"Gentlemen," said he, with polite severity, "I have no wish to deal harshly with the Press. I am fully aware of the services it does to the country. But, gentlemen, I have a duty to perform. I cannot allow you to communicate to your respective editors the glorious result of this day's fighting. For a couple of hours you must be satisfied to restrain your impatience."

"It will yet be in time for the five o'clock edition," murmured one of the scribes.

"And I shall be able to get it into the Special," murmured another.

Then the General bowed and retired to his own tent. At last he was alone. Over the receiver to the telephone was a board inscribed with various numbers, with names attached thereto. He saw that 114 stood for "Wife," 12,017 for "Mother-in-law," and 10 for "Junior United Service Club." But he selected none of these.

"No. 7," he cried, suddenly applying his lips to the receiver and ringing up, "are you there?"

"Why, certainly; what shall I do?"

"Why, buy 30,000 Consols for me," was the prompt reply. And then the General a few minutes later added, "Have you done it?"

"I have—for the next account."

And then the warrior smiled and released the Press-men. Nay, more, he ordered the telegraph wires to be repaired. All was joy and satisfaction. The glorious news was flashed in a thousand different directions. The name of the general received immediate immortality.

And the great commander was more than satisfied. His fortune was assured. Before allowing the news to be spread abroad he had taken the precaution to do a preliminary deal with his stockbroker!



**AN ALPINE RAILWAY.**

ABOMINABLE work of man,  
Defacing nature where he can  
With engineering;  
On plain or hill he never fails  
To run his execrable rails;  
Coals, dirt, smoke, passengers  
and mails,  
At once appearing.

To Alpine summits daily go  
The locomotives to and fro.  
What desecration!  
Where playful kids once  
blithely skipped,  
Where rustic goatherds gaily  
tripped,  
Where clumsy climbers some-  
times slipped,  
He builds a station.

Up there, where once upon a  
time [would climb  
Determined mountaineers  
To some far *châlet*;  
Up there, above the carved  
wood toys, [boys  
Above the beggars, and the  
Who play the *Ranz des Vaches*  
—such noise  
Down in the *Thal*, eh?

Up there at sunset, rosy red,  
And sunrise—if you're out of  
bed—

You see the summit,  
Majestic, high above the vale.  
It is not difficult to scale—  
The fattest folk can go by rail  
To overcome it.

For nothing, one may often  
hear,

Is sacred to the engineer;  
He's much too clever.  
Well, I must hurry on again,  
That mountain summit to at-  
tain. [train.  
Good-bye. I'm going by the  
I climb it? Never!

**"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."**

*Tourist from London (to young local Minister). "HOW QUIET AND PEACEFUL IT SEEMS HERE!"*

*Minister. "EH, FRIEND, IT SEEMS PEACEFUL". WHA WAD THINK WE WERE WITHIN SEVEN MILES O' PEEBLES!"*

**AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN ECHO.**

[At Baku, on the Caspian, a Society has been formed to abolish hand-shaking and kissing, on the ground that bacilli are propagated by such personal contact. The ladies, however, have protested against this to the Governor-General.  
*Daily Telegraph.*]

BAKU is a place that is pretty  
well Grundyified,  
Where the good folks have all  
frolic and fun defied,  
Where I'd be shunned, if I'd  
Play at Whit-Mondayfied  
Games such as "Catch-can"  
and Kiss-in-the-ring!

For the greybeards, it seems,  
of this naphtha-metro-  
polis  
(Really, their reason about to  
o'ertopple is)  
All o'er the shop'll hiss,  
Hollering, "Stop! Police!  
Hi, there! hand-shaking the  
mischief will bring!"

And kissing, they think, only  
leads to diphtheria—  
Well, I should say, such a  
dread of bacteria  
Quite beyond query, a-  
mounts to hysteria!  
No, it won't "wash"—they  
don't either, I fear!

But SONIA and OLGA and VERA  
are mutinous,  
Rightly, I think, at such non-  
sense o'erscrutinous.  
"This rot take root in us?  
No, keep salutin' us!"  
Echo our MABELS and MAUDS  
over here!

**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Lords, Monday, August 13.*—Sorry I didn't hear the Duke of ARGYLL. Have been told he is one of finest orators in House; a type of the antique; something to be cherished and honoured.

"Were you ever," SARK asked, "at Oban when the games were going on? Very well then, you would see the contest among the pipers. You have watched them strutting up and down with head thrown back, toes turned out, cheeks extended, and high notes thrilling through the shrinking air. There you have Duke of ARGYLL—God bless him!—addressing House of Lords. He is not one piper, but many. As he proceeds, intoxicated with sound of his own voice, ecstatic in clearness of his own vision, he competes with himself as the pipers struggle with each other until at last he has, in a Parliamentary sense of course, swollen to such a size that there is no room in the stately chamber for other Peers. Nothing and nobody left but His Grace the Duke of ARGYLL. Towards end of sixty minutes spectacle begins to pall on wearied senses; but to begin with, it is almost sublime. For thirty-two years, he told ROSEBERRY just now, he had sat on the opposite benches, a Member of the Liberal Party. He sat elsewhere now, but why? Because he was the Liberal Party; all the rest like sheep had gone astray. Pretty to see the MARKISS with blushing head downcast when ARGYLL turned round to him and, with patronising tone and manner, hailed him and his friends as the only party with whom a true Liberal might colloquy. In some circumstances, this bearing would be insupportably bumpitious. In the Duke, with the time limit hinted at, it is delightful. He really unfeignedly believes it all. Sometimes in the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof (not an uncommon thing in Inverary) he thinks in sorrow rather than in anger of multitudes of men hopelessly in the wrong; that is to say, who differ from his view on particular subjects at given times."

*Business done.*—Second Reading of Evicted Tenants Bill moved in Lords.

*Tuesday.*—For awhile last night, whilst LANSDOWNE speaking, CLANRICARDE sat on rear Cross Bench immediately in front of Bar where mere Commoners are permitted to stand. Amongst them at this moment were TIM HEALY, O'BRIEN, and SEXTON, leaning over rail to catch LANSDOWNE'S remarks. Before them, almost within hand reach, certainly approachable at arm's length with a good shillalegh, was the bald pate of the man who, from some points of view, is The Irish Question. CLANRICARDE sat long unconscious of the proximity. SARK, not usually a squeamish person, after breathlessly watching this strange suggestive contiguity, moved hastily away. This is a land of law and order. Differences, if they exist, are settled by judicial processes. But human nature, especially Celtic nature, is weak. The bald pate rested so conveniently on the edge of the bench. It was so near; it had schemed so much for the undoing of hapless friends in Ireland. What if \* \* \*

To-night CLANRICARDE instinctively moved away from this locality. Discovered on back bench below gangway, from which safe quarter he delivered speech, showing how blessed is the lot of the light-hearted peasant on what he called "my campaign estates."

The MARKISS and CLANRICARDE rose together. It was ten o'clock, the hour appointed for Leader of Opposition to interpose; in anticipation of that event the House crowded from floor to side galleries garlanded with fair ladies. Privy Councillors jostled each other on steps of Throne; at the Bar stood the Commons closely packed; TIM HEALY, anxious not again to be led into temptation, deserted this quarter; surveyed scene from end of Gallery over the Bar. The MARKISS stood for a moment at the table manifestly surprised that any should question his right to speak. According to Plan of Campaign prepared beforehand by Whips now was his time; ROSEBERRY to follow; and Division taken so as to clear House before midnight. CLANRICARDE recks little of Plans of Campaign: stood his ground and finally evicted the MARKISS; cast him out by the roadside with no other compensation than the sympathy of HALSBURY and of RUTLAND, who sat on either side of him.

When opportunity came the MARKISS rose to it. Speech delightful

to hear; every sentence a lesson in style. Hard task for young Premier to follow so old and so perfect a Parliamentary hand. MARKISS spoke to enthusiastically friendly audience. ROSEBERY recognised in himself the representative of miserable minority of thirty; undaunted, undismayed, he played lightly with the ponderous personalities of ARGYLL, and looking beyond the heads of the crowd of icily indifferent Peers before him, seemed to see the multitude in the street, and to hear the murmur of angry voices.

*Business done.*—Lords throw out Evicted Tenants Bill by 249 votes against 30.

*Thursday, Midnight.*—Spent restful evening with Indian Budget. There is nothing exceeds indignation with which Members resent postponement of opportunity to consider Indian Budget, except the unanimity with which they stop away when it is presented. Number present during FOWLER'S masterly exposition not equal to one per ten million of the population concerned. Later, CHAPLIN endeavoured to raise drooping spirits by few remarks on bi-metallism. Success only partial. CLARK did much better. Genially began evening by accusing SQUIRE of MALWOOD of humbugging House. That worth at least a dozen votes to Government in Division that followed. TIM HEALY, who can't abear strong language, was one who meant to vote against proposal to take remaining time of Session for Ministers. After CLARK'S speech, voted with and for the SQUIRE.

CLARK closed pleasant evening by insisting on Division upon Statute Law Revision Bill running through Committee.

"Will the hon. Member name a teller," said Chairman, blandly.

"Mr. CONYBEARE," responded CLARK, instinctively thinking of Member for Camborne as most likely to help in the job he had in hand.

But CONYBEARE is a reformed character. Even at his worst must draw line somewhere. Drew it sharply at CLARK. Appeared as if game was up. On the contrary it was WEIR. Deliberately fixing a pair of cantankerous pince-nez that seem to be in chronic condition of strike, WEIR gazed round angered Committee. With slowest enunciation in profoundest chest notes he said, "I will tell with the hon. Member."

Committee roared with anguished despair; but, since procedure in case of frivolous and vexatious Division seems forgotten by Chair, no help for it. If there are two Members to "tell," House must be "told." But there tyranny of two ceases. You may take horse to water but cannot make him drink. Similarly you may divide House, but cannot compel Members to vote with you. Thus it came to pass that after Division CLARK and WEIR marched up to table with confession that they had not taken a single man into the Lobby with them. They had told, but they had nothing to tell.

"They're worse off by a moiety than the Squire in the *Canterbury Tales*," said SARK—

"Him who left half told

The story of Cambuscan bold."

"Yes, poor needy Knife-grinders," said the other SQUIRE; "if they'd only thought of it when asked by the Clerk, 'How many?' they might have answered, 'Members, God bless you, we have none to tell.'"

*Business done.*—Indian Budget through Committee.

*Friday.*—Something notable in question addressed by BRYN ROBERTS to HOME SECRETARY. Wants to know "whether he is aware that the Mr. WILLIAMS, the recently appointed assistant inspector, who is said to have worked at an open quarry, never worked at the rock but simply, when a young man, used to pick

up slabs cast aside by the regular quarrymen, and split them into slates; and that, ever since, he has been engaged as a pupil teacher and a schoolmaster."

Shall put notice on paper to ask BRYN ROBERTS whether the sequence therein set forth is usual in Wales, and whether picking up slabs and splitting them into slates is the customary pathway to pupil teachership.

Long night in Committee of Supply; fair progress in spite of WEIR and CLARK. TIM HEALY sprang ambush on House of Lords: moved to stop supplies for meeting their household expenses. Nearly carried proposal, too. Vote sanctioned by majority of nine, and these drawn from Opposition.

*Business done.*—Supply.

## A HAWARDEN PASTORAL;

*Or, The Grand Old Georgic.*

["The whole care of poultry, the production of eggs, care of bees, and the manufacture of butter—of itself a most important branch of commerce—are really included within the purposes of this little institution."—Mr. Gladstone on "*Small Culture*," at the Hawarden Agricultural and Horticultural Fête, August 14, 1894.]



*G. O. Melibæus sings:—*

WHAT am I piping about to-day?

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

What shall I praise in my pastoral way?

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

Here I am, smiling, afar from strife,  
(Indifferent substitute, true, for my wife!)  
Discussing, as though they'd absorbed my life:

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

A Georgic, my lads, is my task this time.

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

HORACE I've Englished in so-so rhyme,

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

To-day I am in a Virgilian vein,

My pastoral ardour I cannot restrain;

And so I will sing, like some Mantuan swain,

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

Home Rule? Dear me, no! Not at all in the mood!

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

(Though Irish butter, you know, is good.)

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

I hear they're yet wrangling down Westminster way:

The "Busy B's" there are still having their

say.

Now the care of those B's—but that is not my

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

"The frugal bee," (as the Mantuan sings),

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

Is valued for honey, and not for stings,

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

Poor HARCOURT'S hive has a good many

drone, [that groans?]

And more sting than honey. Eh! Who's

Well, well, let me sing, in mellifluous tones,

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

The ladies have taken to speeches of late,  
*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*  
Serious matter, dear friends,—for the State!  
*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*  
On Female Suffrage I hardly dote,  
But ladies may speak, while they have not the vote.

Beg pardon! That's hardly the pastoral note!

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

Not only to flowers we look, but fruits;

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

Nay, not to them only, but also to roots.

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

The root of the matter, in Irish affairs,  
Of course is Home Rule—but there, nobody cares

For such subjects here! Let's sing poultry, and pears,

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

This "little culture" 's the theme I'd touch,  
*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*  
(Tories pooh-pooh it!—they've none too much!)

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

But "mickles" soon merge into "muckles" you know,

And from "little cultures" big aggregates grow,

Just as small majorities—Woa, there, woa!—

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

Hawarden's example will do much good,—

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

Nay, friends, I am not in a militant mood,—

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

So I don't mean mine, but your own example.  
The powers of the soil are abundant and ample;

You'll teach men to furnish—and up to sample—

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

I'm a little bit tired—in a physical sense—

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

But my pleasure in pastoral things is immense,

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

My Georgic to-day I must cut short, I fear,

But—if you desire—and we're all of us here,  
I may give you a much longer Eclogue—next year!

*Butter, and eggs, and the care of bees!*

## RHYME TO ROSEBERY.

(On his Revival of the Ministerial Whitebait Dinner at the "Ship," Greenwich, Wednesday, August 15, 1894.)

GOOD, PRIMROSE! If not a fanatical "Saint,"

At least you're a genial "Sinner."

At the thought of a Race—and a Win—you won't faint,

Nor squirm at a loss—with a Dinner!  
Pluck, patience, and cheer make good Statesmanlike form.

We trust that you relished the trip, Sir!  
If not—yet—"the Pilot who weathered the Storm,"

You're the Skipper who stuck by the "Ship," Sir!

The Old (Parliamentary) Adam.

(On the Eve of Prorogation.)

*Would-be Abdiel (M.P.) loquitur:—*

WITH rest-thirst and holiday-yearning t grapple

I strive, but in August begin to despair.

I pity poor EYE with the thirst at her thrapple

Though what tempted her was a snake and a

apple,

My lures are "a brace" and a "pair."



### “CONTRIBUTIONS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.”

*Lardy-Dardy Swell* (who is uncertain as to the age of *Ingénue* he is addressing). “YOU’RE GOING TO GIVE A BALL. WILL YOU PERMIT ME TO SEND YOU A BOUQUET? AND IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU WOULD LIKE?”

*Ingénue*. “O, THANKS! THE BOUQUET WOULD BE DELIGHTFUL! AND”—(hesitating, then after some consideration)—“I’M SURE MAMMA WOULD LIKE THE ICES AND SPONGE CAKES!”

### THE TALE OF TWO TELEGRAMS.

ANOTHER DOLLY DIALOGUE.

(By *St. Anthony Hope Carter*.)

THE redeeming feature of the morning batch of letters was a short note from *Lady Mickleham*. Her ladyship (and *ARCHIE*) had come back to town, and the note was to say that I might call, in fact that I *was* to call, that afternoon. It so happened that I had two engagements, which seemed to make that impossible, but I spent a shilling in telegrams, and at 4.30 (the hour *DOLLY* had named) was duly ringing at the *Mickleham* town mansion.

“I’m delighted you were able to come,” was *DOLLY*’s greeting.

“I wasn’t able,” I said; “but I’ve no doubt that what I said in the two telegrams which brought me here will be put down to your account.”

“No one expects truth in a telegram. The Post-Office people themselves wouldn’t like it.”

*DOLLY* was certainly looking at her very best. Her dimples (everybody has heard of *DOLLY*’s Dimples—or is it *DOLLY* DIMPLE; but after all it doesn’t matter) were as delightful as ever. I was just hesitating as to my next move in the Dialogue, which I badly wanted, for I had promised my editor one by the middle of next week. The choice lay between the dimples and a remark that life was, after all, only one prolonged telegram. Just at that moment I noticed for the first time that we were not alone.

Now that was distinctly exasperating, and an unwarrantable breach of an implied contract.

“Two’s company,” I said, in a tone of voice that was meant to indicate something of what I felt.

“So’s three,” said *DOLLY*, laughing, “if the third doesn’t count.”

“*Quod est demonstrandum*.”

“Well, it’s like this. I observed that you’ve already published

twenty or so ‘*Dolly Dialogues*.’” (The dimples at this period were absolutely bewitching, but I controlled myself.) “So it occurred to me that it was my turn to earn an honest penny. Allow me to introduce you, *MR. BROWN*, *MR. CARTER*—*MR. CARTER*, *MR. BROWN*.”

I murmured that any friend of *Lady Mickleham*’s was a friend of mine, whereat *MR. BROWN* smiled affably and handed me his card, from which I gathered that he was a shorthand writer at some address in Chancery Lane. Then I understood it all. I had exploited *DOLLY*. *DOLLY* was now engaged in the process of exploiting me.

“I hope,” I observed rather icily, “that you will choose a respectable paper.”

“You don’t mean that.”

“Perhaps not. But if we are to have a Dialogue, perhaps we might begin. I have an engagement at six.”

“Telegraph, and put the contents down to my account.”

I noticed now that *DOLLY* had a pile of papers on her table, and that she was playing with a blue pencil.

“Yes, *Lady Mickleham*,” I said, in the provisional way in which judges indicate to counsel that they are ready to proceed.

“Well, I’ve been reading some of the Press Notices of the Dialogues, *MR. CARTER*.”

I trembled. I remembered some of the things that had been said about *DOLLY* and myself, which hardly lent themselves, it appeared to me, to this third party procedure.

“I thought,” pursued *DOLLY*, “we might spend the time in discussing the critics.”

“I shall be delighted, if in doing that we shall dismiss the reporter.”

“Have you seen this? It’s from a Scotch paper—Scottish? you suggest—well, Scottish. The sketches are both lively and elegant, and their lightness is just what people want in the warm weather.”

“It’s a satisfaction to think that even our little breezes are a source of cool comfort to our fellow-creatures.”

“Here’s another criticism. ‘It’s a book which tempts the reader—’”

“It must have been something you said.”

“—a book which tempts the reader to peruse from end to end when once he picks it up.”

“Read at a Sitting: A Study in Colour.”

“Please, *MR. BROWN*, don’t take that down.”

“Thank you, *Lady Mickleham*,” said I. “*Litera scripta manet*.”

“You are not the Chancellor of the Exchequer, *MR. CARTER*, and you must break yourself of the habit.”

“The next cutting?”

“The next says, ‘For *MR. CARTER*, the hero or reporter—’”

“It’s a calumny. I don’t know a single shorthand symbol.”

“Let me go on. ‘Reporter of these polite conversations, we confess we have no particular liking.’”

“If you assure me you did not write this yourself, *Lady Mickleham*, I care not who did.”

“That, *MR. BROWN*,” said *DOLLY*, in a most becoming frown, “must on no account go down.”

“When you have finished intimidating the Press, perhaps you will finish the extract.”

“His cynicism,” she read, “is too strained to commend him to ordinary mortals.”

“No one would ever accuse you of being in that category.”

“—but his wit is undeniable, and his impudence delicious.”

Well, *MR. CARTER*?

“I should like the extract concluded.” I knew the next sentence commenced—“As for *DOLLY*, *Lady Mickleham*, she outdoes all the revolted daughters of feminine fiction.”

Then an annoying thing happened. *ARCHIE*’s voice was heard, saying, “*DOLLY*, haven’t you finished that Dialogue yet? We ought to dress for dinner. It’ll take us an hour to drive there.”

So it had been all arranged, and *ARCHIE* knew for what I had been summoned.

Yet there are compensations. *DOLLY* sent the Dialogue to the only paper which I happen to edit. I regretfully declined it. But the fact that she sent it may possibly explain why I have found it so easy to give this account of what happened on that afternoon when I sent the two telegrams.

### The Cry of Chaos.

“*VIVE L’Anarchie*?”—Fools! Chaos shrieks in that cry!

Did Anarchy live soon would Anarchists die.

One truth lights all history, well understood,—

Disorder—like Saturn—devours its own brood.

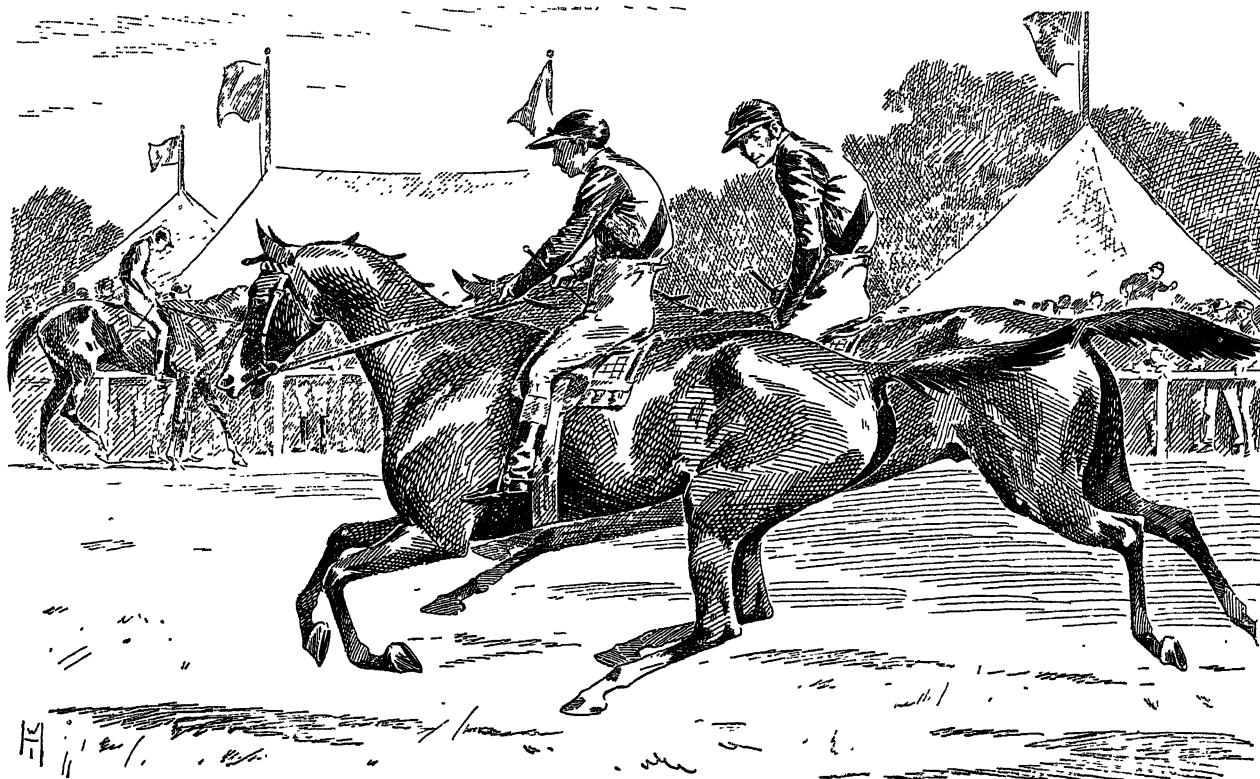




"ROOM FOR A BIG ONE!"

Cromwell. "NOW THEN, YOUR MAJESTIES, I HOPE I DON'T INTERUDE!"

Lindley A. Murray.



## UNEARNED INCREMENT.

*Experienced Jock (during preliminary canter, to Stable-boy, who has been put up to make the running for him). "NOW, YOUNG 'UN, AS SOON AS WE'RE OFF, YOU GO TO WORK AND MAKE THE PACE A BOT 'UN!"*

*Stable-boy (Irish). "BEGORRA THIN OI 'M THINKIN' IT'S MESELF ROIDES THE RACE, AND YOU POCKETS ALL THE CREDIT O' WINNIN'!"*

## "ROOM FOR A BIG ONE!"

[*Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, as First Commissioner of Works, informed the House that 'no series of historical personages could be complete without the inclusion of CROMWELL,' and though he had no sum at his disposal for defraying the cost of a statue this year, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had promised to make the necessary provision in the Estimates for next year.*—*Spectator.*]

Room for the Regicide amongst our Kings?

Horrible thought, to set some bosoms fluttering!

The whirligig of time does bring some things  
To set the very Muse of History muttering.  
Well may the brewer's son, uncouth and rude,  
Murmur—in scorn—"I hope I don't intrude!"

Room, between CHARLES the fair and un-  
veracious,—

Martyr and liar, made comely by VANDYKE,—  
And CHARLES the hireling, callous and  
salacious?

Strange for the sturdy Huntingdonian tyke  
To stand between Court spaniel and sleek  
hound!

Surely that whirligig hath run full round!

Exhumed, cast out!—among our Kings set  
high!

(Which were the true dishonour NOLL  
might question.)

The sleek false STUARTS well might shrug  
and sigh

Make room—for *him*? A monstrous, mad  
suggestion!

O Right Divine, most picturesque quaint  
craze,

How art thou fallen upon evil days!

What will White Rose fanatics say to this?  
Stuartomania will ye not come wailing;  
Or fill these aisles with one gregarious hiss  
Of angry scorn, one howl of bitter railing?  
To think that CHARLES the trickster, CHARLES  
the droll,  
Should thus be hob-a-nobbed by red-nosed  
NOLL!

Methinks I hear the black-a-vised one sneer  
"Ods bobs, Sire, this is what I've long  
expected!

If they had *him*, and not his statue, here  
Some other 'baubles' might be soon  
ejected.

Dark STRAFFORD—I mean SALISBURY—*might*  
loose  
More than his Veto, did he play the goose.

"He'd find perchance that Huntingdon was  
stronger

Than Leeds with all its Programmes. NOLL  
might vow

That Measure-murder should go on no  
longer;

And that Obstruction he would check and  
cow.

Which would disturb MACALLUM MORE's  
composure;

The Axe is yet more summary than the  
Closure!

"As for the Commons—both with the Rad  
'Rump'

And Tory 'Tail' alike he might deal  
tartly.

He'd have small mercy upon prig or pump;  
I wonder what he'd think of B-WL-s and

B-RTL-Y?  
Depend upon it, NOLL would purge the place  
Of much beside Sir HARRY and the Mace."

Your Majesties make room there—for a Man!

Yes, after several centuries of waiting,  
It seems that Smug Officialism's plan

A change from the next Session may be  
dating.

You tell us, genial HERBERT GLADSTONE,  
that you

May find the funds, next year, for CROM-  
WELL's Statue!

Room for a Big One! Well the STUART pair  
May gaze on that stout shape as on a  
spectre.

Subject for England's sculptors it is rare  
To find like that of England's Great Pro-  
tector;

And he with bigot folly is imbued,  
Who deems that CROMWELL's Statute *can*  
intrude!

## "OH, YOU WICKED STORY!"

(*Cry of the Cockney Street Child.*)

SPEAKING of our Neo-Neurotic and "Per-  
sonal" Novelists, JAMES PAYN says: "None  
of the authors of these works are story-  
tellers." No, not in his own honest, whole-  
some, stirring sense, certainly. But, like  
other naughty—and nasty-minded—children,  
they "tell stories" in their own way; "great  
big stories," too, and "tales out of school"  
into the bargain. Having, like the Needy  
Knife-grinder, no story (in the true sense) to  
tell, they tell—well, let us say, tara-diddles!  
Truth is stranger than even *their* fiction, but  
it is not always so "smart" or so "risky" as  
a loose, long-winded, flippant, cynical and  
personal literary "lie which is half a truth"  
in three sloppy, slangy, but "smart"—oh,  
yes, decidedly "smart"—volumes!

# LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART IX.—THE MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.

SCENE XVI.—The Chinese Drawing Room at Wyvern.

TIME—7.50. Lady CULVERIN is alone, glancing over a written list.

Lady Cantire (entering). Down already, ALBINA? I thought if I made haste I should get a quiet chat with you before anybody else came in. What is that paper? Oh, the list of couples for RUPERT. May I see? (As Lady CULVERIN surrenders it.) My dear, you're not going to inflict that mincing little PILLINER boy on poor MAISIE! That really won't do. At least let her have somebody she's used to. Why not Captain THICKNESSE? He's an old friend, and she's not seen him for months. I must alter that, if you've no objection. (She does.) And then you've given my poor Poet to that SPELWANE girl! Now, why?

Lady Culverin. I thought she wouldn't mind putting up with him just for one evening.

Lady Cant. Wouldn't mind! Putting up with him! And is that how you speak of a celebrity when you are so fortunate as to have one to entertain? Really, ALBINA!

Lady Culv. But, my dear ROHESIA, you must allow that, whatever his talents may be, he is not—well, not quite one of Us. Now, is he?

Lady Cant. (blandly). My dear, I never heard he had any connection with the manufacture of chemical manures, in which your worthy Papa so greatly distinguished himself—if that is what you mean.

Lady Culv. (with some increase of colour). That is not what I meant, ROHESIA—as you know perfectly well. And I do say that this Mr. SPURRELL's manner is most objectionable; when he's not obsequious, he's horribly familiar!

Lady Cant. (sharply). I have not observed it. He strikes me as well enough—for that class of person. And it is intellect, soul, all that kind of thing that I value. I look below the surface, and I find a great deal that is very original and charming in this young man. And surely, my dear, if I find myself able to associate with him, you need not be so fastidious! I consider him my protégé, and I won't have him slighted. He is far too good for VIVIEN SPELWANE!

Lady Culv. (with just a suspicion of malice). Perhaps, ROHESIA, you would like him to take you in?

Lady Cant. That, of course, is quite out of the question. I see you have given me the Bishop—he's a poor, dry stick of a man—never forgets he was the Headmaster of Swisham—but he's always glad to meet me. I freshen him up so.

Lady Culv. I really don't know whom I can give Mr. SPURRELL. There's RHODA COKAYNE, but she's not poetical, and she'll get on much better with ARCHIE BEARPARK. Oh, I forgot Mrs. BROOKE-CHATTERIS—she's sure to talk, at all events.

Lady Cant. (as she corrects the list). A lively, agreeable woman—she'll amuse him. Now you can give RUPERT the list.

[Sir RUPERT and various members of the house-party appear one by one; Lord and Lady LULLINGTON, the Bishop of BIRCHESTER and Mrs. RODNEY, and Mr. and Mrs. EARWAKER, and Mr. SHORTHORN are announced at intervals; salutations, recognitions, and commonplaces are exchanged.]

Lady Cant. (later—to the Bishop, genially). Ah, my dear Dr. RODNEY, you and I haven't met since we had our great battle about—now, was it the necessity of throwing open the Public Schools to the lower classes—for whom of course they were originally intended—or was it the failure of the Church to reach the Working Man? I really forget.

The Bishop (who has a holy horror of the Countess). I—ah—fear I cannot charge my memory so precisely, my dear Lady CANTIRE. We—ah—differ unfortunately on so many subjects. I trust, however, we may—ah—agree to suspend hostilities on this occasion?

Lady Cant. (with even more bonhomie). Don't be too sure of that, Bishop. I've several crows to pluck with you, and we are to go in to dinner together, you know!

The Bishop. Indeed? I had no conception that such a pleasure was in store for me! (To himself.) This must be the penance for breaking my rule of never dining out on Saturday! Severe—but merited!

Lady Cant. I wonder, Bishop, if you have seen this wonderful volume of poetry that everyone is talking about—*Andromeda*?

The Bishop (conscientiously). I chanced only this morning, by way of momentary relaxation, to take up a journal containing a notice of that work, with copious extracts. The impression left on my mind was—ah—unfavourable; a certain talent, no doubt, some felicity of expression, but a noticeable lack of the—ah—reticence, the discipline, the—scholarly touch which a training at one of our great Public Schools (I forbear to particularise), and at a University, can alone impart. I was also pained to observe a crude discontent with the existing Social System—a system which, if not absolutely perfect, cannot be upset or even modified without the gravest danger. But I was still more distressed to note in several passages a decided taint of the morbid sensuousness which renders so much of our modern literature sickly and unwholesome.

Lady Cant. All prejudice, my dear Bishop; why, you haven't even read the book! However, the author is staying here now, and I feel convinced that if you only knew him, you'd alter your opinion. Such an unassuming, inoffensive creature! There, he's just come in. I'll call him over here. . . . Goodness, why does he shuffle along in that way!

Spurrell (meeting Sir RUPERT). Hope I've kept nobody waiting for me, Sir RUPERT. (Confidentially.) I'd rather alter your opinion. Such an unassuming, inoffensive creature! There, he's just come in. I'll call him over here. . . . Goodness, why does he shuffle along in that way!

[He passes on, leaving his host speechless.]

Lady Cant. That's right, Mr. SPURRELL. Come here, and let me present you to the Bishop of BIRCHESTER. The Bishop has just been telling me he considers your *Andromeda* sickly, or unhealthy, or something. I'm sure you'll be able to convince him it's nothing of the sort.

[She leaves him with the Bishop, who is visibly annoyed.]

Spurr. (to himself, overawed). Oh, Lor! Wish I knew the right way to talk to a Bishop. Can't call him nothing—so doosid familiar. (Aloud.) *Andromeda* sickly, your—(tentatively)—your Right Reverence? Not a bit of it—sound as a roach!

The Bishop. If I had thought my—ah—criticisms were to be repeated—I might say misrepresented, as the Countess has thought proper to do. Mr. SPURRELL, I should not have ventured to make them. At the same time, you must be conscious yourself, I think, of certain blemishes which would justify the terms I employed.

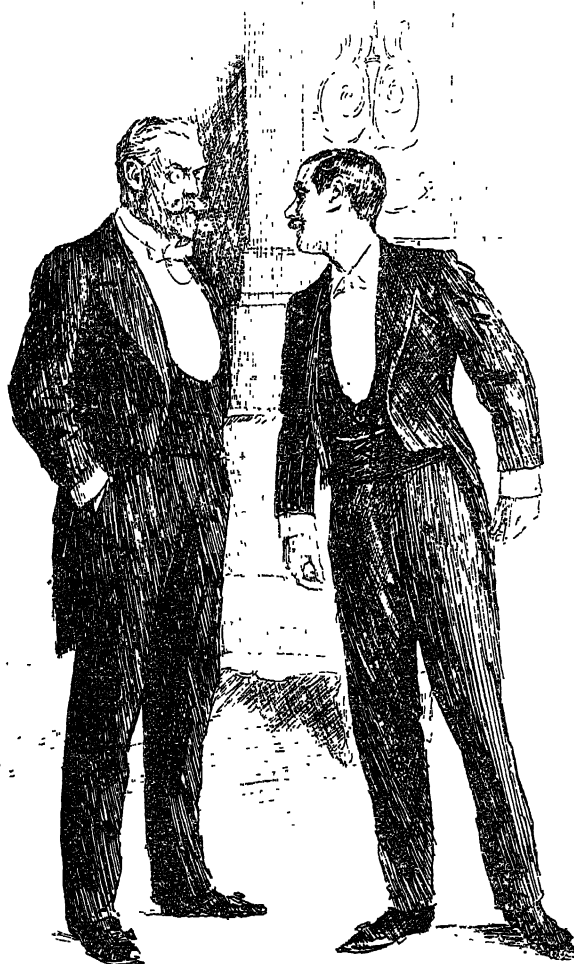
Spurr. I never saw any in *Andromeda* myself, your—your Holiness. You're the first to find a fault in her. I don't say there mayn't be something dicky about the setting and the turn of the tail, but that's a trifle.

The Bishop. I did not refer to the setting of the tale, and the portions I object to are scarcely trifles. But pardon me if I prefer to end a discussion that is somewhat unprofitable. (To himself, as he turns on his heel.) A most arrogant, self-satisfied, and conceited young man—a truly lamentable product of this half-educated age!

Spurr. (to himself). Well, he may be a dab at dogmas—he don't know much about dogs. Drummy's got a constitution worth a dozen of his!

Lady Culv. (approaching him). Oh, Mr. SPURRELL, Lord LULLINGTON wishes to know you. If you will come with me. (To herself, as she leads him up to Lord L.) I do wish ROHESIA wouldn't force me to do this sort of thing!

[She presents him.]



*Lord Lullington (to himself).* I suppose I ought to know all about his novel, or whatever it is he's done. (*Aloud, with courtliness.*) Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. SPURRELL; you've—ah—delighted the world by your *Andromeda*. When are we to look for your next production? Soon, I hope.

*Spurr. (to himself).* He's after a pup now! Never met such a doggy lot in my life! (*Aloud.*) Er—well, my lord, I've promised so many as it is, that I hardly see my way to—

*Lord Lull. (paternally).* Take my advice, my dear young man, leave yourself as free as possible. Expect you to give us your best, you know.

*Spurr. (to himself).* Give it! He won't get it under a five-pound note, I can tell him. (*He makes his way to Miss SPELWANE.*) I say, what do you think the old Bishop's been up to? Pitching into *Andromeda* like the very dooce—says she's sickly!

*Miss Spelwane (to herself).* He brings his literary disappointments to me, not MAISIE! (*Aloud, with the sweetest sympathy.*) How dreadfully unjust! Oh, I've dropped my fan—no, pray don't trouble; I can pick it up. My arms are so long, you know—like a kangaroo's—no, what is that animal which has such long arms? You're so clever, you ought to know!

*Spurr.* I suppose you mean a gorilla?

*Miss Spelw.* How crushing of you! But you must go away now, or else you'll find nothing to say to me at dinner—you take me in, you know. I hope you feel privileged. I feel— But if I told you, I might make you too conceited!

*Spurr.* Oh, no, you wouldn't.

[*SIR RUPERT approaches with Mr. SHORTHORN.*]

*Sir Rupert. VIVIAN,* my dear, let me introduce Mr. SHORTHORN—Miss SPELWANE. (*To SPURRELL.*) Let me see—ha—yes, you take in Mrs. CHATTERIS. Don't know her? Come this way, and I'll find her for you.

[*He marches SPURRELL off.*]

*Mr. Shorthorn (to Miss SPELWANE).* Good thing getting this rain at last; a little more of this dry weather and we should have had no grass to speak of!

*Miss Spelw. (who has not quite recovered from her disappointment).* And now you will have some grass to speak of? How fortunate!

*Spurr. (as dinner is announced, to Lady MAISIE).* I say, Lady MAISIE, I've just been told I've got to take in a married lady. I don't know what to talk to her about. I should feel a lot more at home with you. Couldn't we manage it somehow?

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* What a fearful suggestion—but I simply daren't snub him! (*Aloud.*) I'm afraid, Mr. SPURRELL, we must both put up with the partners we have; most distressing, isn't it—but!

[*She gives a little shrug.*]

*Captain Thicknesse (immediately behind her, to himself).* Gad, that's pleasant! I knew I'd better have gone to Aldershot! (*Aloud.*) I've been told off to take you in, Lady MAISIE, not my fault, don't you know.

*Lady Maisie.* There's no need to be so apologetic about it. (*To herself.*) Oh, I hope he didn't hear what I said to that wretch.

*Capt. Thick.* Well, I rather thought there might be, perhaps.

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* He did hear it. If he's going to be so stupid as to misunderstand, I'm sure I shan't explain.

[*They take their place in the procession to the Dining Hall.*]

## RATIONAL DRESS.

(*A Reformer's Note to a Current Controversy.*)



OH, ungallant must be the man indeed Who calls "nine women out of ten" "knock-kneed"!

And he should not remain in peace for long,

Who says "the nether limbs of women" are "all wrong."

Such are the arguments designed to prove That Woman's ill-advised to make a move To mannish clothes. These arguments are such

As to be of the kind that prove too much. If Woman's limbs in truth unshapely grow, The present style of dress just makes them so!

QUEER QUERIES.—A QUESTION OF TERMS.—I am sometimes allowed, by the kindness of a warder, to see a newspaper, and I have just read that some scientific cove says that man's natural life is 105 years. Now is this true? I want to know, because I am in here for what the Judge called "the term of my natural life," and, if it is to last for 105 years, I consider I have been badly swindled. I say it quite respectfully, and I hope the Governor will allow the expression to pass. Please direct answers to Her Majesty's Prison, Princetown, Devon.—No. 67.

## IN THREE VOLUMES.

### VOLUME I.—Awakening.

AND so the work was done. BELINDA, after a year's hard writing, had completed her self-appointed task. *Douglas the Doomed One* had grown by degrees into its present proportions. First the initial volume was completed; then the second was finished; and now the third was ready for the printer's hands. But who should have it? Ah, there was the rub! BELINDA knew no publishers and had no influence. How could she get anyone to take the novel up? And yet, if she was to believe the *Author*, there was plenty of room for untried talent. According to that interesting periodical publishers were constantly on the look-out for undiscovered genius. Why should she not try the firm of Messrs. BINDING AND PRINT? She made up her mind. She set her face hard, and muttered, "Yes, they shall do it! *Douglas the Doomed One* shall appear with the assistance of Messrs. BINDING AND PRINT!" And when BELINDA made up her mind to do anything, not wild omnibus-horses would turn her from her purpose.



### VOLUME II.—Wide Awake.

MESSRS. BINDING AND PRINT had received their visitor with courtesy. They did not require to read *Douglas the Doomed One*. They had discovered that it was sufficiently long to make the regulation three volumes. That was all that was necessary. They would accept it. They would be happy to publish it.

"And about terms?" murmured BELINDA.

"Half profits," returned Mr. BINDING, with animation.

"When we have paid for the outlay we shall divide the residue," cried Mr. PRINT.

"And do you think I shall soon get a cheque?" asked the anxious authoress.

"Well, that is a question not easy to answer. You see, we usually spend any money we make in advertising. It does the work good in the long run, although at first it rather checks the profits."

BELINDA was satisfied, and took her departure.

"We must advertise *Douglas the Doomed One* in the *Skate-maker's Quarterly Magazine*," said Mr. BINDER.

"And in the *Crossing Sweeper's Annual*," replied Mr. PRINT. Then the two partners smiled at one another knowingly. They laughed as they remembered that of both the periodicals they had mentioned they were the proprietors.

### VOLUME III.—Fast Asleep.

THE poor patient at Slocum-on-Slush moaned. He had been practically awake for a month, and nothing could send him to sleep. The Doctor held his wrist, and as he felt the rapid beats of his pulse became graver and graver.

"And you have no friends, no relatives?"

"No. My only visitor was the man who brought that box of books from a metropolitan library."

"A box of books!" exclaimed the Doctor. "There may yet be time to save his life!"

The man of science rose abruptly, and approaching the casket containing the current literature of the day, roughly forced it open. He hurriedly inspected its contents. He turned over the volumes impatiently until he reached a set.

"The very thing!" he murmured. "If I can but get him to read this he will be saved." Then turning to his patient he continued, "You should peruse this novel. It is one that I recommend in cases such as yours."

"I am afraid I am past reading," returned the invalid. "However, I will do my best."

An hour later the Doctor (who had had to make some calls) returned and found that his patient was sleeping peacefully. The first volume of *Douglas the Doomed One* had the desired result.

"Excellent, excellent," murmured the medico. "It had the same effect upon another of my patients. The crisis is over! He will now recover like the other. Insomnia has been conquered for the second time by *Douglas the Doomed One*, and who now shall say that the three-volume novel of the amateur is not a means of spreading civilisation? It must be a mine of wealth to somebody."

And Messrs. BINDING AND PRINT, had they heard the Doctor's remark, would have agreed with him!

### All the Difference.

"THE SPEAKER then called Mr. LITTLE to order." Quite right in our wise and most vigilant warder. He calls us to order! Oh that, without fuss, The SPEAKER could only call Order to us!



## RES ANGUSTA DOMI.

(In a Children's Hospital.)

"MY PORE YABBIT'S DEAD!" "HOW SAD!" "DADDA KILLED MY PORE YABBIT IN BACK KITCHEN!" "OH DEAR!"  
 "I HAD TATERS WIV MY PORE YABBIT!"

## "A LITTLE TOO PREVIOUS!"

"I desire to submit that this is a very great question, which will have to be determined, but upon a very different ground from that of the salaries of the officers of the House of Lords. . . . If there is to be a contest between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, let us take it upon higher ground than this."—*Sir William Harcourt.*

THERE was a little urchin, and he had an old horse-pistol,  
 Which he rammed with powder damp and shots of lead, lead,  
 lead;

And he cried "I know not fear! I'll go stalking of the deer!"  
 For this little cove was slightly off his head, head, head.

This ambitious little lad was a Paddy and a Rad,  
 And himself he rather fancied as a shot, shot, shot;  
 And he held the rules of sport, and close season, and, in short,  
 The "regulation rubbish" was all rot, rot, rot.

He held a "bird" a thing to be potted on the wing,  
 Or perched upon a hedge, or up a tree, tree, tree;  
 And, says he, "If a foine stag I can add to my small bag,  
 A pistol or a Maxim will suit me, me, me!"

And so upon all fours he would crawl about the moors,  
 To the detriment of elbows, knees, and slack, slack, slack;  
 And he says, "What use a-talking? If I choose to call this 'stalk-  
 ing,'

And I bag my game, who's going to hould me back, back, back?"

Says he, "I scoff at raisons, and stale talk of toimes and saisons;  
 I'm game to shoot a fox, or spear a stag, stag, stag;  
 Nay, I'd net, or club, a salmon; your old rules of sport are gammon,  
 For wid me it's just a question of the bag, bag, bag!"

"There are omadhauns, I know, who would let a foine buck go  
 Just bekase 'twas out of toime, or they'd no gun, gun, gun;  
 But if oi can hit, and hurt, wid a pistol—or a squirt—  
 By jabers, it is all the better fun, fun, fun!"

So he scurryfanged around with his stomach on the ground  
 (For stalking seems of crawling a mere branch, branch, branch).  
 And he spied "a stag of ten," and he cried, "Hurroo! Now then,  
 I fancy I can hit him—in the haunch, haunch haunch!"

"Faix! I'll bag that foine Stag Royal, or at any rate oi'll troy all  
 The devices of a sportsman from the Oisle, Oisle, Oisle.  
 One who's used to shoot asprawl from behoid a hedge or wall,  
 At the risks of rock and heather well may smole, smole, smole!"

But our sportsman bold, though silly, by a stalwart Highland gillie,  
 Was right suddenly arrested ere he fired, fired, fired.—  
 "Hoots! If you'll excuse the hint, that old thing, with lock of  
 flint,  
 As a weapon for this sport can't be admired, mired, mired!"

"It will not bring down that quarry, your horse-pistol! Don't you  
 worry!  
 That Royal Stag we'll stalk, boy, in good time, time, time;  
 But to pop at it just now, and kick up an awful row,  
 Scare, and miss it were a folly, nay a crime, crime, crime!"

"Be you sure 'Our Party' will this fine quarry track and kill;  
 Our guns need not your poor toy blunderbuss, buss, buss.  
 This is not the time or place for a-following up this chase;  
 So just clear out and leave this game to us, us, us!"

## IN MEMORIAM.

[Baron MUNDY, the founder of the valuable Vienna Voluntary Sanitary Ambulance Society, mighty foe of disease and munificent dispenser of charity, shot himself on Thursday, August 23, on the banks of the Danube, at the advanced age of 72.]

GREAT sanitary leader and reformer,  
 Disease's scourge and potent pest-house stormer;  
 Successful foe of cholera aforetime,  
 Perfecter of field-ambulance in war-time;  
 Dispenser of a fortune in large charity;  
*Vale!* Such heroes are in sooth a rarity.  
 Alas, that you in death should shock Dame GRUNDY!  
 That we should sigh "*Sic transit gloria MUNDY!*"

A CLOTHES DIVISION (OF OPINION).—It is said that Woman cannot afford to alter her style of dress, since her limbs are "all wrong." Clear, therefore, that however much Woman's Wrongs need re-dressing, All-Wrong Women don't!





“A LITTLE TOO PREVIOUS!”

H-RO-HT. “NO, NO, MY LAD! THAT WON’T HURT HIM! YOU MUST LEAVE HIM TO US!”





Q. E. D.

"WHAT'S UP WI' SAL?" "AIN'T YER ERD? SHE'S MARRIED AGIN!"

### "AUXILIARY ASSISTANCE" IN THE PROVINCES.

(A Tragedy-Farce in several painful Scenes, with many unpleasant Situations.)

LOCALITY—The Interior of Country Place taken for the Shooting Season. Preparations for a feast in all directions. It is Six o' Clock, and the household are eagerly waiting the appearance of MONTAGU MARMADUKE, the Auxiliary Butler, sent in by Contract. Enter MONTAGU MARMADUKE, in comic evening dress.

Master (looking at MONTAGU with an expression of disappointment on his face). What are you the man they have sent me?

Montagu. Yessir. And I answers to MONTAGU MARMADUKE, or some gentlemen prefers to call me by my real name BINKS.

Master. Oh, MONTAGU will do. I hope you know your duties?

Mon. Which I was in service, Sir, with Sir BARNABY JINKS, for twenty-six years, and—

Master. Very well, I daresay you will do. I suppose you know about the wine?

Mon. Yessir. In course. I've been a teetotaler ever since I left Sir BARNABY'S.

Master (retiring). And mind, do not murder the names of the guests. [Exit.

[The time goes on, and Company arrive.

MONTAGU ushers them upstairs, and announces them under various aliases. Sir

HENRY EISTERFODD is introduced as Sir HENRY EASTEREGG, &c., &c. After small talk, the guests find their way to the dining-room.

Mon. (to Principal Guest). Do you take sherry, claret, or 'ock, my Lady?

Principal Guest (interrupted in a conversation). Claret, please.

[MONTAGU promptly pours the required liquid on to the table-cloth.

Master. I must apologise, but our Butler, who is on trial, is very short-sighted.

P. Guest. Evidently.

[The wine is brought round; MONTAGU interrupting the conversation with his hospitable suggestions, and pouring claret into champagne glasses, and champagne into sherries.

Nervous Guest (in an undertone to MONTAGU). Do you think you could get me, by-and-by, a piece of bread?

Mon. Bread, Sir, yessir! (In stentorian tones.) Here, NISBET, bring this gent some bread!

[The unfortunate guest, who is overcome with confusion at having attracted so much attention, is waited upon by NISBET.

Master (savagely). Can't you go about more quietly?

Mon. (hurt). Certainly, Sir. When I was with Sir BARNABY— (Disappears murmuring to himself, and returns with entrée, which he lets fall on dress of Principal Guest). Beg pardon, my Lady, but it was my stud, which would come undone. Very sorry, indeed, Mum, but if you will allow me— [Produces a soiled dinner-napkin with a flourish.

P. Guest (in much alarm). No thanks! [General commiseration, and, a little later, disappearance of ladies. After this, MONTAGU does not reappear except to call obtrusively for carriages, and tout for tips.

P. Guest (on bidding her host good-night). I can assure you my gown was not injured in the least. I am quite sure it was only an accident.

Master (bowing). You are most kind. (With great severity.) As a matter of fact, the man only came to us this afternoon; but, after what has happened, he shall not remain in my service another hour! I shall dismiss him to-night!

[Exit Principal Guest. Master pays MONTAGU the agreed fee for his services for the evening. Curtain.

### TO A PHILANTHROPIST.

You ask me, Madam, if by chance we meet,  
For money just to keep upon its feet  
That hospital, that school, or that retreat,  
That home.

I help that hospital? My doctor's fee  
Absorbs too much. Alas! I cannot be  
An inmate there myself; he comes to me  
At home.

Do not suppose I have too close a fist.  
Rent, rates, bills, taxes, make a fearful list;  
I should be homeless if I did assist  
That home.

I must—it is my impecunious lot—  
Economise the little I have got;  
So if I see you coming I am "not  
At home."

My clothes are shabby. How I should be  
dunned  
By tailor, hatter, hosier, whom I've shunned,  
If I supported that school clothing fund,  
That home!

I'd help if folks wore nothing but their skins;  
This hat, this coat, at which the street-boy  
grins,  
Remind me still that "Charity begins  
At home."

### Kiss versus Kiss.

ON the cold cannon's mouth the Kiss of Peace  
Should fall like flowers, and bid its bellow-  
ings cease!—

But ah! that Kiss of Peace seems very far  
From being as strong as the Hotchkiss of War!



### QUALIFIED ADMIRATION.

*Country Vicar.* "WELL, JOHN, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF LONDON?"

*Yokel.* "LOR' BLESS YER, SIR, IT 'LL BE A FINE PLACE WHEN IT'S FINISHED!"

### PAGE FROM "ROSEBERY'S HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH."

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to the Gentleman who will have to design "that statue.")

"You really must join the Army," said the stern old Puritan to the Lord Protector. "The fate of this fair realm of England depends upon the promptness with which you assume command."

OLIVER CROMWELL paused. He had laid aside his buff doublet, and had donned a coat of a thinner material. His sword also was gone, and hanging by his side was a pair of double spy-glasses—new in those days—new in very deed.

"I cannot go," cried the Lord Protector at last, "it would be too great a sacrifice."

"You said not that," pursued IRETON—for it was he—"when you called upon CHARLES to lose his head."

"But in this case, good sooth, I would wish a head to be won, or the victory to be by a head;" and then the Uncrowned King laughed long and heartily, as was his wont when some jest tickled him.

"This is no matter for merriment," exclaimed IRETON sternly. "OLIVER, you are playing the fool. You are sacrificing for pleasure, business, duty."

"Well, I cannot help it," was the response. "But mind you, IRETON, it shall be the last time."

"What is it that attracts you so strongly? What is the pleasure that lures you away from the path of duty?"

"I will tell you, and then you will pity,

perchance forgive me. To-day my horse runs at Epsom. With luck his chance is a certainty. So farewell." Then the two old friends grasped hands and parted. One went to fight on the blood-stained field of battle, and the other to see the race for the Derby.

### ON A CLUMSY CRICKETER.

AT TIMBERTOES his Captain rails  
As one in doleful dumps;  
Oft given "leg before"—the balls,  
Not bat before—the stumps.  
The Genevese Professor YUNG  
Believes the time approaches  
When man will lose his legs, ill-slung,  
Through trams, cars, cabs, and coaches;  
Or that those nether limbs will be  
The merest of survivals.  
The thought fills TIMBERTOES with glee,  
No more he'll fear his rivals.  
"Without these bulky, blundering pegs  
I shall not fail to score,  
For if a man has got no legs,  
He *can't* get 'leg-before.'"

### SITTING ON OUR SENATE.

SIR,—It struck me that the best and simplest way of finding out what were the intentions of the Government with regard to the veto of the Peers was to write and ask each individual Member his opinion on the subject. Accordingly I have done so, and it seems to me that there is a vast amount of significance in the nature of the replies I have received, to anyone capable of reading between the lines; or, as most of the communications only extended to a single line, let us say to anyone capable of reading beyond the full-stop. Lord ROSEBERY'S Secretary, for example, writes that "the Prime Minister is at present out of town"—at present, you see, but obviously on the point of coming back, in order to grapple with my letter and the question generally. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, his Secretary, writes, "is at Wiesbaden, but upon his return your communication will no doubt receive his attention"—receive his attention, an ominous phrase for the Peers, who seem hardly to realise that between them and ruin there is only the distance from Wiesbaden to Downing Street. Then Mr. MORLEY "sees no reason to alter his published opinion on the subject"—alter, how readily, by the prefixing of a single letter, that word becomes *halter*! I was unable to effect personal service of my letter on the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, possibly because I called at his chambers during the Long Vacation; but the fact that a card should have been attached to his door bearing the words "Back at 2 P.M." surely indicates that Sir JOHN RIGBY will back up his leaders in any approaching attack on the fortress of feudalism! Then surely the circumstance that the other Ministers to whom my letters were addressed *have not as yet sent any answer* shows how seriously they regard the situation, and how disinclined they are to commit themselves to a too hasty reply! In fact, the outlook for the House of Lords, judging from these Ministerial communications, is decidedly gloomy, and I am inclined to think that an Autumn Session devoted to abolishing it is a most probable eventuality.

Yours, FUSSEY-CUSS EXPECTANS.

SIR,—The real way of dealing with the Lords is as follows. The next time that they want to meet, cut off their gas and water! Tell the butcher and baker *not* to call at the House for orders, and dismiss the charwomen who dust their bloated benches. If *this* doesn't bring them to reason, nothing will.

HIGH-MINDED DEMOCRAT.

## IN PRAISE OF BOYS.

(By an "Old One.")

["A Mother of Boys," angry with Mr. JAMES PAYN for his dealings with "that barbarous race," suggests that as an *amendable* honorable he should write a book in praise of boys.]

In praise of boys? In praise of boys?

Who mess the house, and make a noise, And break the peace, and smash their toys, And dissipate domestic joys, Do everything that most annoys,

The BOBS and BILLYS, RALPHS and ROYS?—

Just as well praise a hurricane, The buzzing fly on the window-pane, [pig!

An earthquake or a rooting No, young or old, or small or big, [scourge,

A boy's a pest, a plague, a A dread domestic demiurge Who brings the home to chaos' verge.

The *only* reason I can see For praising him is—well, that he, [tum ran— As WORDSWORTH—so his declared, is "father to the man."

And even then the better plan Would be that he, calm, sober, sage, [age!

Were—born at true paternal Did all boys start at twenty-five

I were the happiest "Boy" alive!



## A LITTLE "NEW WOMAN."

He. "WHAT A SHAME IT IS THAT MEN MAY ASK WOMEN TO MARRY THEM, AND WOMEN MAYN'T ASK MEN!"  
 She. "OH, WELL, YOU KNOW, I SUPPOSE THEY CAN ALWAYS GIVE A SORT OF HINT!"  
 He. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY A HINT?"  
 She. "WELL—THEY CAN ALWAYS SAY, 'OH, I DO LOVE YOU SO!'"

## THE PULLMAN CAR.

(AIR—"The Low-backed Car.")

I RATHER like that Car, Sir, 'Tis easy for a ride.

But gold galore May mean strife and gore, If 'tis stained with greed and pride. [lightful, Though its comforts are de- And its cushions made with taste, [me

There's a spectre sits beside That I'd gladly fly in haste— As I ride in the Pullman Car; And echoes of wrath and war, And of Labour's mad cheers, Seem to sound in my ears As I ride in the Pullman Car!

QUEER QUERIES.—"SCIENCE FALSELY SO CALLED."—What is this talk at the British Association about a "new gas"? Isn't the old good enough? My connection as a shareholder—with one of our leading gas companies, enables me to state authoritatively that no new gas is required by the public. I am surprised that a nobleman like Lord RAYLEIGH should even attempt to make such a thoroughly useless, and, indeed, revolutionary discovery. It is enough to turn anyone into a democrat at once. And what was Lord SALISBURY, as a Conservative, doing, in allowing such a subject to be mooted at Oxford? Why did he not at once turn the new gas off at the meter? INDIGNANT.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FROM HENRY SOTHERAN & Co. (so a worthy Baronite reports) comes a second edition of *Game Birds and Shooting Sketches*, by JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS. Every sportsman who is something more than a mere bird-killer



ought to buy this beautiful book. Mr. MILLAIS' drawings are wonderfully delicate, and, so far as I can judge, remarkably accurate. He has a fine touch for plumage, and renders with extraordinary success the bold and resolute bearing of the British game-bird in the privacy of his own peculiar haunts. I am glad the public have shown themselves sufficiently appreciative to warrant Mr. MILLAIS in putting forth a second edition of a book which is the beautiful and artistic result of very many days of patient and careful observation. By the way, there is an illustration of a Blackcock Tournament, which is, for knock-about primitive humour, as good as a pantomime rally. One more by-the-way. Are we in future to spell Capercailzie with an extra l in place of the z, as Mr. MILLAIS spells it? Surely it is rather wanton thus to annihilate the pride of the sportsman who knew what was what, and who never pronounced the z. If you take away the z you take away all merit from him. Perhaps Mr. MILLAIS will consider the matter in his third edition. THE BARON DE B.-W.

## WET-WILLOW.

A SONG OF A SLOPPY SEASON.

(By a Washed-Out Willow-Wielder.)

AIR—"Titwillow."

In the dull, damp pavilion a popular "Bat" Sang "Willow, wet-willow, wet-willow!" And I said "Oh! great slogger, pray what are you at,

Singing 'Willow, wet-willow, wet-willow'? Is it lowness of average, batsman," I cried; "Or a bad 'brace of ducks' that has lowered your pride?"

With a low-muttered swear-word or two he replied, "Oh willow, wet-willow, wet-willow!"

He said "In the mud one can't score, anyhow, Singing willow, wet-willow, wet-willow! The people are raising a deuce of a row,

Oh willow, wet-willow, wet-willow! I've been waiting all day in these flannels—they're damp!"

The spectators impatiently shout, shriek, and stamp, [Gamp, But a batsman, you see, cannot play with a Oh willow, wet-willow, wet-willow!

"Now I feel just as sure as I am that my name Isn't willow, wet-willow, wet-willow, The people will swear that I don't play the game,

Oh willow, wet-willow, wet-willow! My spirits are low and my scores are not high,

But day after day we've soaked turf and grey sky, [Get dry, And I shan't have a chance till the wickets Oh willow, wet-willow, wet-willow!!!"

## INVALIDED!

Deplorable Result of the Forecast of Aug. 23 on the "D. G." Weather Girl.



FORECAST.—Fair, warmer. WARNINGS.—None issued. ACTUAL WEATHER.—Raining cats and dogs. MORAL.—Wear a mackintosh over your classical costume.

## A Question of "Rank."

"His Majesty King Grouse, noblest of game!" So toasted Host. Replied the Guest, with dryness,—

"I think that in *this* house the fitter name Would be His Royal Highness!"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, August 20.*—ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight) is the CASABIANCA of Front Opposition Bench. All but he have fled. Now his opportunity; will show jealous colleagues, watchful House, and interested country, how a party should be led. Had an innings on Saturday, when, in favourite character of Dompter of British and other Lions, he worried Under Secretaries for Foreign Affairs and the Colonies. Didn't get much out of them. In fact what happened seems to confirm quaint theory SARK advances.

Says he believes those two astute young men, EDWARD GREY and SYDNEY BUXTON, "control" the Sheffield Knight. They are active and ambitious. Still only juniors. Moreover, things are managed so well both at Foreign Office and Colonial Office that they have no opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The regular representatives on the Front Opposition Bench of Foreign Affairs and Colonies say nothing; patriotically acquiescent in management of concerns in respect of which it is the high tradition of English statesmanship that the political game shall not be played. In such circumstances no opening for able young men. But, suppose they could induce some blatant, irresponsible person, persistently to put groundless questions, and make insinuations derogatory to the character of British statesmen at home and British officials abroad? Then they step in, and, amid applause on both sides of House, knock over the intruder. Sort of game of House of Commons nine-pins. Nine-pin doesn't care so that it's noticed; admirable practice for young Parliamentary Hands.

This is SARK's suggestion of explanation of phenomenon. Fancy much simpler one might be found. To-night BARTLETT-ELLIS in better luck. Turns upon ATTORNEY-GENERAL; darkly hints that escape of JABEZ was a put-up job, of which Law Officers of the Crown might, an' they would, disclose some interesting particulars. RIGBY, who, when he bends his step towards House of Commons, seems to leave all his shrewdness and knowledge of the world in his chambers, rose to the fly; played BASHMEAD-BARTLETT's obvious game by getting angry, and delivering long speech whilst progress of votes, hitherto going on swimmingly, was arrested for fully an hour.

*Business done.*—Supply voted with both hands.

*Tuesday.*—A precious sight, one worthy of the painter's or sculptor's art, to see majestic figure of SQUIRE of MALWOOD standing between House of Lords and imminent destruction. Irish members and Radicals opposite have sworn to have blood of the Peers. SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE is taking the waters elsewhere. In his absence do the best we can. Sat up all last night, the Radicals trying to get at the Lords by the kitchen entrance; SQUIRE withstanding them till four o'clock in the morning. Began again to-night. Education Vote on, involving expenditure of six millions and welfare of innumerable children. Afterwards the Post Office Vote, upon which the Postmaster-General, ST. ARNOLD-LE-GRAND, endeavours to reply to HENNIKER-HEATON without betraying consciousness of bodily existence of such a person. These matters of great and abiding interest; but only few members present to discuss them. The rest waiting outside till the lists are cleared and battle rages once more round citadel of the Lords sullenly sentinelled by detachment from the Treasury Bench.

When engagement reopened SQUIRE gone for his holiday trip, postponed by the all-night sitting, JOHN MORLEY on guard. Breaks force of assault by protest that the time is inopportune. By-and-by the Lords shall be handed over to tender mercies of gentlemen below gangway. Not just now, and not in this particular way. CHIEF SECRETARY remembers famous case of absentee landlord not to be intimidated by the shooting of his agent. So Lords, he urges, not to be properly punished for throwing out Evicted Tenants Bill by having the salaries of the charwomen docked, and BLACK ROD turned out to beg his bread.

Radicals at least not to be denied satisfaction of division. Salaries of House of Lords staff secured for another year by narrow majority of 31. *Business done.*—Nearly all.



THE IMPERIAL SHEFFIELD NINE-PIN.  
Invaluable to Budding Statesmen.

*Wednesday.*—The SQUIRE of MALWOOD at last got off for his well-earned holiday. Carries with him consciousness of having done supremely well amid difficulties of peculiar complication. As JOSEPH in flush of unexpected and still unexplained frankness testified, the Session will in its accomplished work beat the record of any in modern times. The SQUIRE been admirably backed by a rare team of colleagues; but in House of Commons everything depends on the Leader. Had the Session been a failure, upon his head would have fallen obloquy. As it has been a success, his be the praise.

"Well, good bye," said JOHN MORLEY, tears standing in his tender eyes as he wrung the hand of the almost Lost Leader. "But you know it's not all over yet. There's the Appropriation Bill. What shall we do if WEIR comes up on Second Reading?"

"Oh, dam WEIR," said the SQUIRE.

JOHN MORLEY inexpressibly shocked. For a moment thought a usually equable temper had been ruffled by the almost continuous work of twenty months, culminating in an all-night sitting. On reflection he saw that the SQUIRE was merely adapting an engineering phrase, describing a proceeding common enough on river courses. The only point on which remark open to criticism is that it is tautological.

*Business done.*—Appropriation Bill brought in.

*Thursday.*—GEORGE NEWNES looked in just now; much the same as ever; the same preoccupied, almost pensive look; a mind weighed down by ever-multiplying circulation. Troubled with consideration

of proposal made to him to publish special edition of *Strand Magazine* in tongue understood of the majority of the peoples of India. Has conquered the English-speaking race from Chatham to Chattanooga, from Southampton to Sydney. Now lo! the poor Indian brings his annas, and begs a boon.

Meanwhile one of the candidates for vacant Poet Laureateship has broken out into elegiac verse. "NEWNES," he exclaims, "NEWNES, noble hearted, shine, for ever shine;

Though not of royal, yet of hal-  
lowed line."

That sort of thing would make some men vain. There is no couplet to parallel it since the famous one written by POPE on a place frequented by a Sovereign whose death is notorious, a place where

Great ANNA, whom three realms  
obey, [sometimes take and  
Did sometimes counsel tea and

The poet, whose volume bears the proudly humble pseudonym "A Village Peasant," should look in at the House of Commons and continue his studies. There are a good many of us here worth a poet's attention. SARK says the thing is easy enough. "Toss 'em off in no time," says he. "There's the SQUIRE now, who has not lately referred to his Plantagenet parentage. Apostrophising him in Committee on Evicted Tenants Bill one might have said:—

SQUIRE, noble hearted, shine, for ever shine;  
Though not of halloved yet of royal line."

*Business done.*—Appropriation Bill read second time. WEIR turned up. Sir WILFRID LAWSON and others said "Dam."

*Saturday.*—Appropriation Bill read third time this morning. Prorogation served with five o'clock tea.

"Parleyment!" said one of the House of Commons waiters loitering at the gateway of Palace Yard and replying to inquiring visitor from the country. "Parleyment's horrf." So am I.

*Business done.*—All.

## TO DOROTHY.


(My Four-year-old Sweetheart.)

To make sweet hay I was amazed to find  
You absolutely did not know the way,  
Though when you did, it seemed much to your mind  
To make sweet hay.

We wandered out. It was a perfect day.  
I asked if I might teach you. You were kind  
Enough to answer, "Why, of course, you may."  
I kissed your pretty face with hay entwined,  
We made sweet hay. But what will Mother say  
If in a dozen years we're still inclined  
To make sweet hay?

## IS THE BAR A PROFITABLE PROFESSION?

(A Query to be answered during the Long Vacation.)



I AM always reluctant to obtrude my personality upon the British Public. All the world know my address in the Temple, and so long as my learned friends who act as intermediaries between myself and the litigation-loving public bear me in mind, I require no further advertisement. However, I cannot close my eyes to Duty, and Duty points to the pages of a paper that may be aptly called the organ of the Bench, the Jury, and the Bar. I feel compelled to publish the following short story in the columns of that organ as a proof of the degeneracy of the profession to which I have the honour to belong. I shall be only too pleased if my Spartan-like conduct proves of benefit to my fellow-counsel. I write in their service, and without an eye—yes, I venture to say half an eye—to the main chance. My narrative will prove that ignorance, and, if I may be permitted to say so, unpardonable ignorance exists at the

Law Courts. I have kept silent until the Long Vacation has commenced. My reason for this reticence is not difficult to discover. Had I taken the public into my confidence at an earlier date, it would be obvious that I might have suffered in professional status. Now that the Long Vacation has been reached, there is ample time for the process known as "living it down." But I will not anticipate.

I must confess that I was not a little pleased the other day to learn from my excellent clerk, PORTINGTON, that a representative of the firm of CLOGS, JUDAS, AND FRIARS, were anxious to see me on a matter of business.

"Have I had them as clients before?" I asked my worthy assistant.

"Oh, no, Sir," returned PORTINGTON. "You see, for the last five years you have only had—"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, for my excellent clerk is sometimes inclined to become a trifle prosy. "I will see him at once. Is he in my room?"

"Well, no, Sir; as you said that Mr. INKERTON might use it for the soda-water cases, I thought it would be better to show him into Mr. BLOCK's room. You see, Sir, it is tidier than your room; for since we have had the lawn-tennis nets—"

But here I again interrupted my worthy assistant, who, I am forced to admit, is sometimes a trifle discursive. I interrupted him, and, entering BLOCK's room, made the acquaintance of my new client.

"I think, Sir," said my visitor, "that you are of opinion that there is no custom concerning the dismissal of office messengers?"

I never like to commit myself without referring to my books, so I was silent for a moment.

"At least," continued my client, "you have not heard of any?"

"Well, no," I returned; "so far as my experience goes, I have not come across the custom."

"That's quite enough for us, Sir. If you will swear that, we shall want nothing further."

Rather to my disgust my visitor suddenly placed a *subpœna* in my hand, and told me that the case would most likely be in the list on the following day. Annoyed at his brusqueness I told him I had been ready to accept him gratuitously as a client. I added that as I now found I was only in request as a witness I should require a guinea.

"Oh, of course," said my visitor, producing the cash. "We looked you out, and your name is in the *Law List*; and I see, too, you have painted it on the door of Mr. BLOCK's chambers."

Disdaining to smile at what I considered to be rather a clumsy attempt at *plaisanterie*, I bowed, and rang the bell.

"Perhaps we had better have your private address, Sir," continued my visitor. "It would be safer, for then we could wire to you when it came on, and you would be sure to get our telegram."

"I am always here while the Courts are sitting," I returned, in a tone of *hauteur*; "so you must please wire to me here."

"Just as you like, Sir."

And a few minutes later my clerk saw my visitor safely off the premises. I admit that I was slightly annoyed at the term "wire." It is true that his firm's name had not appeared—at any rate, recently—in my fee-book, but that was no reason why he should suggest that I was constantly absent from my chambers. I really pitied Messrs. CLOGS, JUDAS AND FRIARS for having a clerk with so little tact, and such a small stock of experience.

On the following morning, when I was standing at the door of the Carey Street Robing Room, considering whether I should assume my forensic costume, or enter the Court as a layman, I was accosted by the same individual, who told me "that we were third on the list."

"So you will be wanted almost at once, Sir," said he.

"Well, I shall be able to come," I replied, "as, strange to say, I have no business before their Lordships to-day."

"Chiefly chamber practice, I suppose, Sir?"

"Quite so," I returned, looking him steadily in the face. "I mean to-day."

I will not tell a wearisome story of how I had to hang about the Court until the interval for luncheon, and longer. I will hurry to the point when I entered the witness-box. To my surprise and secret satisfaction there was quite a stir when my name was called out. The Silks in the front row smiled, and my colleagues the juniors tittered. Even his Lordship looked up with an expression of pleasant anticipation. I was duly sworn, and gave my name.

"Now, Sir," said the Counsel for our side, "tell me. How long have you known anything about office messengers?"

I considered for a moment. As a Member of the Bar (although I had not been asked for my profession—no doubt that was sufficiently well known) I desired to set an example. I wished to show what a witness should be. I desired to appear as a model worthy of close and universal imitation.

"I have seen office messengers in offices for many years—as long as I can remember."

I spoke with absolute gravity. To my astonishment there was a titter which grew into a roar of laughter; even his Lordship found it difficult to control his cachinnation.

"Yes," said the counsel, when he had partially recovered his gravity. "But, tell me, do you know any custom in connection with their dismissal?"

Again I considered the matter for a few seconds, and made a second reply.

"No; I am unaware of any special custom in connection with their dismissal."

This time there was no titter. My answer was received at once with the wildest merriment. The Judge laughed as much as anyone, and the Usher had to wipe his head with his handkerchief, so greatly moved was he by his sense of the ridiculous.

My Counsel sat down convulsed, and had to conceal his face behind his brief.

"I really don't think," gasped out the judge, "that this witness need be cross-examined."

And I was not. As I returned to my seat amidst the smiles of everyone in Court, a reporter asked me for my Christian name. Before I could reply, one of my colleagues in wig and gown gave him what he supposed was the necessary information.

"But you are wrong," I whispered, and (with a view of crushing him) handed him my card.

"You don't say so," returned my learned friend; "why, we thought you were PANTO,—the chap you know, who writes as 'YORICK' for the *Serio-Comic Jester*."

And it had come to this! I had been taken, or rather mistaken, for a humorous contributor! And this after about a quarter of a century's service at the Bar! And yet there are those who say that the profession is *not* going to the dogs!

However, I must express my surprise at the conduct of the judge. It is not ten years since that I had the pleasure of holding a consent brief before him. And yet he had forgotten me! When the Bench is so forgetful, how can Silk and Stuff be expected to have better memories!

Pump-Handle Court, (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.  
September 1, 1894.

## "RHYMES."

WHATEVER the subject that people discuss,  
Theology, law, architectural playthings—  
St. Albans, for instance—there's ready for us  
A lover of knock-me-down language to say things.  
Lord GRIMTHORPE will instantly write to the *Times*.  
His last learned homilies treated of rhymes.

*Ne sutor*—Lord GRIMTHORPE could tell you the rest,  
Lord GRIMTHORPE could write you a letter about it,  
Lord GRIMTHORPE, decidedly wisest and best  
Of wise and good teachers, no person could doubt it;  
Since, be what it may, he will write to the *Times*,  
Church, chancery, chapels, chants, chamfers or chimes.

*Ne sutor*—the limit should never be past  
But where is the limit? He tackles each squabblor.  
We see each new letter, but never the last;  
All things need repair, and Lord G. is the cobbler.  
Cathedrals or canticles—still to the *Times*  
He writes, some might say, neither reasons nor rhymes.

MILITARY WORD OF COMMAND FOR THOSE WHO HAVE "FALLEN  
IN LOVE."—Fall out!



## SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

Bill. "WHAT ARE THESE CHAPS, JIM?"

Jim. "WHY, THEY'RE ALL HEARLS AND MARKESSES, THEY TELL ME, AS IS DOWN ON THEIR LUCK!"

Bill. "WELL, THEN, WOT'S THE GOOD OF THEIR MAKIN' NEW PEERS, WHEN ALL THESE POOR NOBLEMEN ARE OUT OF A JOB?"

## SILLY SEASONING.

THE era of newspaper controversy has once more begun, and the wail of the letter-writer is again heard in the land. The guileless reader may possibly imagine that the letters he reads so readily are so many brands plucked from the burning—in other words,



so many contributions snatched out of the Waste-Paper Basket. But *Mr. Punch* knows better; the letters are written where the controversy begins and ends—in the Newspaper Office. Why should 85, Fleet Street lag behind its neighbours in journalistic controversy? If the largest circulations have their leader-writers, has not *Mr. Punch* his "young men"? The following letters, therefore, it is frankly admitted, were written in Fleet Street. Please notice the careless grace with which "Peckham Rye" and the "Borough Road" are thrown in to give an air of "verisimilitude" to a bald and unconvincing narrative" as POOH BAH said. The subject of the correspondence gave some small amount of trouble. "Is Sleeping healthy?" was one suggestion; "Ought Husbands to kiss their Wives?"

another. Eventually "The Ethics of the Honeymoon" won by a narrow majority, after a close division. Of course it need hardly be said that the subject ought to be matrimonial. It's expected of you. The public look for it. They shall get it. Here are some of the letters:—

## THE ETHICS OF THE HONEYMOON.

DEAR SIR,—I desire in your valuable paper to draw attention to a question which I have been carefully considering for a great number of years: Are Honeymoons right? Man and boy I have been a bachelor these forty years, and as such have had peculiar and extensive opportunities for seeing that "most of the game" which is reserved for outsiders. As the result of my observation, I confidently assert that honeymoons are useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. They are useless in that the only people they profit are the hotel-keepers. They are dangerous to the happy pairs, who see enough of one another in a fortnight to imperil their happiness for a lifetime. Abolition is clearly the only remedy, and a Hyde Park Demonstration should settle the matter. Yours faithfully,

Peckham Rye.

Tom E. Rot.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—However can anyone ask such a foolish question as "Are Honeymoons right?" I shall never forget mine. It was one long dream. We spent the time in Switzerland and £300 in cash. We're still

paying interest on the money EDWIN borrowed to pay for it. But what of that? The time we spent was a poem, the recollection of it is a rapture. Though I should never be fortunate enough to spend another, I shall always rejoice in my first honeymoon.

Yours matrimonially,

ANGELINA MANDOLINE.

The Cosy Corner, Swiss Cottage.

SIR,—I object to honeymoons because those who take part in them are so unsociable. What greater disfigurement to a landscape than a lot of couples honeymooning about? The whole thing is such a farce, too—each would rather speak to some one else, both are afraid of offending one another. To prevent anyone thinking I say this because I've been bitten myself, I may add that my first honeymoon was such a success that next week I'm going to get married again, and take another. Yours, A WIDOWER.

1097, Borough Road, S.E.

## On a Heroine of our Day.

HER very naughtiness is droll,  
There's fun in her worst folly,  
In fact she's no Society Doll,  
But a Society "Dolly."  
On her the straightest-laced spectator  
Bestows his benediction,  
And owns her keen and skilled creator  
A Hope of English fiction.

### THE LAW OF THE (SOCIAL) JUNGLE.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has given us in his own inimitable way a sample of Jungle Law, which, as he says, is of "immense complexity." Now Society is also a Jungle, the Human Jungle. In it the *Bête-Humaine* congregates, for a variety of purposes. Its laws also are complex, and *wonderfully like those of the Wolves* as *Baloo* gave them in sing-song. For example:—

(For "Wolf" read "Worldling," for "Jungle" the "Social World.")

Now this is the Law of the Jungle—so ancient that no one asks "Why?"  
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must fly,  
As the cobweb that meshes the corners, the Law nets Society's track—  
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.

#### I.

"Tub" daily from head-crown to toe-tip;  
drink freely but seldom *too* deep;  
And remember the night is for larks, and forget not the day is for sleep.

#### II.

The Jackal may sponge on the Lion; but, Cub, when thy whiskers are grown,  
Remember the Wolf is a hunter—go forth and track prey of thine own.

#### III.

Keep peace with the Lords of the Jungle, the Hebrew, the Bobby, the Beak;  
And fool not with Elephant Law, which is given to squelching the weak.

#### IV.

When Pack crosses Pack in the jungle, and neither will budge from the trail,  
Lie down till the Lawyers have spoken, for tongue against tooth *may* prevail!

#### V.

When ye fight with a Wolf of the Pack, do not fight him alone or afar,  
Let others look on at the scrimmage, the Pack is amused by such war.

#### VI.

The House of the Wolf is his refuge, and where he has made him his home,  
If he is a Wolf of fair cunning, not e'en County Councils may come.

#### VII.

The House of the Wolf is his refuge, but let him shun odorous drain,  
Or the Council will send him a "Notice," and he'll have to "repair" it again.

#### VIII.

If ye hunt after midnight be careful, and block not the public highway.  
Lest ye draw the police from their gossips, and have Forty Shillings to pay.

#### IX.

Ye may kill female souls for your pleasure, may snare them the best way ye can,  
But mind you don't poach on preserves that belong to a wealthier man!

#### X.

If ye plunder his Kill from a weaker, don't put on *too* much "blooming side."  
Some deeds it is lawful to do, which, as being "bad form," you should hide.

#### XI.

The "form" of the Pack is the law of the Pack. It will pardon white lies,  
And a wriggle or two, but that Wolf's a gone coon who the Pack "form" defies.

#### XII.

The Kill of the Wolf is the meat of the Wolf. He may do what he will  
With his prey when he's hunted it down; but he shouldn't let pals *see* him kill.



### A "NEW WOMAN."

*The Vicar's Wife.* "AND HAVE YOU HAD GOOD SPORT, MISS GOLDENBERG?"  
*Miss G.* "OH, RIPPIN'! I ONLY SHOT ONE RABBIT, BUT I MANAGED TO INJURE QUITE A DOZEN MORE!"

#### XIII.

Cub-Right is the right of the Minor. For deeds of crass folly or shame  
He may put in the plea, "I'm an Infant!" and Law will acknowledge the same.

#### XIV.

Sale-Right is the right of the Mother. For all her she-cubs she may claim  
The right of free-market (or marriage), and none may deny her the same.

#### XV.

Law-Right is the right of the Male. He has made Jungle-law all his own,  
He is free of all voice of the Female; and judged by the he-wolves alone.

#### XVI.

Because of his age and his cunning, his grip and his power of jaw,  
In all that the Law leaveth open the word of King Mammon is Law.

*Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, to sway human Wolves where they swarm;  
But the head and the front of the Law, the beginning and end is—CONFORM!*

Wonderful, is it not, how little the Law of the Wolf requires modifying to make it the Law of the Worldling! The reason, perhaps, is that the average Worldling is so very much like a Wolf, especially in gregariousness and greed for prey!



## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

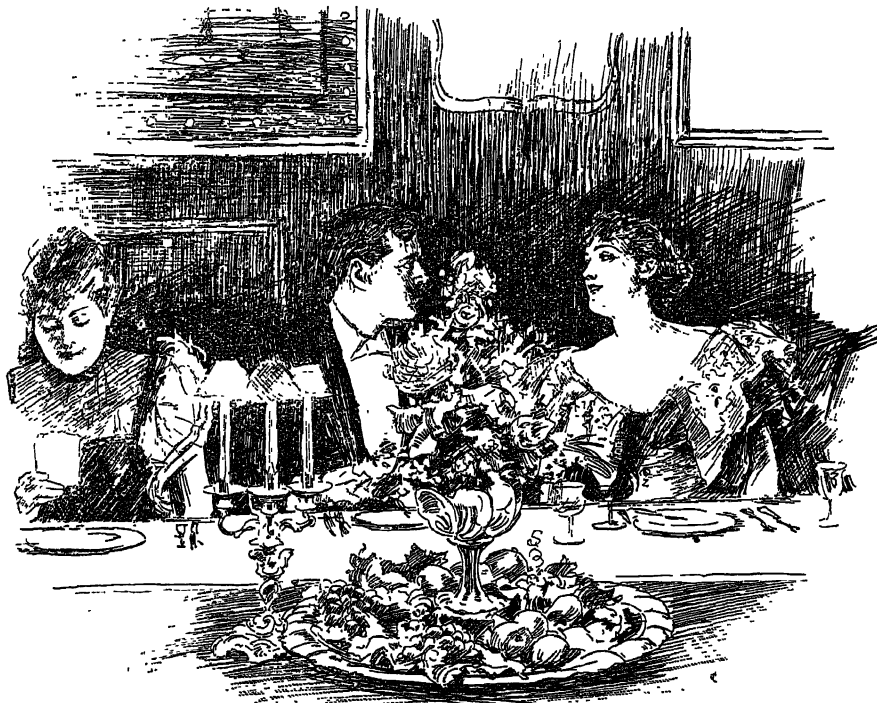
## PART X.—BORROWED PLUMES.

SCENE XVII.—UNDERSHELL'S Bedroom in the East Wing at Wyvern.  
TIME—About 9 P.M.*The Steward's Room Boy (knocking and entering).* Brought you up some 'ot water, Sir, case you'd like to clean up afore supper.*Undershell.* I presume evening dress is not indispensable in the Housekeeper's Room; but I can hardly make even the simplest toilet until you are good enough to bring up my portmanteau. Where is it?*Boy.* I never 'eard nothink of no porkmanteau, Sir!*Und.* You will hear a good deal about it, unless it is forthcoming at once. Just find out what's become of it—a new portmanteau, with a white star painted on it. [*The Boy retires, impressed; an interval.*]*Boy (re-appearing).* I managed to get a few words with THOMAS, our second footman, just as he was coming out of the 'All, and he sez the only porkmanteau with a white star was took up to the Verney Chamber, which THOMAS unpacked it himself.*Und.* Then tell THOMAS, with my compliments, that he will trouble himself to pack it again immediately.*Boy.* But THOMAS has to wait at table, and besides, he says as he laid out the dress things, and the gen'lman as is in the Verney Chamber is a wearin' of 'em now, Sir.*Und. (indignant).* But they're mine! Confound his impudence! Here, I'll write him a line at once. (*He scribbles a note*) Here, see that the gentleman of the Verney Chamber gets this at once, and bring me his answer.*Boy.* What! me go into the Dinin' 'All, with all the swells at table? I dursn't. I should get the sack from old TREDDY.*Und.* I don't care who takes it so long as it is taken. Tell THOMAS it's his mistake, and he must do what he can to put it right. Say I shall certainly complain if I don't get back my clothes and portmanteau. Get that note delivered, and I'll give you half-a-crown. (*To himself, as the Boy departs much against his will.*) So, not content with denying me a place at her table, this Lady CULVERIN allows her minions to clothe a more favoured guest at my expense! I'm hanged if I stand it

SCENE XVIII.—The Dining Hall. The table is oval; SPURRELL is placed between Lady RHODA COKAYNE and Mrs. BROOKE-CHATTERIS.

*Mrs. Chatteris (encouragingly, after they are seated).* Now, I shall expect you to be very brilliant and entertaining. I'll do all the listening for once in a way—though, generally, I can talk about all manner of silly things with anybody!*Spurrell (extremely ill at ease).* Oh—er—I should say you were equal to that. But I really can't think of anything to talk about.*Mrs. Chatt.* That's a bad beginning. I always find the menu cards such a good subject when there's anything at all out of the common about them. If they're ornamented, you can talk about them—though not for very long at a time, don't you think?*Spurr. (miserably).* I can't say how long I could go on about ornamented ones—but these are plain. (*To himself.*) I can hear this waistcoat going already; and we're only at the soup!*Mrs. Chatt.* It is a pity. Never mind; tell me about literary and artistic people. Do you know I'm rather glad I'm not literary or artistic myself—it seems to make people so queer-looking, somehow. Oh, of course I didn't mean you looked queer—but generally, you know. You've made quite a success with your *Andromeda*, haven't you? I only go by what I'm told—I don't read much myself. We

women have so many really serious matters to attend to—arranging about dinners, and visits, and trying on frocks, and then rushing about from party to party. I so seldom get a quiet moment. Ah, I knew I wanted to ask you something. Did you ever know anyone called Lady GRISOLINE?

*Spurr.* Lady—er—GRISOLINE? No; can't say I do. I know Lady MAISIE, that's all.*Mrs. Chatt.* Oh, and she was the original? Now, that is exciting! But I should hardly have recognised her—"lanky," you know, and "slanting green eyes." But I suppose you see everybody differently from other people? It's having so much imagination. I daresay I look green or something to you now—though really I'm not.*Spurr. (to himself).* I don't understand more than about half she's saying. (*Aloud.*) Oh, I don't see anything particularly green about you.*Mrs. Chatt. (only partially pleased).* I wonder if you meant that to be complimentary—no, you needn't explain. Now tell me, is there any news about the Laureateship? Who's going to get it? Will it be SWINBURNE or LEWIS MORRIS?*Spurr. (to himself).* Never heard of the stakes or the horses either. (*Aloud.*) Well, to tell you the truth, I haven't been following their form—too many of these small events nowadays.*Mrs. Chatt. (to herself).* It's quite amusing how jealous these poets are of one another! (*Aloud.*) Is it true they get a butt of sherry given them for it?*Spurr.* I've heard of winners getting a bottle or two of champagne in a bucket—not sherry. But a little stimulant won't hurt a crack when he comes in, provided it's not given him too soon; wait till he's got his wind and done blowing, you know.*Mrs. Chatt.* I'm taking that in. I know it's very witty and satirical, and I daresay I shall understand it in time.*Spurr.* Oh, it doesn't matter much if you don't. (*To himself.*) Pleasant kind of woman—but a perfect fool to talk to!*Mrs. Chatt. (to herself).* I've always heard that clever writers are rather stupid when you meet them—it's quite true.*Captain Thicknesse (to himself).* I should like her to see that I've got some imagination in me, though she does think me such an ass. (*Aloud, to Lady MAISIE.*) Jolly old hall this is, with the banners, and the gallery, and that—makes you fancy some of those old mediæval Johnnies in armour—knights, you know—comin' clankin' in and turnin' us all out.*Lady Maisie (to herself).* I do trust Mr. SPURRELL isn't saying something too dreadful. I'm sure I heard my name just now. (*Aloud, absently, to Capt. THICKNESSE.*) No, did you really? How amusing it must have been!*Capt. Thick. (aggrieved).* If you'd done me the honour of payin' any attention to what I was sayin', you'd have found out it *wasn't* amusin'.*Lady M. (starting).* Oh, *wasn't* it? I'm so sorry I missed it. I—I'm afraid I was thinking of something else. Do tell me again!*Capt. Thick. (still hurt).* No, I won't inflict it on you—not worth repeatin'. And I should only be takin' off your attention from a fellow that does know how to talk.*Lady M. (with a guiltiness which she tries to carry off under dignity).* I don't think I understand what you mean.*Capt. Thick.* Well, I couldn't help hearin' what you said to your poet-friend before we went in about having to put up with partners; and it isn't what you may call flattering to a fellow's feelin's, being put up with.*Lady M. (hotly).* It—it was not intended for you. You entirely misunderstood!

"It does seem to me such—well, such footle!"



*Capt. Thick.* Daresay I'm very dense; but, even to my comprehension, it's plain enough that the reason why you weren't listenin' to me just now was that the Poet had the luck to say somethin' that you found more interesting.

*Lady M.* You are quite wrong—it's too absurd; I never even met Mr. SPURRELL in my life till this afternoon. If you really must know, I heard him mention my name, and—and I wondered, naturally, what he could possibly be saying.

*Capt. Thick.* Somethin' very charmin' and poetical, I'm sure, and I'm makin' you lose it all. Apologise—shan't happen again.

*Lady M.* Please be sensible, and let us talk of something else. Are you staying here long?

*Capt. Thick.* You will be gratified to hear I leave for Aldershot to-morrow. Meant to have gone to-day. Sorry I didn't now.

*Lady M.* I think it was a thousand pities you didn't, as you seem to have stayed on purpose to be as stupid and unkind as you possibly can. [She turns to her other neighbour, Lord LULLINGTON.

*Mrs. Chatt.* (to Capt. THICKNESSE, who is on her other side). Oh, Captain THICKNESSE, what do you think Mr. SPURRELL has just told me? You remember those lines to Lady GRISOLINE that Mr. PILLINER made such fun of this morning? Well, they were meant for Lady MAISIE! They're quite old friends, it seems. So romantic! Wouldn't you like to know how they came to meet?

*Capt. Thick.* Can't say I'm particularly curious—no affair of mine, don't you know. (To himself.) And she told me they'd never met before! Sooner I get back the better. Only in the way here.

*Lady M.* (turning to him). Well, are you as determined to be disagreeable as ever? Oh, yes, I see you are!

*Capt. Thick.* I'm hurt, that's what it is, and I'm not clever at hiding my feelin's. Fact is, I've just been told somethin' that—well, it's no business of mine, only you might have been a little more frank with an old friend, instead of leavin' it to come through somebody else. These things always come out, you know.

*Lady M.* (to herself). That wretch has been talking! I knew he would! (Aloud.) I—I know I've been very foolish. If I was to tell you some time—

*Capt. Thick.* (hastily). Oh, no reason why you should tell me anything. Assure you, I—I'm not curious.

*Lady M.* In that case I shall certainly not trouble you. (To herself.) He may think just what he pleases, I don't care. But, oh, if Mr. SPURRELL dares to speak to me after this, I shall astonish him!

*Lady Rhoda* (to SPURRELL). I say—I am in a funk. Only just heard who I'm next to. I always do feel such a perfect fool when I've got to talk to a famous person—and you're frightfully famous, aren't you?

*Spurr.* (modestly). Oh, I don't know—I suppose I am, in a sort of way, through *Andromeda*. Seem to think so here, anyhow.

*Lady Rh.* Well, I'd better tell you at once, I'm no good at Poetry—can't make head or tail of it, some'ow. It does seem to me such—well, such footle. Awfully rude of me sayin' things like that!

*Spurr.* Is it? I'm just the same—wouldn't give a penny a yard for Poetry, myself!

*Lady Rh.* You wouldn't? I am glad. Such a let-off for me! I was afraid you'd want to talk of nothin' else, and the only things I can really talk about are horses and dogs, and that kind of thing.

*Spurr.* That's all right, then. All I don't know about dogs and horses you could put in a homoeopathic globule—and then it would rattle!

*Lady Rh.* Then you're just the man. Look here, I've an Airedale at home, and he's losin' all his coat and—

[They converse with animation.

*Spurr.* (later—to himself). I am getting on. I always knew I was made for Society. If only this coat was easier under the arms!

*Thomas* (behind him—in a discreet whisper). Beg your pardon, Sir, but I was requested to 'and you this note, and wait for an answer.

*Spurr.* (opening it, and reading). "Mr. GALFRID UNDERSHELL thinks that the gentleman who is occupying the Verney Chamber has, doubtless by inadvertence, put on Mr. UNDERSHELL's evening clothes. As he requires them immediately, he will be obliged by an early appointment being made, with a view to their return." (To himself.) Oh, Lor! Then it wasn't Sir RUPERT, after all! Just when I was beginning to enjoy my evening, too. What on earth am I to say to this chap? I can't take 'em all off here!

[He sits staring at the paper in blank dismay.

### The Wail of the Word-Spinner.

THERE is nothing new under the sun at all  
To your journalist penny-a-lining and shoppy.  
And how can a man be "original"

When his days (and his nights) are devoted to "copy"?  
No, no, his tired head will ne'er "knock at the stars,"  
Who is tied to the spinning of "leaders" and "pars."

### THE VOYAGE OF ALFRED.

[See Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN's article, entitled "That Damnable Country," in *Blackwood's Magazine*.]

"LAND, land!" cried ALFRED AUSTIN. "By my halidom, I spy land!"

Many weary leagues we've wandered since we left our native shores,

Seeking still through calm and tempest a remote and barren island,  
While we smote the sounding furrows of the ocean with our oars.

"Never wind availed to beat us; by the waters overweighted,

Or becalmed, with idle canvashang-  
ing loosely from the mast,

Yet we steered her or we rowed her  
with our courage unabated,

And, our labours past and over, we  
have come to land at last.

"Though the land be bleak and barren, though barbarians its dwellers,

Let us add this last achievement to the record of our deeds;

When the savage tribes come shout-  
ing as attackers and repellers,

We can win the men with clothing  
and the women-folk with beads.

"There be savages in India as in  
Tierra del Fuego;

There be savages in Zululand with shield and assegai;

We have tamed them, whether cannibals or fed on rice and sago—  
Shall a Briton ever flinch from such? No, by the Lord, not I!"

On the land he had discovered thus the Poet AUSTIN landed;  
MARCO POLO or COLUMBUS might have envied him the scene;

And in prose he has described it, in a language understood  
Of the people, and has printed it in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The scenery was beautiful, so lovely that it dazed him;

He thought their manners charming, and he rather liked their rain.

He did not find them savages, which seems to have amazed him;

And he tells us all to visit them again and yet again.

We thank you for the hints you give describing what you've seen  
there,

It really is amazing; but—(a whisper in your ear)

You're not the first discoverer, for some of us have been there,  
And shaken hands with Irish folk before the present year.

But in your precious article your wonder you exhaust in  
Describing how an Irishman can really be polite:

"Behold," you say, "the Irishman as patronised by AUSTIN;  
He is not black, though painted so—in fact he's rather white."

Don't patronise so much, dear A. I do not say you write ill;  
But oh that awful title, with its most offensive D—!

Devoutly do I hope, dear A., you'll find a better title,  
And write a wiser article when next you cross the sea.

=====

STUDIES FROM THE NEW-DE.—The rage for "New"-ness, which commenced with the New Humour, is extending to the theatres. *The New Boy* now has for a competitor *The New Woman*. What matters, so long as neither is a Nui-S'ance?

### "Finest English!"

"By their fruits ye shall know them," these vendors of peaches,  
Tomatoes, and cob-nuts, and currants and cherries;

But what we yet lack is the wisdom that teaches

Detection of fraudulent fruits, nuts, and berries,

Which come from abroad, to the Britisher's table,

All marked "Finest English!" that lying old label!

A Trade Mark is wanted—to badge these false brutes,

That BULL may not only know them but their fruits.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.—Cot-age (Infancy), Trot-age (Nursery Toddler), Hot-age (Youth), Shot-age (Sport), Knot-age (Matrimonial), "Pot"-age (Celebrity), and Dot-age (Senility).

THE REAL FALL OF MAN.—Falling in love!



## HOLIDAY CHARACTER STUDIES.

*Mrs. Stanley Bounderson (née Martha Fullalove, the Liverpool heiress). "WHAT WOULD DOADY DO, IF HIS LOVING LITTLE WIFEY DIDN'T CARRY HIS GREAT HEAVY WATERPROOF FOR HIM WHEN IT LEAVES OFF RAINING, AND HE WANTS TO SMOKE?"*

*Mr. Stanley Bounderson (alias Doady). "HE'D CARRY IT HIMSELF, I SUPPOSE!"*

*Jones, Q.C. (aside to Mrs. Jones). "YES; AND BE TWICE AS FOND OF HIS LITTLE WIFFY INTO THE BARGAIN, YOU BET!"*

*[Which is best, to love much, like Mrs. S. B., or be much loved, like Mrs. J. ?]*

## DON'T "COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"!

OR, THE SLEEPY SAGE AND THE BLAMEFUL ETHIOPIANS.

*A Sea-side Sketch in September.*

SCENE—A Sea-shore in holiday time. PRESENT—A Sleepy Sage in holiday attire.

*Sleepy Sage (soliloquises). "Here cease more questions," as my prototype Prospero says. Why, cert'nly! Here cease—for the time being—all questions, especially political ones, "burning" ones, as the perorating parrots of Party controversy—confound 'em!—call them. Question me no questions! Ask me no questions, and I'll give you no snubs.*

*"Thou art inclined to sleep,"*

*continues Prospero. I am.*

*"'Tis a good dulness  
And give it way."*

*I shall. Dulness of course "in a Shakspearian sense." Like Bottom. "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me," but the "captain of my dreams" is not that of the egregious weaver. Pheugh! 'tis torrid! Nunc est bibendum! Where's that wine-cup lying couched in—sand? Good! Guggle—guggle—guggle! The very glug-glug of lapsing liquor is soporific as the sound of*

*"Silver rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals."*

*Sweet "Swan," thy music runneth in my head to-day. Better than the buzzings of the political Bumble-B's, the bray of BART—but no matter! 'Tis a season when, in sugary summer mood, one wishes soft slumbers even to the blaring Bottoms of the hour. "Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" Right, good Sancho!*

*"Oh sleep! it is a blessed thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!"*

*True, oh Ancient Mariner! Come, lord of stretched ease and night-capped noddles. (Drowzes.)*

*Enter certain ebony Minstrels, of sham Ethiopian sort, on raucous row—miscalled popular music—eagerly intent.*

*First Minstrel (softly). Hist! He's here!*

*Second M. (pianissimo). See He slumbers!!*

*Third M. (sotto voce). Now have we Him at vantage!!!*

*Toby (fortissimo). Yap! Yap! Yap!*

*Sleepy Sage (drowsily). Down, Dog of dogs, down, Sir!*

*[TOBIAS, albeit reluctantly, "downs" accordingly.]*

*First M. Say, what shall we tip him? "The Chucker-Out"?*

*Second M. Or "Linger longer Lulu!"? Or "Get your Harcourt!"? Or "The Grand Old Man who shied"?*

*First M. Or "My Poll and my 'Preponderant Partner' John"?*

*Or "My Pretty Primrosers"?*

*Second M. Or "The Hum of B's"?*

*Or "The Tin Gee (Jay) Gee"?*

*Third M. By Jabbers, no, let's give him something Hibernian—for a change!*

*First M. (aside). Oh Lords deliver us!*

*Second M. (aside). For a change?*

*Third M. (sings fortissimo)—*

*My name is PATRICK LEARY,*

*From the town New Tipperary.*

*The heart of BILL O'BRIEN I'm a thorn in.*

*But for my long-promised pay,*

*I must wait another day,*

*For the Peers have chucked me cruel and wid scornin'!*

*Chorus:—*

*To my woes could they be coulder?*

*Since they've give me the could shoulder!*

*To the poor plan-of-campaigners I'm a warnin'.*

*Faix! I've lately tuk the notion*

*I must cross the brainy ocean,*

*And seek funds in Philadelphia some foine mornin'.*

*Toby (exploding). Yap! yap!! yap!!!*



DON'T "COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"!

MR. P. (*steeply*). "GO AWAY—GO AWAY!—I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU!"



*Sleepy Sage (stirring, and muttering).* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is "February Fill-dyke." Hey! ho! B-RTL-Y-QUINCE! B-WL-S the bellows-blower! AS-M-AD the State-tinker! WE-R the interrogative! Gad's my life! stolen away and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision! I have had a dream,—past the wit of man (as *Bottom* and the G. O. M. both put it) to say what dream it was: man is but an ass if he go about to expound this (Irish) dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he offer to say what I had. Meseemed I was a sort of Hibernian *Titania* enamoured of— But the eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what I was enamoured of. I will get one of my young men to write a ballad of this Hibernian Midsummer-Madness Dream; it may well be called *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no bottom. It seemed to be suggested by, and to be set to, music of a music-hally sort, tripping but thunderous and thrasonic, and—(*rubs his eyes*). Hillo!!! (*To the three minstrels tuning up for another try.*) Who in the name of Nox are you? I twig, I twig! Cacophony incarnate, Shindy in soot, triple-headed Cerberus of Row, I know you! Get out!!! Have I not had enough of you in town ever since February, but that you must impudently intrude upon my holiday quiet, my rural rest, my sea-side seclusion?

*Don't come unto these yellow sands,  
Corked mugs and hands!  
Hook it! You will not be missed.  
Off! off! well-hissed!  
Foot it fealty anywhere,  
So I've not your burden here.  
Hark! hark!  
(Burden.) Bow-wow!!! (Dispersedly.)  
'Tis Toby's bark!  
(Burden.) Bow-wow!!! (Dispersedly.)  
Hark! Listen! Hear!  
Clear out, each cork-smudged Chanticleer!  
Get out, and leave me—do!*

[*Exeunt Blameful Ethiopians ignominiously. Sage again composes himself to sleep.*]

### SAPPHICS ON TRAFFIC.

(*A Lover of London to a Weary Would-be Wayfarer.*)

*Lover of London.*

WOULD-BE wayfarer! little think the proud ones  
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-  
Road, what hard work 'tis trying all day for Pimlico,  
Or Piccadilly.



Tell me, wayfarer, how these Omnibuses,  
Growlers, and Hansoms, carts and vans of PICKFORD,  
Slithering slowly over the slippery asphalte,  
Manage a journey!

Lingering loitering is not Locomotion!  
Trickling slow trailing through attenuate thoroughfares,

Paroxysms of crawl and block alternate,  
Call you these Traffic!

*Civic Would-be Wayfarer.*

Traffic? Why bless you! We have none worth calling so;  
'Tisn't a thing expected in London City.  
This sluggish crawling varied with stoppage is all that  
We may attain to.

What with the narrow labyrinths miscalled thoroughfares,  
What with the sewers and gas, the water and telegraphs,  
Traffic is simply a species of lingering agony,  
In the Metropolis!

Something is always "up," Sir, pipe-layers, paviors,  
Stirrers of most malodorous witch-broth cauldrons,  
Makers of shindy and stench, with poor old Babylon,  
Play up old Gooseberry!

Courts and Councils, Committees and Correspondents,  
Always reporting, writing, and railing concerning it;  
Nothing comes of it all save chaos more complicate,  
And higher ratings.

Cheapside, Fleet Street, Strand, all semi-impassable,  
Scarcely a "right-away" road in all the Capital;  
As for the "affluents" of our so-called arteries,  
They are chock-blockical!

SALOMAN wisely says the traffic of London  
Isn't mere local matter—ought to be national.  
Hope we may get some good from wisdom of SALOMAN!—  
Hardly expect it, though.

Far too long a prey to the power of Bumbledom!  
Hope too long deferred has made me a Pessimist.  
Traffic? Merits the name as much as these stanzas do  
That of true Sapphics, Sir!

*Lover of London.*

You back such bunglers? I would see them blowed first—  
Duffers no civic spirit can rouse to competence,  
Paltry, preposterous, pettifogging, pottering,  
Paunchy Panjandruns!

### A SONG FOR THE SLOGGER.

(*By One who has seen him Smite.*)

[During the Scarborough Cricket Week, Mr. C. I. THORNTON, the champion slogger of England and enthusiastic supporter of the sport, was presented with a silver trophy, representing himself at the wicket, as a memento of the great part he has taken in the Scarborough Festival since its institution in 1869. Playing in the second innings of M. C. C. against Yorkshire, Mr. THORNTON batted as energetically as ever, and twice drove the ball out of the ground.]

GREAT THORNTON the slogger, it comes as a jogger  
To memory this tale of your trophy well merited.



Great Scott! how time's flitting.  
Your gift of tall-hitting,  
Which no one—save BONNOR—  
Has fully inherited,  
You showed 'em at Eton. It has  
Not been beaten.  
You'd whip even JEHU at  
"furious driving."  
Not dashing O'BRIEN could lick the  
old Lion  
Of Cambridge, whose fire is still  
plainly surviving.  
The pet of the Million, you've  
cleared the pavilion,  
And spanked the ball many times  
"over the paling."

Here's health to you "Buns!" may you score lots of runs,  
And oft stir the crowd with your spirit unfailing.  
How often I'd watch when they "bowed for a catch,"  
And you gave 'em one, truly, but in the next parish!  
You'd run up your hundred, while "all the world wondered,"  
In less than an hour, Sir, a pace wear-and-tearish.  
Though pedants demur, mighty smiting *will* stir,  
So "more power to your elbow," great Slogger of Sixes!  
Ah! if you should play in the Shades some fine day,  
The Elysium Fields, in the old Oval way,  
They must "spread," and you'll *then* clear the bounds,  
though they're Styx's!!!

### QUEER QUERIES.

CHEAPNESS AND LIGHT.—Will some reader kindly inform me what is the best way of recovering the expenses I have recently been put to in a most unpleasant Norwegian tour? Norway is said to be a cheap country, so I think I was not unreasonable in expecting to be able to see Christiania, Bergen, Trondhjem, and the North Cape, with all the principal fiords and glaciers, for a five-pound note. But I was bitterly disappointed. As for the Midnight Sun, it is a complete fraud, and I should have considered myself lucky if I had seen a mid-day sun more than once or twice in my tour. Ought not the companies who advertise for tourists to explain that the Norse mountains are only half as high as those in Switzerland? Then I was assured the hotel charges would be only half as high too; but I found that it was impossible to get supper, bed, and breakfast for less than half-a-crown anywhere! Comment is needless. I have just returned home, and find that I have actually spent, during only three weeks' travel, exactly £8 10s. 7½d. I had a miserable crossing to Hull. Whom ought I to sue? PERISH SCANDINAVIA.

### NOT by "a Popular Baronet."

ON streams whose course one must not block  
A weir is found hard by a lock;  
At Westminster it would appear  
They'd like a lock upon their Weir.





### MISUNDERSTOOD.

*Stage-Manager (to Nervous Amateur).* "WELL, OLD CHAP, HOW ARE YOU FEELING NOW? GOT RID OF THE STAGE FRIGHT?"

*Nervous Amateur.* "YES; SEE'S JUST GONE UP TO HER DRESSING-ROOM!"

### DOGS' MEET.

THE annual Canine Congress opened yesterday in the Isle of Dogs. Should the weather prove favourable it is expected that the reunion will be most successful. The Presidential Address was delivered by A. NEW-FOUNDLAND, Esq., winner of the first prize in a recent Crystal Palace Show.

The President, who was received with general tail-wagging and velping, observed that a statement had recently appeared in the public Press to the effect that there were two million dogs in the United Kingdom. (*Sensation.*) Yes, he was so informed by his employer's scullery maid, in whom he had implicit confidence, as she always acted very liberally towards him in the matter of bones. (*Applause.*) What he wanted to know was, did all these dogs pay their licences, as they ought to do? (*General barking.*) All dogs who did not pay should be "collared"—either by their employers or the police. (*Barks and*

*some dissent.*) If there were really two millions of their race, it could hardly be denied that the United Kingdom deserved the title of the true "Dogs' Home." (*Laughter.*) But they had several crying—he meant howling—grievances. In the first place there were too many mongrels about. (*Growls.*) Yes, in their case multiplication was vexation. (*A laugh.*) He would put it to the common sense of the meeting. Obviously there was only a certain quantity of bones in the country. Well, the fewer dogs the more bones would there be for the remainder. (*Barks of assent.*) Then, as to the excellent legal doctrine, the Palladium of their liberties, that "Every dog may have one bite." He was sorry to see that some magistrates had been inclined to throw doubt on the justice of this maxim, and he hoped the LORD CHANCELLOR would fly at those magistrates—he meant remove them. (*Barks.*) Another point to which he must refer was that there was a tendency to put them off with imported bones.

Now, *he* was a Conservative (*barks*), and he believed in the good roast beef of Old England. (*Barks and whining.*) He regretted, too, that many employers used an inferior kind of dog biscuit. (*Howls.*) If there were one form of food more repulsive than another it was the *fin de siècle* dog biscuit. (*Laughter.*) Had it any meat in it at all? ("No.") Was it composed chiefly of bad animal fat and bran? ("Yes.") There was yet one more grievance he had to mention. On washing days (*howls*) it was sad to think that their dignity should be lowered by having to submit to a coat of lather. In this matter some otherwise excellent employers seemed afflicted with rabies. (*Barks.*) He would leave it to the consideration of the Congress whether a universal strike against the grievances he had enumerated should be organised.

[*Loud and general barking.*]

At the close of the President's address the Congress adjourned for the day.

Papers have been promised on "Cats, and How to Tackle them," on "The Temptation presented by Cyclists' Calves," and on "Hygienic Kennels." A very attractive programme of excursions to places of interest in the vicinity has also been arranged. Members of the Congress will be enabled to swim over to the south side of the Thames, and inspect the Dogs' Home at Battersea, if the Manager will admit them. A happy day among the deer in Greenwich Park is contemplated, and Barking will of course receive a visit. Altogether, if the police do not interfere, a thoroughly enjoyable outing is anticipated.

### THE CURSE.

A FRAGMENT À LA INGOLDSBY.

THE Spectre arose with a menacing look.  
He called not for candle, for bell, or for book,  
But in terrible tones, growing gruffer and gruffer,  
He solemnly cursed that deluded Old Buffer!  
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,  
From his bunions feet to his shiny bald head;  
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night  
He should dream about burglars and wake in a fright;  
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,  
With troubles dyspeptic and feelings of "sinking";  
He cursed him in walking, in running, in puffing and panting, in freezing and frying,  
With horror of living and longing for dying.  
He banished him harshly from home, couch, and cook,  
His favourite chair, and his best-beloved book;  
From afternoon snooze, and from snug evening  
From old-fashioned "rubber," and elderly joke;  
From pottering round in his trim-bedded garden, [churchwarden;  
From down-at-heel slippers, old coat, and  
Condemned him to dress in swell togs void of ease,  
To hurry and scurry, to crowd and to squeeze;  
To horrible burdens and journeys of length,  
Exceedingly trying to temper and strength;  
To puff like a porpoise, to pant and perspire,  
To doing—whatever he didn't desire!

Never was heard such a horrible curse!

But what may give rise

To some little surprise,

This curse, at which courage may shiver and shake,

It only condemned the Old Buffer to take  
His Annual Holiday!! What can be worse?

## THE VACUOUS TIME.

["Sea-serpents are now in season, and running very large."—*The Unlicensed Fictioneller*.]

LET COWS delight in barques that bite  
Their furrows o'er the fallow main,  
Careering round the Isle of Wight,  
And ultimately home again.

Some men may go to Westward Ho!  
And potter gravely through the greens,  
Or lease a little moor, and blow  
The harmless grouse to smithereens;

Or flit across to fjord and fos,  
And captivate the toothsome trout  
Or hack initials on a schloss,  
And chuck their orange-peel about.

Let some repair to regions where,  
Beneath the usual Southern moon,  
The nigger in his native lair  
Raises the Alabama coon.

A few may fly to far Shanghai,  
Or Argentine, if they prefer,  
And earn a paltry pittance by  
Reporting facts that don't occur.

While others hail the Dover mail,  
Humming the airs of quaint Yvette,  
And prove upon a private scale  
What life is like à la Vilette;

Or haply land upon a strand  
Where trim grisettes are clustered thick  
Watch the promiscuous bathers, and  
Observe that things are passing chic.

I know of lots of pretty spots  
Where people go to get the view;  
It is indeed, as Dr. WATTS  
Sublimely said, their nature too.

But there are some for whom the hum  
Of toil habitually throbs;  
Adhesive as a patent gum  
They stick to their respective jobs.

When heather blows, and houses close,  
And London is described as bare,  
(Though some odd millions, I suppose,  
Remain invariably there);

Pounding away serenely, they  
With pious humour smile at fate;—  
I make allusion, need one say,  
To members of the Fourth Estate.

In deadly dearth of copy worth  
Inserting they resort to Mars,  
Or Marriage-failure here on earth,  
As matter for expansive "pars."

For them the prize sea-worms arise  
Fresh from eleven months of sleep,  
Flatter a Correspondent's eyes,  
And fairly hurtle through the deep.

And still they choose from subtle clues  
To weave their exegetic wit,  
Telling the nation all the news,  
And even what to think of it.

Meanwhile afloat, or far remote,  
The public who attains to miss  
The paper for the day can dote  
On ignorance akin to bliss.

## Illogic in Liquor.

*Mem. by a Muser.*

How paradoxical the ways of Town!  
To "liquor up" means pouring liquor down.  
And "standing treat" means, with the  
bibulous band,  
"Treating" each other till they cannot  
stand!



"'E DUNNO OÙ IL EST!"

*Passenger from London (as the Train runs into the Gare du Nord, Paris). "OH—ER—I SAY—ER—GARSONG! KEL AY LE NOMME DU SET PLASS?"*

## "OUT WE GO."

Just as we begin to know  
What the grouping "mummers" mean—  
Curtain! and "God save the Queen!"  
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know,  
Bat in hand, the bowler's style—  
"How's that?" With a sickly smile,  
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know  
This time we must "break the bank"—  
Bah! We have ourselves to thank.  
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know  
That the whisky is sublime—  
"Gentlemen, it's closing time!"  
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know  
We can drive the frisky mare—  
Bump! Crash! "Mind your eye!" "Take  
care!"

Out we go!

Just as we begin to know  
We are bound to head the poll—  
"Whew! Too bad, upon my soul!"  
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know  
In our boy's heart we've a place—  
Ah! here comes Miss PRETTYFACE!  
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know  
How to fight this world of sin—  
Ugh! the doctor bustles in.  
Out we go.

## TO HER MOTHER.

Oh, you meddlesome old lady!  
 "Tête and Braidy"  
 Is a pun—  
 Not my own—but how I've said that  
 Of your head that  
 Spoilt the fun!

And you had a splendid chance to  
 At that dance too.  
 How I shun  
 Plaited hair like yours, that popping  
 In, and stopping,  
 Spoilt the fun!

I, not being like you wealthy  
 Know the stealthy,  
 Sneaking dun;  
 Since my fortune is not grand, you  
 Snubbed me, and you  
 Spoilt the fun!

When your daughter fancied flirting—  
 Was that hurting  
 Anyone?—  
 And I helped her, she was not you.  
 No, Great Scott! you  
 Spoilt the fun!



Undisturbed upon the staircase,  
 Quite a rare case  
 Finding none  
 Others there, we sat so happy,  
 But you, snappy,  
 Spoilt the fun!

When I thought I had a greater  
 Chance to, later,  
 Be your son.  
 And she blushed and smiled so sweetly,  
 You completely  
 Spoilt the fun!

Lastly I, in some secluded  
 Spot, concluded  
 I had won,  
 Called her by her Christian name—and  
 Still you came and  
 Spoilt the fun!

THE LATEST PIECE OF NEWS (at the Comedy).—*The New Woman* and "*The Old Woman*" are very much alike; especially *The New Woman*.

## ROBERT ON AMERRYCANS.

WHAT grand fellows them Amerrycans is! I have allers admired em since I fust made acquaintance with the real Gent as I used to wait upon at the Grand Otel at Cherring Cross, and he was a reel Gent if ever there was one!

Well, I was attending upon jest such another gent at quite a grand Party the other night; and, when it was all over, the principle Gennelman came up to me and interduced me to him as an Amerrycan Gent as wanted to speak to me, and he then aeshally told me as how as my little Book was about one of the most populerest in all the United States! And he then arsked me how many copies we had sold? And when I thort as I shoud estonish him by telling him as I beleeved as it was sumthing about seventeen thowsend, he said as how as that was nothink to what he should have xpected, for a hunderd thowsend would not have surprised him! for he had bin told as how as one of their werry leadingest men, I rayther think as he said it was the President, or a great friend of his whenever he was a good deal bothered about State matters, allers called for a copy of "Robert," for it was quite sure to put him all to rites again, and send him to bed with a jolly larf!

Well, I thort as this was all pritty well, but he aeshally finished up by arsking me whether I coudent write another wollum jest like the other! for he was sure as any of their grate Publishers could sell any quantity of em! speshally if they thort it woud take the shine out of the Englisher by saying it was by WASHINGTON! He then introjuced me to another Amerrycan, and asked him what he thort of his plan? To which he replied that he didn't know much about publishing, but he was quite sure there was nothink in that or in any other matter in which an Amerrycan could not lick all creation! And then they both went away larfing!

Tho what there was to larf at in such a werry serious matter as they had bin a torking about I'm sure I can't make out, the more so as I ain't heard a single word from em since, and even thinks it werry possible as I never shall.

Strange to say I had a most wonderful dream that night! I dremt as I was reelly in Amerrykey, and having a long conversation with a reel live Publisher all about an Amerrycan "Robert"! and jest as we was aranging all about the price, and the number of Wolumes, and the way he was to send me all the money, I suddenly woke, and found myself a lying by the side of Mrs. ROBERT! and about as much estonished as ewer I found myself in all my long life!

ROBERT.

## Grumpy.

SMELFUNGUS at new customs carps.  
 He says "New Women" are "Old Cats";  
 Society soon will be all "sharps,"  
 Living in "flats."

MOTTO FOR MR. HALL-CABINE.—"The proper study of mankind is (the Isle of) Man!"



## THE PIOUS LYNCHER'S CREED.

(Adapted from the Biglow Papers for the benefit of parsonic defenders of the pleasant practice of Lynching.)

I du believe in righteous Law—  
 Save when it Hate embarrasses—  
 But I du hate the holy jaw  
 Of them plump British Pharisees!  
 No White Man ought untried to swing,  
 Be grilled, or sliced to jiggers;  
 But Lynch Law is a kind o' thing  
 That quite agrees with niggers!

I du believe "beans" I may give  
 To Pompey or to Caesar.  
 The dog has nary right to live  
 Save as I chance to please, Sir;  
 It aint no use to cant to me—  
 If you'd a cowhide whip shun—  
 Of conscience or humanity,  
 Or rot of that description.

I du believe the wust o' trash  
 Is talk o' Christian kindness;  
 The "coons" we'll hang, or roast, or thrash,  
 In wrath's red fits o' blindness.  
 We'll rule, if not with rope and ball,  
 Why then with stake and scorcher.  
 Lynch Law, to make it stick at all,  
 Must be backed up by—Torture!

## DANGEROUS DOCTRINE.

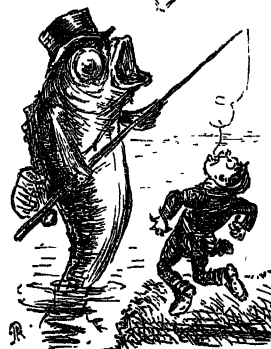
THAT animals feel little pain  
 Science suggests—with scanty proof.

Shall the humane then  
 lift in vain  
 Their voice in  
 animals' be-  
 hoof?

It is a pleasant  
 thing to  
 think

The horse we  
 flog, the fish  
 we hook,  
 Feel little pain  
 — although  
 they shrink;  
 But does cool  
 science know  
 its book?

The poor crimped ood, the walloped moke,  
 Can't tell us that they rather like it;  
 The dog smiles not as at a joke  
 When harsh BILL SIKES will kick or strike it.  
 Man is an animal, after all,  
 And if his faith is absolute  
 That pain hurts not the "animal,"  
 He'll very soon become—a brute!



## LINES BY A LAZY BODY.

[M. ST. HILAIRE, the French politician, who is ninety years of age, and still active, says:—"If you want to live to be old, be always at work, and diligently. Do not listen to those who aspire to save enough money to rest. They are lazy bodies."]

'Tis the voice of the Lazy, I heard him com—  
 "All this nonagenarian nonsense [plain,  
 Won't do! This mere love of longevity's vain,  
 Although natural, doubtless, in one sense.  
 The secret of Age, ST. HILAIRE may have told;  
 The secret of Youth can he give?  
 We'd learn, not to live to be awfully old,  
 But how to keep young while we live!  
 No, no, chatty nonagenarians! Loan us  
 The gift of Aurora, not that of Tithonus."

"RATIONAL DRESS FOR THE IRRATIONAL."  
 —A penitential sheet, and a foolscap trimmed  
 Phrygian fashion.



## OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

"HI, BILLIE! 'ERE'S CHEAP GLOVES!"

## ALL MY EYE!

OR, RHYME AND REASON.

(By Baron Grimbosh.)

SINCE first the Muse to melody gave birth,  
And with rhyme's chymings blest a happy  
irth,  
Poetic seekers of a "perfect rhyme"  
Have missed the bull's-eye almost every  
thyme.  
We want a brand-new Versifiers' Guide,  
And he who Pegasus would neatly ride,  
Must shun bards' beaten highways, read no  
hymn,  
Nor by phonetic laws his stanzas try.  
The eye's the Muse's judge, and by the eye  
Parnassian PITMANS must the poet try.  
Rhyme to the ear is wrong; at any rate,  
Rhyme that greets not the eye cannot be  
grate,  
And though by long wrong usage sanctified,  
It may not pass my new Poetic Gied.  
These new Rhyme-Rules let bardlings get by  
heart,  
For from the New Parnassus must depart,

From TOPLADY to TENNYSON, all those  
Who prove sweet Poesy's false phonetic fose.  
COWPER and ROWLAND HILL must be ar-  
raigned;

In KEBLE, HEBER, NEWMAN, are contained  
False rhymes the most atrocious upon earth,  
Which might move MOMUS to derisive  
mearth. [root,  
Of Rhyme's true laws I'm getting to the  
And a New Poetry will be the troot, [fair,  
The Muse, now by the few acknowledged  
Shall then be warmly welcomed everywhair,  
And not, as now, in one loud howl sonorous,  
As "footele" banned by Commonsense in  
chorous. [prise,

Then a verse-scorning world, in pleased sur-  
Will to Parnassus lift delighted ise;  
And from St. Albans to the Arctic Pole,  
The "lyric cry" (in Grimbosh rhymes) shall  
role.

The people then not hymns alone shall praise,  
But the sweet secular singer's luscious laise,  
Phonetic laws to wish to change at once  
Must prove a man a duffer and a donece,  
The laws of spelling are less fatal fose.  
(You can spell "does" as either "duz" or  
"doze,"

And if you wish to make it rhyme with bosh,  
What easier than writing wash as "wosh"?)  
If TENNYSON were all rewritten thus,  
His verse indeed would be de-li-ci-us;  
And ISAAC PITMAN's spelling would add lots  
Of charm to the great works of ISAAC WOITS.  
There! Grimbosh sets the world right once  
again!

May lesser poets mark! A-main!! A-main!!!

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SCENE—A Sea-side Library.

Visitor (wearily, after a series of inquiries  
and disappointments). What I want is a  
recent novel. I haven't read *The Vermilion  
Gillyflower* yet. It's been out six months or  
more. Surely you've got that?

Shop Attendant. I don't fancy it's in our  
catalogue. I don't remember hearing of it.  
(Brightly.) We've got *Ivanhoe*.

Visitor (ignoring the suggestion). Well,  
then, I could do with CONAN DOYLE's last,  
or STANLEY WEYMAN's.

Shop Attendant. STANLEY, did you say?  
Oh yes, we've ordered the *Life of Dean  
Stanley*, but it hasn't come yet.

Visitor (gloomily). I don't want anybody's  
life. I want—let's see—*A Gentleman of  
France*.

Shop Attendant. *A Gentleman of France*?  
I don't recollect the title. But (cheerfully)  
we've *John Halifax, Gentleman*, if that'll  
do as well.

Visitor (groaning). Oh no, it won't! How  
about *So-so*, by BENSON, you know? Or I  
hear Mrs. CLIFFORD's latest is worth reading.  
Or *Bess of the Curybills*, by HARDY.  
That's been out a couple of years at least.  
(Hopefully.) Oh, I'm sure that's got to you.

Shop Attendant (floored). Would you look  
through the shelves for yourself, if you  
please? You'll find something to suit you, I  
know. There's one or two of DICKENS's, and  
*Middlemarch*—now, that's a rather recent  
work. Or *The Channings*. We've had *The  
Channings* bound again, and it's a great  
favourite.

[Fits off quite relieved at the entrance of a  
girl who desires a penny time-table and a  
halfpennyworth of writing-paper.]

## The Plague of Poets.

(By a Rabid Reviewer.)

WHAT'S this the log-rollers are gushing  
about?

"Captain JACK CRAWFORD, the Poet Scout!"  
Oh, bother the Bards! How the rhyme-  
grinders go it!  
My future rule shall be "scout the poet!"

"MUTES AND LIQUIDS."—Some clever de-  
tectives, of the Birmingham Police Force—  
not by any means Brummagem detectives—  
disguised themselves as "Mourners' Mutes"  
and such like black guards of hearses, and,  
after a re-hearsal of their several parts, they  
went to a tavern for drink—grief, profes-  
sionally or otherwise, being thirsty work—  
and managed to discover that this public-  
house was only a privately conducted betting-  
house, being, like themselves, in disguise. The  
result has yet to be ascertained, but so far it  
has proved a most successful "undertaking."

GOOD NEWS. — "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"  
"There's a Good Time Coming"; for the  
evergreen veteran, Mr. HENRY RUSSELL, is  
"preparing his reminiscences for publica-  
tion." Mr. *Punch* looks forward with  
pleasure to perusing them, and wishes that  
HENRY's congenial collaborator, CHARLES  
MACKAY, were yet living to share the treat.

## THE SEA-FAIRIES; OR, ULYSSES-PUNCHIUS AND THE MODERN SIRENS.

*(A long way off the late Laureate.)*

*Slow strolled the weary PUNCHIUS, and saw,  
Betwixt the white cliff and the whiter foam,  
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest  
To little harps of gold. And PUNCHIUS  
said:—*

*"Lo! I am lucky, after session long,  
To light upon these sirens; and their song  
I fear not, though I'm wary as Ulysses,  
Nor do I dread their kisses,  
(Seeing that far away PENELOPE-JUDY  
Abides.) Oh! hang this maudlin muck from  
MUDIE!*

*I love not, I, these new, neurotic novels,  
In which the wild New Woman soars—and  
grovels.*

*Emancipated females are not sirens!  
There's pleasure in the peril that environs  
Old-fashioned witchery.  
A pretty English maiden at her stitchery,  
Or a scaled mermaid, siren, or sea-fairy,  
Alike have charms for me. Yet I'll be wary,  
'Maidens mit nodings'—or but little—on,  
As BREITMANN hints, are dangers  
For weak wayfaring strangers.*

*But Beauty never hurt me. Fears begone!  
See how the long-tressed charmers smile and  
beckon!*

*I'll go and risk a chat with them, I reckon!"*

*And while Punch mused,  
They whispering to each other as in fun,  
Soft music reached the Unsurpassable One:—*

*"Whither away, whither away, whither  
away? Fly no more!  
Whither away from the bright white cliff and  
the sandy siren-haunted shore?"*



Back to town—which is horrible now—or to  
politics—the beastliest bore?  
Day and night do the printers'-devils call?  
Day and night do stump-orators howl and  
squall?

Bless 'em—and let 'em be!  
Out from the city of singular sights, and  
smells,  
Come to these saffron sands and these silvery  
shells,  
Far from the niggers, and nursemaids, and  
howling swells,

Here by the high-toned sea:  
O hither, come hither, and furl your sails!  
Come hither to me, and to me,  
Hither, come hither, and frolic and play,  
(Of course, in a highly-respectable middle-  
aged way).  
Good company we—if you do not object to  
our—tails.

And the least little tiny suspicion of silver  
scales.

We will sing to you lyrics gay,  
Such as LOCKER, or AUSTIN DOBSON, or LANG  
might pen.

Oh, we know your society-singers, and now  
and then,

When old Father Nep's in the sulks, or  
amusement fails,  
Or we're tired of the "merry carols" of  
rollicking gales

(As young ALFRED TENNYSON said  
When just a weeny bit 'off his (poetical)  
head')

We study another than *Davy Jones's* Locker,  
And read your Society Novel or Shilling  
Shocker!

Oh, spangles are sparkling in bight and bay!  
Come down, Old Gentleman, give us your  
hand.

We are modern mermaids, as you may under-  
stand,

And fair, and frolic, fun-loving, and blame-  
lessly free.

Hither, come hither, and see!"

And PUNCHIUS, waggishly winking a wary  
eye,  
Cried, "Coming, my nautical darlings!—at  
least, I'll try.

Middle-aged? I'm as young as a masher of  
five-and-twenty!

I love pretty girls, honest fun, and the *fur  
niente*.

I'm 'a young man,' but not 'from the  
country,' as you will find,

And if you are game for flirtation, well, I  
don't mind!"

And he stepped him down, and he sat by the  
sounding shore,

And chatted, and flirted, and laughed with  
the sirens four;

And he sang, as young TENNYSON might have,  
or UHLAND, the German,

This song of the Modern Merman!—

"Who would not be

A merman bold,

And sit by the sea,

With mermaids free,

And sweet converse hold

With nice nautical girls,

And toy with their curls,

And watch the gleam

Of their glistening pearls,

As they chatter, chatter

On,—well, no matter!

Each with her tale

And whisks her—narrative.

(Pink skin or scale,

Charms are all comparative!)

Oh what a happy life were mine  
With Beauty (though caudate) beside the  
brine!

With four sea-fairies beside the sea  
*Punch* can live merrily, merrily!"



### CONFRÈRES.

*Master Jacky (who took part in some school theatricals last term,—suddenly, to eminent Tragedian who has come to call). "I SAY, YOU KNOW—I ACT!"*

And the Mermaids pinched the Punchian cheek  
(For his Caudal lecture) and made him squeak.  
And he cried "Revenge!" (like TIMOTHEUS,  
Miss)

And a sweet revenge for a nip is a kiss.  
And around the rock siren laughter rang  
And that bevy of sweet sea-fairies sang:—

"O the laugh-ripple breaks on the breaking  
wave,

And sweet are its echoes from cove and cave,  
And sweet shall your welcome be,

You dear old Cove,

Whom all she-things love,

O hither, come hither and be our lord,

For merry mischiefs are we!

We kiss sweet kiss, and we speak sweet word:

O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten.  
(Tis better than being by B-RTL-Ys bored!)  
Business? O fiddle-de-dee!!!

With pleasure and love make jubilee.

Leucosia, Ligea, Parthenope

Will load your briar and brew your tea.

And we keep rare stingo down under the  
sea,

For we tithe earth's commerce, all duty-free!

Where will you light on a happier shore.

Or gayer companions or richer store,

All the world o'er, all the world o'er?

Whither away? listen and stay! To *Judy*

and Parliament fly no more!"

*And sick of St. Stephen's, in holiday mood,  
The Modern Ulysses half wishes he could!*

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART XI.—TIME AND THE HOUR.

SCENE XIX.—The Dining Hall.

*Spurrell (to himself, uncomfortably conscious of the expectant THOMAS in his rear).* Must write something to this beggar, I suppose; it'll keep him quiet. (To Mrs. BROOKE-CHATTERIS.) I—I just want to write a line or two. Could you oblige me with a lead-pencil?

*Mrs. Chatteris.* You are really going to write! At a dinner-party, of all places! Now how delightfully original and unconventional of you! I promise not to interrupt till the inspiration is over. Only, really, I'm afraid I don't carry lead-pencils about with me—so bad for one's frocks, you know!

*Thomas (in his ear).* I can lend you a pencil, Sir, if you require one.

[He provides him with a very minute stump.]

*Spurr. (reading what he has written on the back of UNDER-SHELL's missive).* "Will be in my room (Verney Chamber) as soon after ten as possible."

"J. SPURRELL."  
(He passes the paper to THOMAS, surreptitiously.) There, take him that. [THOMAS retires.]

*Archie (to himself).* The calm cheek of these writin' chaps! I saw him takin' notes under the table! Lady RHODA ought to know the sort of fellow he is—and she shall! (To Lady RHODA, in an aggrieved undertone.) I should advise you to be jolly careful what you say to your other neighbour; he's takin' it all down. I just caught him writin'. He'll be bringing out a satire, or whatever he calls it, on us all by-and-by—you see if he won't!

*Lady Rhoda.* What an ill-natured boy you are! Just because he can write, and you can't. And I don't believe he's doin' anythin' of the sort. I'll ask him—I don't care! (Aloud, to SPURRELL.) I say, I know I'm awfully inquisitive—but I do want to know so—you've just been writin' notes or somethin', haven't you? Mr. BEARPARK declares you're goin' to take them all off here—you're not really, are you?

*Spurr. (to himself).* That sulky young chap has spotted it! (Aloud, stammering.) I—take everything off? Here! I—I assure you I should never even think of doing anything so indelicate!

*Lady Rhoda.* I was sure that was what you'd say! [But still (with reviving uneasiness), I suppose you have made use of things that happened just to fit your purpose, haven't you?

*Spurr. (penitently).* All I can say is, that—if I have—you won't catch me doing it again! And other people's things don't fit. I'd much rather have my own.

*Lady Rhoda (relieved).* Of course! But I'm glad you told me. (To ARCHIE, in an undertone.) I asked him—and, as usual, you were utterly wrong. So you'll please not to be a Pig!

*Archie (jealously).* And you're goin' to go on talkin' to him all through dinner? Pleasant for me—when I took you down!

*Lady Rhoda.* You want to be taken down yourself, I think. And I mean to talk to him if I choose. You can talk to Lady CULVERIN—she likes boys! (Turning to SPURRELL.) I was goin' to ask you—ought a schipperke to have meat? Mine won't touch puppy biscuits.

[SPURRELL enlightens her on this point; ARCHIE glowers. *Lady Cantire* (perceiving that the Bishop is showing signs of restiveness). Well, Bishop, I wish I could find you a little more ready to listen to what the other side has to say!

*The Bishop* (who has been "heckled" to the verge of his endur-

ance). I am—ah—not conscious of any unreadiness to enter into conversation with the very estimable lady on my other side, should an opportunity present itself.

*Lady Cant.* Now, that's one of your quibbles, Dr. RODNEY, and I detest quibbling! But at least it shows you haven't a leg to stand upon.

*The Bishop.* Precisely—nor to—ah—run away upon, dear Lady. I am wholly at your mercy, you perceive!

*Lady Cant. (triumphantly).* Then you admit you're beaten? Oh, I don't despair of you yet, Bishop!

*The Bishop.* I confess I am less sanguine. (To himself.) Shall I have strength to bear these buffets with any remains of Christian forbearance through three more courses? Ha, thank Heaven, the salad!

[He cheers up at the sight of this olive-branch.]

*Mrs. Earwaker (to PILLINER).* Now, I don't altogether approve of the New Woman myself; but still, I am glad to see how women are beginning to assert themselves and come to the front; surely you sympathise with all that?

*Pilliner (plaintively).* No, really I can't, you know! I'd so much rather they wouldn't. They've made us poor men feel positively obsolete! They'll snub us out of existence soon—our sex will be extinct—and then they'll be sorry. There'll be nobody to protect them from one another! After all, we can't help being what we are. It isn't my fault that I was born a Man Thing—now, is it?

*Lady Cant. (overhearing this remark).* Well, if it is a fault, Mr. PILLINER, we must all acknowledge that you've done everything in your power to correct it!

*Pill. (sweetly).* How nice and encouraging of you, dear Lady CANTIRE, to take up the cudgels for me like that!

[The Countess privately relieves her feelings by expressing a preference for taking up a birch rod, and renews her attack on the Bishop.]

*Mr. Shorthorn* (who has been dragging his mental depths for a fresh topic—hopefully, to Miss SPELWANE). By the bye, I haven't asked you what you thought about these—er—Revoltin' Daughters?

*Miss Spelwane.* No, you haven't; and I thought it so considerate of you.

[Mr. SHORTHORN gives up dragging, in discouragement.]

*Pill. (sotto voce, to Miss SPELWANE).* Have you quite done sitting on that poor unfortunate man? I heard you!

*Miss Spelw. (in the same tone).*

I'm afraid I have been rather beastly to him. But, oh, he is such a bore—he would talk about his horrid "silos" till I asked him whether they were easy to tame. After that, the subject dropped—somehow.

*Pill.* I see you've been punishing him for not happening to be a distinguished Poet. I thought he was to have been the fortunate man?

*Miss Spelw.* So he was; but they changed it all at the last moment; it really was rather provoking. I could have talked to him.

*Pill.* Lady RHODA appears to be consoling him. Poor dear ARCHIE's face is quite a study. But really I don't see that his poetry is so very wonderful; no more did you this morning!

*Miss Spelw.* Because you deliberately picked out the worst bits, and read them as badly as you could!

*Pill.* Ah, well, he's here to read them for himself now. I daresay he'd be delighted to be asked.

*Miss Spelw.* Do you know, BERTIE, that's rather a good idea of yours. I'll ask him to read us something to-night.

*Pill. (aghast).* To-night! With all these people here? I say, they'll never stand it, you know. [Lady CULVERIN gives the signal.



I shall be—ah—all impatience, Lady Cantire."

*Miss Spelo. (as she rises).* They ought to feel it an immense privilege. I know I shall.

*The Bishop (to himself, as he rises).* Port in sight—at last! But, oh, what I have had to suffer!

*Lady Cant. (at parting).* Well, we've had quite one of our old discussions. I always enjoy talking to you, Bishop. But I haven't yet got at your reasons for voting as you did on the Parish Councils Bill: we must go into that upstairs.

*The Bishop (with veracity).* I shall be—ah—all impatience, Lady CANTIRE. *(To himself.)* I fervently trust that a repetition of this experience may yet be spared me!

*Lady Rhoda (as she leaves SPURRELL).* You will tell me the name of the stuff upstairs, won't you? So very much so!

*Archie (to himself).* I'd like to tar him very much, and feather him too, for cuttin' me out like this! *(The men sit down; SPURRELL finds himself between ARCHIE and Captain THICKNESSE, at the further end of the table; ARCHIE passes the wine to SPURRELL with a scowl.)* What are you drinkin'? Claret? What do you do your writin' on, now, as a general thing?

*Spurr. (on the defensive).* On paper, Sir, when I've any to do. Do you do yours on a slate?

*Captain Thicknesse.* I say, that's rather good. Had you there, BEARPARK!

*Spurr. (to ARCHIE, lowering his voice).* Look here, I see you're trying to put a spoke in my wheel. You saw me writing at dinner, and went and told that young lady I was going to take everything off there and then, which you must have known I wasn't likely to do. Now, Sir, it's no business of yours that I can see; but, as you seem to be interested, I may tell you that I shall do it in my own

room, as soon as I leave this table, and there will be no fuss or publicity about it whatever. I hope you're satisfied now?

*Archie.* Oh, I'm satisfied. *(He rises.)* Left my cigarette-case upstairs—horrid bore—must go and get it.

*Capt. Thick.* They'll be bringing some round in another minute.

*Archie.* Prefer my own. *(To himself, as he leaves the hall.)* I knew I was right. That bouncer is meaning to scribble some rot about us all! He's goin' straight up to his room to do it. . . . Well, he may find a little surprise when he gets there!

*Capt. Thick. (to himself).* Mustn't let this poet fellow think I'm jealous; daresay, after all, these's nothing serious between them. Not that it matters to me; anyway, I may as well talk to him. I wonder if he knows anything about steeplechasin'. *[He discovers that SPURRELL is not unacquainted with this branch of knowledge.]*

SCENE XX.—A Corridor leading to the Housekeeper's Room.

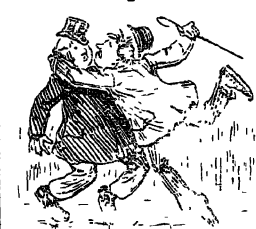
TIME—9.30 P.M.

*Undershell (to himself).* If I wasn't absolutely compelled by sheer hunger, I would not touch a morsel in this house. But I can't get my things back till after ten. When I do, I will insist on a conveyance to the nearest inn. In the meantime I must sup. After all, no one need know of this humiliating adventure. And if I am compelled to consort with these pampered menials, I think I shall know how to preserve my dignity—even while adapting myself to their level. And that girl will be there—a distinctly redeeming fact in the situation. I will be easy and even affable; I will lay aside all foolish pride; it would be unreasonable to visit their employer's snobbery upon them. I hear conversation inside this room. This must be the door. I—I suppose I had better go in. *[He enters.]*

## FOLLOWING FOOTSTEPS.

*(Fragment from a Romance founded on Reality.)*

HE had become famous. Or perhaps that was scarcely the word—notorious would have been better. At any rate his name had appeared in the papers. For nine days everyone talked about him. It was during those nine days that he was wanted. No, not by the



myrmidons of the law. He had escaped them. His plea of innocent had been accepted. So far as Scotland Yard was concerned he was safe. Quite safe.

But was he safe from "that other"? Ah, there was the point. With the instinct of desperation he took himself off. He hurried away. He went by an excursion train—one that stopped at all the stations and was called a "fast train to this place" and "that place," but never referred to in connection with its

destination—and arrived in due time at a cockney watering-place.

He was followed! As sure as fate, came the follower! Ready to hunt him down! Ready to take him! He rapidly repacked his bag. He hurriedly left for the station. Once again he was flying away. Now he had chosen a prosperous city. The place was teeming with population. Surely he would be lost in this giddy throng? No. He was followed! On came the pursuer! Ready to take him!

Again and again the same thing happened. Did he go to the Continent, his pursuer was after him. Did he travel to Scotland, he was met in the Highlands by the same fatal presence.

It was useless to fight against destiny any longer. Assisted by those interested in a popular paper—which had slightly altered its character, changing from an authority on scientific research into a cheap sporting weekly—he reached the Antarctic Circle. He heard following footsteps. He tried to hide himself behind the South Pole. But it was of no avail. At length he was discovered! They stood face to face, both wearing skates.

"What do you want with me?"

"You were accused of murder, but was innocent."

"Yes," he returned, with an ugly frown. "I was innocent *that* time."

"You are an interesting person. I have followed you all this way because I have determined to interview you."

"No you don't," cried the pursued, drawing a sword walking-stick, and holding the blade dagger-wise.

"Yes I do," shouted the pursuer, producing a note-book. "And now tell me who were your father and mother?"

There was a short, decisive struggle, and then all was over.

"If there is ever an inquest in this distant spot," said the conqueror, "the jury will bring it in justifiable homicide."

And no doubt he was right in his conjecture.

## THE INCONVENIENCED TRAVELLER'S PHRASE-BOOK.

*(To be Translated into every Language.)*

### AN INCIDENT EN ROUTE.

WHY, although I telegraphed for rooms, am I told at three in the morning that there is no better accommodation for me than this stable?

Why do you threaten me with the police-station for protesting?

Why do you take me by the throat and drag me along when I am offering no resistance?

Why do you put me in a cell when I had ordered an apparently now occupied bed-chamber at the hotel?

Why do you refuse me a mattress, and take away the plank bedstead with which this dungeon is solely furnished?

Why may I not see a solicitor?

Why do you refuse to send for the British Consul when I tell you that my cousin's maiden aunt is engaged to a Bishop?

What more can I do to prove my respectability when I have shown you my certificate of birth, my commission in the Militia, my banker's pass-book, my diploma as an utter-barrister, several framed and illuminated addresses of congratulation, and my passport?

Why, although I have offered to pay for it, can I not have a decent breakfast?

Why do you insist upon my making a nauseous meal on stale bread and unfiltered water?

Why should you refuse me pens, ink, and paper?

Why should I not write to the Editor of the *Times*?

Why should you take away my watch, and put me in a practising-ground amidst drunkards, forgers, and burglars?

Why should you not believe me when I assure you that it is a mistake when you fancy I have come to sketch the outworks of the frontier fortress?

Why should you not credit my assertion that I only procured a circular ticket because I wanted to see foreign parts and taste foreign cookery?

Why, after all this worry and anxiety, should you mumble something about "misapprehension," and bundle me out without an apology?



THE RUNNER NUISANCE.—"T. L.," writing to *The Times* about the nuisance of "cab-runners" in the London streets, says, "a stream that cannot be dammed can be turned." But this stream of "cab-runners" is being daily and hourly so treated, of course only by male occupants of cabs carrying luggage, and the runners take nothing but "damnum et injuriam" for their pains. But when the travellers with impedimenta are ladies or ladies' maids, and nurses with children, then evidently this objectionable stream cannot be "dammed" unless the butler or a stalwart footman be at home to receive *Mesdames les voyageuses*. In these cases, EVE travelling ought to have ADAM handy:

TITLE FOR THE NEW IRISH FARICAL COMEDY.—*The Two (or more) Shamrocks; or, A Little Cheque*



### WHAT BROWN HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*The Throat Doctor.* "AND DOES YOUR LITTLE BOY EVER SNORE, MRS. BROWN?"

*Mrs. Brown.* "I DON'T THINK SO. HE ALWAYS SLEEPS IN OUR ROOM, AND WE'VE NEVER NOTICED IT!"

*Little Brown.* "ALREADY SNORES—IF YOU LIKE!"

### WIGS ON THE GREEN;

OR, THE FRIENDS OF UNITED IRELAND.

AIR—"Enniscorthy."

You may travel over Europe till your heart and foot-soles ache,  
You may meet wid many a warrior, but don't make a mistake,  
The wonder of the wurruld, and of patriots wide-awake,  
Is the Parthy that is "led" by poor McCARTHY.  
The way they "pull together" fills a man wid shame and dread;  
They're all in love wid Erin swate—or lasteways so 'tis said—  
And the way each proves his passion is by breaking 'tother's head,  
'Tis that that plays the mischief wid McCARTHY.

*Chorus.*

For DILLON goes for HEALY's chump,  
And at O'BRIEN aims a thump,  
And REDMOND hits all round with anger hearty;  
And the sticks they all go whacking,  
And the skulls, faith, they are cracking,  
When JUSTIN tries to lead the Oirish Parthy!

When they got "a little cheque" or two a desperate row arose,  
TIM HEALY dashed at "Honest JOHN" and fought him to a close,  
And REDMOND showed designs upon O'BRIEN's classic nose,  
It was that which riz the dander of McCARTHY.  
They hustled round poor Erin so they nearly knocked her down,  
She barely dodged a cudgel that was aimed at DILLON's crown,  
"And ooh!" she sighed, "if this is love a colleen well may frown  
On the wooing of a crack-brained Oirish Parthy."

*Chorus.*—For DILLON went for HEALY's chump, &c.

They were all fast "friends" of Erin, they'd declared so o'er and o'er,  
But HEALY scorned O'BRIEN, and deemed Honest JOHN a bore;  
While REDMOND called them liars all, and sycophants, and swore  
He wouldn't hold a candle to McCARTHY.  
There wasn't much to foight about save mutual hate and spleen,  
And yet such a shillelagh-foight at Donnybrook ne'er was seen;  
Black oies, red noses! Faith it looked as though they'd strewed the Green

Wid the fragments of the "Chief" they called McCARTHY.

*Chorus.*—For DILLON went for HEALY's nose, &c.

And all their inimies looked on, and laughed as they would doie;  
And every friend of Erin wiped a tear from sorrow's oie;  
Saying "If such friends of Unity why ever don't they troy  
To show a firm united Oirish Parthy?"  
Sighed Erin "Would to Providence this faction-foight were done!  
It breaks the hearts of patriots, to my foes 'tis purest fun,  
Why can't they sthop these parthy-sphlits and merge them into  
One?"

That's all that now is needed,—ax McCARTHY!"

*Chorus.*

But DILLON goes for HEALY's chump,  
He at O'BRIEN aims a thump,  
And REDMOND hits all round with anger hearty;  
And the sticks they still go whacking,  
And the skulls they still are cracking,  
Whosoever tries to lead the Oirish Parthy!

### IN MEMORIAM.

LOUIS PHILIPPE ALBERT D'ORLÉANS, COMTE DE PARIS.

DIED AT STOWE HOUSE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, SEPT. 8, 1894.

A ROYAL exile, and our England's guest,  
Let English church-bells chime him to his rest,  
Whilst English hearts respectfully condole  
With a devoted wife's sore-sorrowing soul.  
Not as the heir of a too shadowy crown,  
Who knew long exile's ache, and fortune's frown,  
But as a friend who long with us did dwell,  
And a brave man who bore fierce suffering well,  
We grieve for him, and bow as sounds his passing bell.

A SUGGESTED ADDENDUM.—In the course of a sharply-written article in this month's *The Theatre Magazine* (under the editorship of FREDERICK HAWKINS), Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, while indignantly repelling the charge of venality brought against French dramatic critics by their compatriot M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, observes, referring to English authors, "*We have our DUMASES on this side of the Channel.*" Undeniably. And, we may add, "Would they were Dumb-asses!"





“WIGS ON THE GREEN!”

OR, THE FRIENDS OF UNITED IRELAND (?).





## OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Veteran Expert.)

It was a happy thought of the respected Editor of this paper (if I may be permitted so to say) to commission me to undertake a thorough inspection of the guns at the Admiralty Pier, Dover. Since war has broken out between China and Japan there is no saying what may happen next, and it seems to me that a plain statement of our preparedness will have a reassuring effect. So without further



preface I will relate my adventures, taking care, however, to give no information that can be serviceable to the enemy.

I am a bit of a soldier myself but frankly confess that I was not nearly so much of a warrior as my companion. We had a pass for two, and it was understood that nothing should be done through indiscretion that might endanger the safety of the country. So if my description is not what the dramatic critics of the nearly newest school term "convincing," the omission is accounted for. We two, braving the rain the wind and the spray, put in an appearance at the end of the Admiralty Pier. There was a sort of boat-house on our right, which seemingly contained clothing for those who intended to do the guns.

"You had better put on canvas, Sir," said the custodian; "the engineers are about, and it is rather dirty down below."

My companion was soon suited with a pair of overalls and a jumper. I would have been fitted as speedily if the date of the adornment had been anticipated by twenty years or so. As it was, my weight rather interfered with the measurement. From the size of the canvas clothing in stock, I am afraid our army must be a skinny one. Be this as it may, I had to wear "36," when "44" would have been nearer the mark. The result was that I walked with difficulty, and found I could not cough. So I was rather glad that there was no chance of meeting the fairer sex, as I was quite sure that I was not looking my best. And I say this although I was tied together with bits of rope, and *did* wear an old jockey cap.

"We will go and see the powder magazine first," said our guide, flourishing what seemed to me to be a cheap kind of teapot, with a light at the end of it. "It is so many feet below the level of the sea at low water."

I carefully refrain from giving the number of feet—first, because I will disclose no confidences, and, secondly, because I have forgotten it. So down we went into the depths of the earth. The hole was about as big as a kitchen chimney, and had on one side of it a number of iron bars, serving as a ladder. Our guide went first, then my companion, then I myself. I shall never forget the experience. I have often heard of the treadmill, and this seemed a revised edition of the punishment. Each bar hurt my feet, and each foot of descent increased my temperature. I went very slowly—it was impossible to go fast in overalls "36." When I had descended what appeared to me to be a mile or so, I came to a full stop. I was standing in a sort of empty store-cupboard—the kind of place where careful housewives stack boxes and unused perambulators.

"This is the magazine," said our conductor, waving his illuminated tea-pot about, so that we might see the place to better advantage.

"Is this all?" I asked, rather disappointed, as after so much exertion I should have been glad of a little excitement. Even an infernal machine on tick would have been something.

"Yes, that's all, Sir," returned the teapot-bearer, beginning to mount the ladder. He was followed by my companion. I brought up the rear, and felt like the great-grandfather of JACK SHEPPARD escaping from Newgate. When I was half way it occurred to me that it was really very wrong to allow people to see such secrets. I might have been a spy, or a political agent, or something or other. Yes, such things should not be permitted, and I recommenced my exertions.

"Take care where you go, Sir! There's a loose plank thereabouts!"

It was the voice of our leader. It came from above, and had a ventriloquial sound about it. I felt inclined to reply in a shrill falsetto, "What a funny man you are Mr. COLE!" but would not. First, it was undignified; secondly, I hadn't the breath to do it.

"Wearily, drowsily," like Miss MAY YORE, but (considering my costume) with a difference, I came to the surface. I felt that I had

been for the last ten hours in the hottest room of a local Chinese Turkish Bath. I was so limp that had I been told that the fairest of the fair and the richest of the rich combined was on the eve of being introduced to me, I should not have made any effort to get away. Yes, in spite of being conscious that I had rubbed my nose with a smutty glove, and consequently had something in common with the sweep.

"We are going to see the engines," said my friend.

"Only so many hundred feet below the level of the ocean," added our conductor. (It will be observed that I carefully avoid figures for the reasons I have already given.)

"Thanks, no," I gasped out; "I don't think I will go. I suppose they are exactly like other engines?"

"Not in the least."

"Ah, then that decides me, I will stay here," and I did.

I am glad to say that the engines appeared to be particularly interesting, and kept my friend and his escort busily engaged for about half an hour. At length my companions returned. I was partially recovered. I was no longer as limp as a bit of string; I was by this time almost as strong as a piece of address card-board.

"You *should* have seen the engines," said my friend in a tone of reproach, "they were excellent."

I replied that I would take his word for it. Then we went to see the guns themselves. Well, I frankly confess I was disappointed. They were the usual sort of guns. Big tubes and all that kind of thing. Rather silly than otherwise.

"They are only fired twice a year," said our guide, as if that enhanced their value. And now I began to understand why the casemates had such an "apartments furnished" air about them. The windows had brass fittings. I expected to see curtains hanging from above, and was quite disappointed not to find a canary in a birdcage hanging down between the window and the gun muzzle.

"Dear me!" I observed, "so these are the guns! They are fired I supposed by Number One?"

Our conductor was absolutely startled at my remark. Many years since I was a Volunteer Artilleryman, and I had stumbled on a technical term. "Number One" is the gunner of the firing-party who fires (*i.e.* lets off) the gun. The result of this display of knowledge was an elaborate description by our guide of the character of the gun bristling with technicalities. (Wishing to protect the Government secrets I do not transcribe it.)

Then we went to see how the gun was loaded, how it was laid or aimed. At last we came to the look-out tower.

"Only room for one gentleman," said our guide; and I nobly yielded first place to my friend. He went up, and his head disappeared. I could only see his body from the neck downwards. He appeared very agitated. Later on he came down, and saying there was a "stiffish breeze," invited me to take his place. Ascending slowly, greatly impeded by fit and fatigue, I got to the top of the ladder. My head disappeared, and my body I knew must have become greatly agitated. And this was not surprising. For my body was still in the hottest room of the local Chinese Turkish Bath, which had grown hotter than ever, and my head had apparently suddenly found itself on the summit of Mont Blanc. Yes, and in winter weather. For a moment it was all I could do to avoid what seemed to me to be avalanches, frozen thunderbolts and Atlantic icebergs. They seemed to be dashing over me. Clinging for dear life to what appeared to be a sort of glassless cucumber frame was our conductor. He explained something or other in a voice that sounded as if he were a ventriloquist who was making a man say "Good night" at the top of a very high chimney.

I intimated that I was perfectly satisfied. This I did in dumb show by promptly dropping my head and climbing down as quickly as possible. When I reached the stone floor my face was ice for a moment and then turned red hot, following the example set by the rest of my body.

Shortly afterwards, staggering in my imperfect fit, I once more returned to the entrance of the boat-house. The robes surrounding me were carefully untied in several directions. I drew off my overalls, my jumper, my shocking bad hat, my torn white gloves. I resumed my ordinary clothes. "RICHARD was himself again." At least, as near himself as he could be after a loss of about two stones of weight and the greater part of his voice.

"You will not give particulars that will endanger the safety of the State?"

I promised (in a feeble, melancholy tone that seemed to me like a mouse's dying farewell to sorrowing relatives) that I wouldn't.

And I hope I haven't.

## Development.

(Brunnigum Version of a Celebrated Quatrain.)

THERE was a Rad in the days that were earlier;  
Years fleeted by, he grew smarter and curlier;  
Further years gave him a Toryish twist,  
Then he was *Times* man, and Unionist!



### PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

THERE WERE EVEN THEN QUIET SPOTS BY THE SEA WHERE ONE COULD BE ALONE WITH NATURE UNDISTURBED

## ODE FOR THE MARRIAGE SEASON.

I.

SING now in festal rhyme  
Of Hymen's harvest-time,  
The happy chances  
When Cupid's fragrant torch  
Leads to the sacred porch  
And the bells' wedding chime  
Crowns young romances.

Here, whispering somewhat  
loud,  
Gathers the wonted crowd;  
Matrons with heart still  
young

Happily tearful,  
Critics of dress, avow'd,  
Too sibilant of tongue,  
And, thick the throng among,  
Damsels expectant still  
Of love, their lives to fill,  
Chatty and cheerful.

See, there the bridegroom  
waits

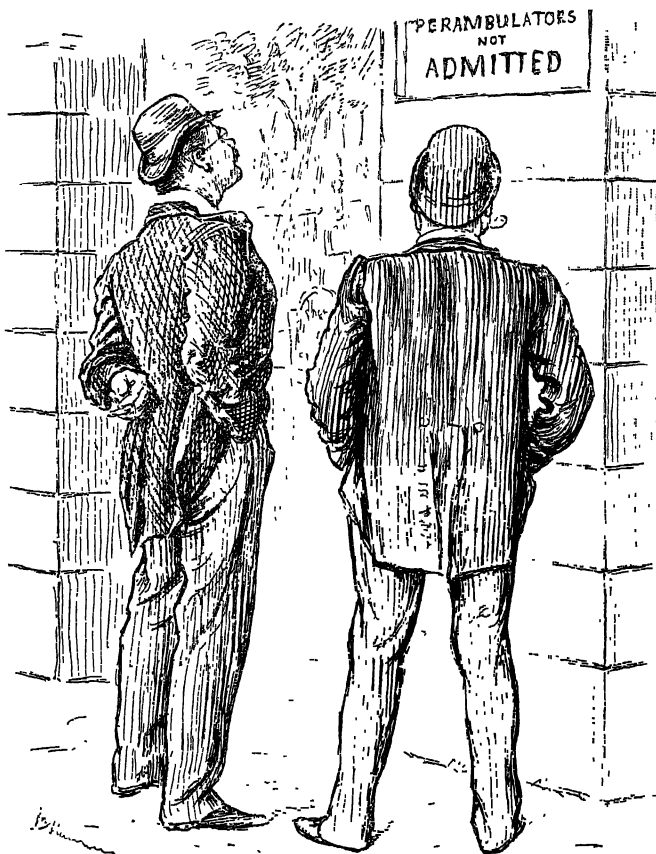
Till at the flow'r-strewn gates  
His love descendeth,  
And all ears listening,  
And some eyes glistening,  
Fiction's romances pale  
While of a real love-tale  
First chapter endeth.

The choir-boys, open-eyed,  
Forget their psalter  
For gazing at the bride,  
Childlike yet dignified,  
There by her lover's side,  
Before the altar.

Here to the shrine they  
bring

That old pure offering  
Of all religions,  
Hallowing their first, young  
loves—

A pair of turtle-doves,  
Or two young pigeons.



## A DISAPPOINTMENT.

[To perambulate, v.n., in German *spazieren*; in French, *se promener*; in Italian, *passeggiare*.]

Johann Schmidt. "ACH! VAT A BITTY, MISTER CHONES! ZEN VE MUST NOT GO THEREIN TO BERAMPULATE!"

Never since ADAM's primal  
banns were cried  
By every bird in Eden's  
leafy minster,  
Has such a bridegroom taken  
such a bride,  
So true a Bachelor, so sweet  
a Spinster.

## SONG OF THE IMPECUNIOUS BARD.

How many woes, the heavens  
beneath,  
The sons of men assume!  
For some, they say, are boomed  
to death,  
While some have ne'er a  
boom.

And some like rockets rise  
and fall—

A sadder lot have they  
Whose rockets never mount at  
all,  
But fizz and die away.

My sun is sinking to the  
West—

It did not fairly rise.  
In velvet coats I can't in-  
vest,

Nor in Byronic ties.  
The very cheapest "shag" I  
smoke,

My thirst on water quench—  
My latest sixpence when I  
broke,  
I *knew* I must retrench.

Upon a simple scone I lunch,  
Or luncheon I ignore—

I cannot even buy a *Punch*—  
A most terrific bore!

But yet at Fleet Street, 85,  
From gazing none retard,  
And solace still may thence  
derive

An impecunious Bard.

## TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

THERE was a time I loved to row  
Upon the Thames, and pitch my tent  
On reedy islands lying low,  
Without a thought of tax or rent.  
But if I sleep in puddles now  
I get rheumatics, gout and cramp.  
The Thames has grown—I know not how—  
So damp.

There was a time I loved to climb  
From morn till eve, from eve to morn,  
Those snow-capped Alpine peaks sublime,  
The Rigi and the Matterhorn.  
Now, Ludgate Hill is quite as much  
As I can do, or Hornsey Rise—  
Mountains, you see, have grown to such  
A size.

There was a time I loved to fit  
To Margate with its German bands,  
And split my sides at nigger-wit,  
Or ride on donkeys on the sands.  
Now, niggers have got coarse and low,  
And if I mount on steeds, they cough,  
Or wink, or wag their ears and throw  
Me off.

But now my nerves are all a wreck  
I'll seek some less exacting sport  
In Regent's Park, nor risk my neck  
In foolish pranks of that mad sort.  
I'll find some steady man who owns  
A safe reliable Bath-chair,  
And tip him well to wheel my bones  
With care.

## NEWS FROM NORWICH.

"AM I too sweeping when I say that we have more to fear from drinking and gambling than from all the capitalists put together?" So boldly and pertinently asked Mr. President DELVES, in his opening speech at the Norwich Trades Union Congress. Mr. DELVES "paused for a reply." Mr. *Punch* gives it with an emphatic "No!"

It is not every working-man's friend who will tell the working-man this wholesome truth: that the Bottle and the Betting-Book are his worst enemies. When he defeats *them*, the grasping capitalist, the mere greedy monopolist, will not have a chance against him. Sober workmen who did not gamble would indeed be "too strong to be afraid of Parliament," or any other power.

Mr. DELVES spoke of strikes as likely to become "an old weapon like the discarded flint-lock of a past age." Good again! But if the workmen will organise an effective strike, as general as possible, against Beer and Betting, it will be the best day's work they have ever done for themselves and their country, and against exacting capitalism and sweating monopoly.

When workmen act on DELVES's plan,  
Who will fight the Working-man?

Or, to adapt another old piece of doggerel:—

If the Working-man  
Will work on the plan  
That DELVES set forth at Norwich;  
Check betting and drouth,  
Need he burn his mouth  
With the Socialist's hot porridge?

## LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

CONSTANTINOPLE AT OLYMPIA.

To the confines of Asia 'tis easy to roam—  
Here's a bus, going west, which invites  
You (absurdly enough) to go east to the home  
Of all manner of Turkish delights.

On arriving, at once you embark in a boat  
Of a name unpronounceable quite, [afloat  
And through vistas of columns are wafted  
In unspeakable-Turkish delight.

The vocab. in the programme is really A1,  
You can pick up the language at sight,  
And converse with your Turk in his own  
native tongue

To his infinite (Turkish) delight.

Then the making of carpets and Galata tower  
Are both of them well worth a sight;  
And the hours you'll view in their shop-  
window bower,  
With mild, semi-Turkish delight.

'Twill be long ere the show on the stage you  
forget,

For the ballets are wonderfully bright,  
There's an interval too, for a "naice  
segarette"—

A Britannico-Turkish delight.

When at last to an end the great spectacle  
comes,

You bid Constantinople good night;  
And you go home enchanted, with several  
drums

Of the genuine "Turkish delight."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE volumes of "The Autonym Library" by any other name would be just as handy. "It was a curious coincidence in names," quoth the Baron, "that, when first I took up one of these volumes, I was discoursing with an eminent judge on some mysterious points in the celebrated 'Claimant' trial, a full and detailed report of which would afford matter for an 'Arthur-Ortonym' library of fiction." The particular volume which had attracted the Baron's attention was *Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills*, by S. R. CROCKETT. 'Tis a strange book, and the "kindly reader," so addressed prefatally by the author, may have a kindly word for it, and, "by my troth," quoth the Baron, "the reading of it made pass an hour or so 'twixt meal-times not unpleasantly," the while he sat on the smooth deck of a wave-conquering yacht, in



view of the hoary side of the Green Isles of Arrah and Bedad, what time the Sea-anythingies and the coal-seattle fish shot like blue blazes "through the silver threads of the still and sleepy waters." And that is how the Baron would write were he describing the scene Crockettically. The story of *Sir Uchtred* was evidently suggested by the *Strange Adventures of the Great King Nebuchadnezzar*, and indeed the guileless author would so have it understood from the headings prefixed to his chapters. There is much about "Randolph" in it, which is pleasant, seeing that for some time "our only Randolph" is absent from us, going round the world, and getting himself, the Baron hopes, all round again by the process.

*Sir Uchtred* goes mad, mad as a hatter—"What hatter? But no matter!" quoth the poetical Baron,—and wanders about "with a tile off," just as a hatter would do who was so demented as to forget his business. Then at the critical moment he is suddenly restored to his senses by hearing, in the darkness, far down, a bell ring! Yes, he had heard it before, a sweet church bell, long ago in his infancy. . . . Just as the wicked character in *Nicholas Nickleby's* first play written for the *Crummles Company*, the villain of the piece, when about to commit his greatest piece of villainy, hears a clock strike! He has heard a clock strike in happier times, in the days of his innocency, and he is struck by the striking coincidence, and he weeps—he relents! he is good once more!!! And this is how mad *Sir Uchtred* is brought back again to his senses, and how all ends happily for everybody except for a certain lame tamed black wild cat, which, after having had a great deal to do with the story, disappears, and is heard of no more. Alas! poor Yorick! Will good Sir R. CROCKETT of the Pens write another little red book—"such is the colour of the cover in the Autonym Library. But for certain 'tis a much read book," quoth idiotic Sir Bookred of the Swills)—informing us what became of the cat with three legs and eight lives, one of its chances having gone? I haven't met such a cat as this since Mr. ANTHONY HOPE introduced us to the appreciative tail-less one belonging to Mr. Witt's Widow.

And another book in the library is *The Upper Berth*. It sounds an aristocratic title, doesn't it? Go not by sound save when the cheering dinner-gong or luncheon-bugle may summon thee; and then "stand not on the order of your going," but go and order whatever there may be on the menu. "*The Upper Berth*," says the Baron, still aboard the gallant vessel, "is the best ghost story I have read for many a day. 'Tis by MARION CRAWFORD, and not written in his well-known modern Roman hand. Then in the same volume, by the same author, is *The Waters of Paradise*, which is disappointing, certainly, after the sensational *Upper Berth*. Therefore," quoth the Baron, "my counsel and advice is, read, if you will, *The Waters of Paradise*, only take them off at a draught first; don't mix the spirit with the waters, but take *The Upper Berth* afterwards. For choice read it in bed, with the aid of one solitary light, taking care to select a tempestuous night, when boards creak, windows rattle, and doors open of their own accord. In these conditions you will thoroughly enjoy MARION CRAWFORD's *Upper Berth*, and will gratefully thank the thoughtful and considerate BARON DE BOOK-WORMS."

P.S.—Once more ashore, and abed, convalescenting, in view of the *poluphosbytoning thalasses* (Yes, my boy O! the Baron knoweth the Greek is not thus, but why not lug in the name of sea-going Boyton on such an appropriate occasion?), the Baron readeth *Ships that pass in the Night*. A deeply pathetic story in one volume, which the Baron cannot regret not having read long ere this, as it suits his mood so exactly now. He thanks Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN, and would re-

commend the book everywhere, and to everybody, but that by now no such passport is necessary. Certain personages and localities in the story recall to the Baron's mind a pretty play, and a most successful one, produced at the St. James's Theatre under Mr. ALEXANDER'S management. It was *Liberty Hall*, by SIDNEY CARTON, and the characters were the friendless girl, played, I fancy, by MARION TERRY; the somewhat cynical and mysterious lonely man, played by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER; and, finally, *Toddy*, the old bookseller and book-collector, a part that suited Mr. RIGHTON down to the ground. Such undesigned coincidences are interesting to reader and playgoer, and in no way detract from the author's originality. B. DE B-W.

## "OUR BENIGHTED ANCESTORS";

OR, HOW IT WILL STRIKE POSTERITY.

(Circa 2894 A.D.)

*Amanda* (looking over AMANDUS'S shoulder). What are you so absorbed in, my dear?

*Amandus* (rousing himself). Why darling, in this very clever, though painful, antiquarian work by Dr. DIGEMUP called "Dips into the Dismal Ages." (Shudders sympathetically.) Dear, dear, how it makes one pity one's poor, respectable, but ridiculous ancestors of about a thousand years syne,—say the end of the "so-called Nineteenth Century!"

*Amanda*. Why dear, what did they do?

*Amandus*. You should rather ask, what did they suffer? I was reading a graphic, but harrowing, account of an extraordinary annual "Custom" they had—they, the conventional, commonplace, conformists of the day, top-hatted Philistines, "civilised" into characterlessness, polished into pithlessness, humanised into moral pap and pulp. It seems to have been a custom almost as cruel as the blood-bath of Dahomey, as irrational and tormenting as the hari-kari of old Japan.

*Amanda*. Dear me! Poor dear deluded duffers, why did they do it?

*Amandus*. That even the pundits of the "Shrimpton-on-Sea" Exploration Society cannot so much as conjecture. Their excavators lately came upon a most mysterious "marine deposit" in a sand-choked chalk-cave in the course of repairing the great South-Coast Marine Embankment. Here are pictures of some of the items. Many of them are mysteries whose nature and use cannot be fathomed. Here is an apparatus supposed to have been a barbarous musical instrument, a hoop with a piece of parchment stretched across it, and ornamented with movable brazen discs. It may have been used to scare gulls. At any rate, it must have made a hideous din when beaten or agitated. It was discovered near certain strange semi-polished fragments of what were apparently the rib-bones of some extinct animals. Their use now cannot even be surmised; neither can that of a curious wooden implement somewhat resembling a miniature model of the obsolete agricultural implement once known, it appears, as a "shovel" or "spade."

*Amanda*. How very odd! Still, hardly dreadful, dear, so far, eh?

*Amandus* (gravely). Perhaps not! Though the significance even of these comparatively harmless absurdities is painful. But my dear, Dr. DIGEMUP'S researches lead him to the belief that in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century a hideous "Annual Custom" prevailed. In the autumn of the year, it would seem, a sort of Social Edict of Banishment drove all decent and well-to-do citizens from their own happy homes, to make themselves miserable—by way of penance probably—in strange places, fusty, ill-furnished, often unhealthy, and always expensive, far from all the comforts and decencies, the conveniences and charms of their own well-ordered residences.

*Amanda*. But why did they do this dismal thing?

*Amandus*. It is not conceivable that they would do it save or compulsion. It is conjectured that some secret religious tribunal or vengeful Social *Vehmgericht* drove the devoted victims to this dreadful doom. They had to pass weeks, and sometimes months, either in continual travel—as tiring and painful as the penitential pilgrimages of a yet earlier date—or in compulsory incarceration in dismal dungeons or comfortless caravanserais.

*Amanda* (shivering). Oh dear, how very dreadful!

*Amandus*. Dreadful, indeed! The leaders, controllers, or "gangsters" of these Autumnal Pilgrimages of Pain, were certain mysterious functionaries called, it appears, by the generic name of "Pater-familias." The Paterfamilias, who appears to correspond somewhat to the ancient idea of a Pilgric or Scapegoat, had, though "sore against his will," like the mythical *John Gilpin*, to lead his family followers in this peripatetic purgatory, suffer its worst horrors himself, and—pay all the expenses!!!

*Amanda*. SHOCKING!!! And what did they call this horrid custom?

*Amandus*. As far as can be ascertained, it seems to have been known as the "Annual Holiday," or "Autumn Outing"!



## IN PARIS OUT OF THE SEASON.

(With some Notes on a Detective Melodrama at the Ambigu.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—When I announced my intention of running over to Paris for a few days, my friend BUZZARD looked at me with a stony contempt. "To Paris?" he said, "at this time of year! Why, you must be mad. What on earth are you going to do there?" I tried to explain to BUZZARD, whose frigid superiority frightens me, that I liked Paris, that I was going there *pour me dégourdir*; that it was just as possible to breakfast at LEDOYEN's or VOISIN's, and to dine at DURAND's or JOSEPH's in September as at any other time; that a few theatres were still open; that the Boulevards were there for the *flâneur*; but I failed to penetrate his scorn, even with the most idiomatic French at my command. However, I determined that BUZZARD, like the weight of the elephant in the problem, must be neglected; and here I am in the Rue de Rivoli with another madman like unto myself. We take our *café complet* in bed; we wear beautiful French ties, made of *foulard*, with two vast ends floating like banners in the Parisian breeze—in a word, we are



thoroughly enjoying ourselves in an entirely non-British fashion—which I take, indeed, to be of the essence of a pleasant holiday. What care we for the echoes of the Trades Union Congress; for the windiest of KEIR HARDIE's blatancies; for the malignities of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, or the failure of Lord ROSEBERRY's *Ladas* at Doncaster? We are in Paris, and the sight of a *cuirassier* trotting past with his great black *crinière* waving behind, or of the lady bicyclists scudding by in knickerbockers, excites us more than even the latest ravings of the newest woman in London. BUZZARD is blowed! You may tell him I said so.

I want to let Mr. CONAN DOYLE know that there is a great opening for him here. If I may judge by the latest detective drama, the ideas of the Parisian public with regard to the acumen and general power of a detective are still very primitive. Yet GABORIAU did something in this line, and, in the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, did not d'Artagnan show himself on the occasion of a certain duel to be a detective of unmatchable force? Still the fact remains that the play-going Parisian public is easily satisfied in the matter of detectives. Listen, if you doubt me, to a plain unvarnished account of "*La Belle Limonadière*," the "*Grand drame nouveau en cinq actes, huit tableaux*," which is now running gloomily, but with immense success, at the *Ambigu*.

*Madame de Mazerolles*, a wealthy widow, is, in the first Act, robbed and brutally murdered by her stepson, *Roland*, a dissipated young man, who is incited to the commission of the crime by his wicked mistress *Sabine*. *Vidocq*, the great representative of the new school in detection (*circa* A.D. 1820), is away at the time, and in his absence the investigation falls to his rival *Yverier*, who belongs to the old school. In the chamber of death *Yverier* soon makes up his mind that the guilty person is one *Henri Lebrun*, a faithful and gigantic old soldier, much given to beating his breast with both fists and talking at large about his services to his country, his immaculate honesty and his domestic virtues. Suddenly *Vidocq* enters. He discovers that the assassin has entered by a certain door because a cobweb has been disturbed, he picks up a red flower dropped by the assassin, he pours contempt on the crass stupidity of *Yverier*—all quite in the best Sherlock Holmes style. But nothing comes of it all. Poor *Henri Lebrun*, still beating his breast with fists, is arrested, and after a painful interview with his only daughter (whom he discovers to have been the mistress of *George*, the son of *Madame Mazerolles*), he becomes sublime, accuses himself quite unnecessarily of the murder he had never committed, and is marched off to prison amid the execrations of the populace, the triumph of the crass *Yverier*, and the loudly expressed determination of *Vidocq* to bring the guilty to justice and save the life of the innocent *Lebrun*. Time passes. *Lebrun*, overwhelmed by an entire absence of proofs, is tried and condemned to death. It is the morning appointed for his execution. The curtain rises in the upper floor of a restaurant commanding an extensive view of the guillotine. The sight-seers troop in. First of all comes *Roland*, the murderer, disguised in black as a wicked Marquis, and accompanied by the infamous *Sabine*. *Hélène Lebrun*, the daughter of the condemned man, also troops in to slow music in black. There is a commotion at the door, and the obsequious inn-keeper backs on to the stage ushering in *Milord Sir John Stilton* and his son "*Shames*." *Sir John* is dressed in an enormous green swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, a striped yellow waistcoat, a pair of yellow knickerbockers, and stockings brilliantly striped with red and black. On his head he wears a low-crowned hat. In one hand he carries an umbrella, while a telescope dangles from his

shoulders by a strap. In short, he is *tout-ce-qu'il-y-a de plus Anglais*. His son *Shames* is even more aggressively British. *Sir John* orders lunch: "*vous donner moi bifteck*" is the obvious formula. *Shames* concurs with a "Yehs, Pappah," which provokes roars of laughter. But stay, what is this? *Sir John* takes *Shames* aside: they talk in beautiful French. Can it be? Yes, by Heaven; it is the great *Vidocq* with his faithful *Coco-Latour*! We breathe again, for now we know that the innocent man is safe. The procession, however, approaches. The condemned man speaks from below to his daughter in the balcony. He declares his innocence. Now good *Vidocq*, to the rescue. Display all your arts, convict the guilty, disguised Marquis, and save the estimable *Lebrun*! But *Vidocq* looks on impassive, a dull thud is heard and the head of the innocent rolls into the basket. Immediately afterwards *Yverier* staggers in. Too late, he says, he has been convinced of *Lebrun*'s innocence. At the last moment *Lebrun* looked at him with eyes in which there was no trace of guilt. That last look did it, and now *Yverier* in a passion of repentance offers himself to help *Vidocq*, even in the most subordinate capacity, to track down the guilty, and to remove the stain from *Lebrun*'s name. I pass over the padding, during which *Vidocq* appears, for no earthly reason, in numerous disguises, and come to the last scene. *Roland* has all but killed *George Mazerolles* in a duel, he has murdered *Sabine*, who, before dying, rounds on him, and he is now, by a strange conjunction of circumstances, in the very room in which he murdered *Madame Mazerolles*. Thither also comes everybody else. *Vidocq*, who is tracking *Roland*, discovers, through a paper belonging to the late *Madame Mazerolles*, that *Roland*, her murderer, was her son, not her step-son, and that he, *Vidocq*, is the father of *Roland*. In his youth *Vidocq* had been a soldier. Somewhere he had met *Madame Mazerolles*. "*Nous nous sommes aimés entre deux batailles, entre deux victoires*," and *Roland* was the fruit of their love. Horror of horrors! What is he to do? First he tells *Roland* that he killed, not his step-mother, but his mother. At this awful intelligence, *Roland* faints in an armchair for precisely ten seconds. Recovering himself, he is fain to escape. *Vidocq*, all his fatherly instincts aroused, says he shall. The weak *Yverier* consents, when suddenly, from behind a curtain, appears *Hélène Lebrun* in black. The murderer of her father must not escape, she declares, whereupon the great detective, vowing that his son shall never be food for the guillotine, shoots him dead with a toy pistol in the region of the left waistcoat pocket. Tableau! Curtain!

There, Mr. Punch, you have the French *Sherlock* on the stage. A wonderful man, is he not? Yours, as always, A VAGRANT.

## ON THE WAR IN THE EAST.

(By a Western Wanderer.)

ALL in the East seems so dawdling and queer!  
Bogus engagements, and battles *pour rire*,  
Militant meetings—where nobody meets—  
Ghostly armies and phantom fleets;  
"Terrible slaughter"—with never a blow,  
Corpse-choked rivers that maps do not show;  
Wild contradiction and vagueness extreme,  
Faith, it all reads like some Flowery Land dream,  
Arabian-nightish, and opium-bred,  
Japanese-spookish, delirium-fed,  
Wild, willow-patternish; sort of a "War"  
JOHNNY might paint on a blue ginger-jar.  
Wonder how long such a queer war will wag on?  
No one can tell—when 'tis *Dragon v. Dragon*!

## THANKS TO THE "BYSTANDER."

I AM glad to see the "BYSTANDER" in the *Graphic* has recently uttered a startled protest against the fashion, now somewhat overdone, and occasionally objectionably done, of lady-begging for charitable purposes in the London streets. On the sudden apparition of one of these merry half-sisters of charity (were not the Pecksniffian daughters Charity and Merry?) Mr. ASHBY STERRY became well-nigh hysterical, and his generosity being temporarily paralysed, he fled, with pockets tightly buttoned. For the moment he was no longer the "BYSTANDER," whose motto is that of *Captain Cuttle*, "Stand by," but, as though he had heard the command to "Stand and deliver," our sturdy "BYSTANDER" became a fugitive from before the face of the giddy charity girl, and thus at one "go" saved his halfpence and his honour. For his reputation would have suffered had he impolitely rebuffed his fair unfair assailant. He did well to flee, he did still better to write and publicly complain. We trust that this process adopted by the Sterry O'Type (a fine old Irish title by the way) may have its due influence, and that the abuse, which has become thus Sterry O'typed, of a fashion good in itself and its origin, may soon cease to exist. *En attendant*, Mr. Punch is pleased to know that the "BYSTANDER" is still running on, and not likely to come to a standstill.



### A HOPELESS CASE.

*Ceres.* "THERE, MY FRIEND, I HAVE GIVEN YOU A GOLDEN HARVEST THIS YEAR!"

*Farmer.* "IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, MARM; BUT 'TAIN'T MUCH GOOD IF I CAN'T GET GOLD FOR IT!"

## A ST. LEGER COINCIDENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you afford me a small portion of your space to put on record once and for ever a most extraordinary coincidence? Last Wednesday afternoon I was taking a country walk, when all at once my eye was suddenly caught by a throstle. At the same time I accidentally looked at my watch. It had stopped at 12.10. When I got home I mentioned both of these circumstances to my wife.

Later in the evening I bought an evening paper, and was amazed to find that the St. Leger had been won by *Throstle* (the bird I had seen), which had started at 50 to 1 (the exact minute at which my watch had stopped)! Could the force of coincidence farther go? The Society of Psychical Research and Mr. STEAD are welcome to this incident. The only thing which troubles me at all is that the evidence (other than my own) is a little slender. My wife is deaf, and never heard what I told her. The bird has flown. My watch is going again. I inclose my card, and am,

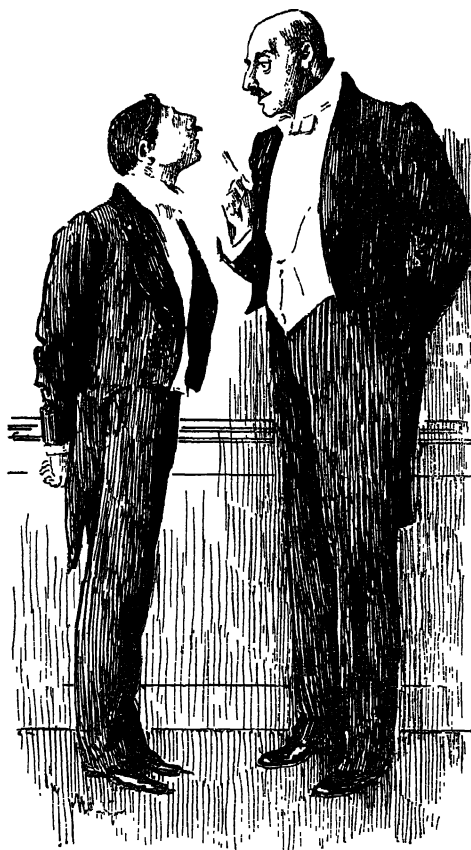
Yours STEAD-Y to a degree,  
ONE WHO WON NOTHING ON  
THE RACE.

## Mr. Punch on Peeler Piper.

["I wish," said Mr. LANE, the North London magistrate, "to express my sense of the very great courage and resolution exhibited by Constable PIPER in this case, under circumstances of considerable pressure, danger, and exhaustion."—*Times' Police Report*, Sept. 12.]

PEELER PIPER prov'd his plucky pecker. As Peeler PIPER prov'd his plucky pecker, Where's there pluckier pecker Than Peeler PIPER's proved?

PROBABLE ANNOUNCEMENT.—New Book :—*A Mischievous Medlar*. By LESLIE KEITH, the fruitful Author of *A Troublesome Pair*.



## MANNERS.

"OH, THEN I MUST BE ON MY BEST BEHAVIOUR, I SUPPOSE?"  
"CERTAINLY NOT. BE NATURAL, WHATEVER YOU ARE."

## A MOAN FROM MITCHAM

(See "Indignant's" Letter in "Westminster Budget.")

WE once had a Common at Mitcham,  
Where boys would bring wickets and pitch 'em,

That devouring wolf  
The fanatic of golf  
Established a club,

And—aye, there's the rub!—

The Conservators sacrificed needs of the Pub—

—lic on purpose to help and enrich 'em!  
The Common they soon will be shutting  
In the interests of driving and "putting."

The balls fly about and hit kids in the eye,

And frighten old fogies, and make horses shy.

The public's "wired" out while the golfers "wire in."

They have got lots of brass, but they pay little tin.

They drive sheep and cattle, and boys in their teens,

And nursemaids and prams off their bothering "Greens."

Oh, *Punch*, can't you pitch in, and pitch 'em,

These bores, off our Common at Mitcham?

Authority here at Monopoly winks,  
But I am an old Mitcham-lover who thinks

That the Links on our Common should be *Missing Links*!

## Question and Answer.

*Ingoldsby's Question.*

"TIGER TIM, come tell me true,  
What may a nobleman find to do?"

*Modern Idiot's Answer.*

Sneak out the "chestnut" (he'll well know which!)

"I can't afford it; I'm far too rich!"

## A HOPELESS CASE.

A VERY UN-VIRGILIAN PASTORAL ECOLOGUE.

INTERLOCUTORS—*Ceres and a Northern Farmer, newest style.*

["In several instances last week the prices for new wheat were quoted at 16s. to 19s. per quarter in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, and the general average for the whole country last week was actually only 27s. 7d. It is over two hundred years since anything like so low a price has been quoted for wheat in England."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

*Farmer (throwing down newspaper).*

DUBBUT look at the waaste! Foine fealds? A' dear! a' dear!  
'Tisn't worth nowt a haacre; 'tis worse than it wur laast year!

*Ceres (entering).*

Good evening, Farmer, my friend! I think you will own this time I have sent you a golden harvest. I never saw wheat more prime!

*Farmer.*

And who ma' yew beä, Marm? And what dost tha meän, Marm—yew?

I weant say tha be a loiar, but tha say'st what's nawways true.

*Ceres.*

Why, I am the farmer's friend, the goddess of farms and fields.  
At my look the furrows spring, and my laugh the harvest yields.

*Farmer.*

Then wheer' asta beän saw long, leäven me a-liggin' aloan?

Friend? Thoort nowt o' a friend, leävin' meä to groomble and groän.

*Ceres.*

Why, what is the matter now? You've a bumper harvest, men say,  
The wheat and the barley show fair, and likewise the oats and the hay!

*Farmer.*

Thee be the goddess o' fealds? Oh, a prutty goddess tha beäst!  
Seems to meä tha knaws nowt, and tha beänt na use, not the leäst.  
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that ya do!  
Goddess? My owd lass Bess wur a better goddess than yew!  
Sartin-sewer I be if 'tis theä and that Clerk o' the Weather  
Arranges the craps and things, ye're a pair o' toätlers together!

*Ceres.*

That is ungrateful, Farmer! Just glance at those golden sheaves!  
Phœbus and I have done it, yet who in our love believes?

*Farmer.*

Luvv it ma beä, but I reckons tha 'st boäth o' tha mooch to larn.  
Whut good o' a full-sheaved feald, whut good o' a full-choked barn,  
If markets beänt no better, but woorse—as the chap saays here—  
Than they have beän in Owd England fur well-neigh two oonderd year?

*Ceres.*

I am not the goddess of markets!

*Farmer.*

Naw, naw! Thou 'rt a useless jade.

Whut use o' tatures, and turmuts and wheat, if tha ain't gut trade?  
Whoy, your weather hallus cooms o' the sort as we doänt desire;  
If we want sun ya send water, and if we want water 'tis fire.  
Then they Parlyment fellers fret us a-lettin' they furrineers in.  
We take no koind o' care of oursens, and tha furrineers win;  
And if tha weather be bad, whoy we hān't naw craps at all.  
And if tha weather be fair, whoy the market prices fall.  
And tha calls thaself a goddess, and the British farmer's friend!  
And we're goin' from woorse to woost, and a aask tha, wheer will it end?

*Ceres (sadly).*

Well, I've sent you a golden harvest, good friend, though your greeting's cold.

*Farmer (furiously).*

Wheer 's the good o' a golden harvest if I canna change it for gold?

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART XII.—DIGNITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SCENE XXI.—*The Housekeeper's Room at Wyvern; Mrs. POMFRET, the Housekeeper, in a black silk gown and her smartest cap, is seated in a winged arm-chair by the fire, discussing domestic politics with Lady CULVERIN's maid, Miss STICKLER. The Chef, M. RIDEVOS, is resting on the sofa, in languid converse with Mlle. CHIFFON, Miss SPELWANE's maid; PILLINER's man, LOUGH, watches STEPTOE, Sir RUPERT's valet, with admiring envy, as he makes himself agreeable to Miss PHILLIPSON, who is in demi-toilette, as are all the other ladies' maids present.*

*Miss Stickler (in an impressive undertone).* All I do say, Mrs. POMFRET, ma'am, is this: if that girl LOUISA marches into the pew to-morrow, as she did last Sunday, before the second laundry maid—and her only under-scully maid—such presumptuousness should be put a stop to in future!

*Mrs. Pomfret (wheezily).* Depend upon it, my dear, it's her ignorance; but I shall most certainly speak about it. Girls must be taught that ranks was made to be respected, and the precedency into that pew has come down from time immemorial, and is not to be set aside by such as her while I'm 'ouse-keeper here.

*Mlle. Chiffon (in French, to M. Ridevos).* You have the air fatigued, my poor friend! Oh, there—but fatigued!

*M. Ridevos.* Broken, Mademoiselle, absolutely broken. But what will you? This night I surpass myself. I achieve a masterpiece—a sublime pyramid of quails with a sauce that will become classic. I pay now the penalty of a veritable crisis of nerves. It is of my temperament as artist.

*Mlle. Chiffon.* And me, my poor friend, how I have suffered from the cookery of these others—I who have the stomach so feeble, so fastidious! Figure to yourself an existence upon the villainous curry, the abominable "Iahristue," beloved by these barbarians, but which succeed with me not at all—oh, but not at all! Since I am here—ah, the difference! I digest as of old—I am gay. But next week to return with Mademoiselle to the curry, my poor friend, what regrets!

*M. Rid.* For me, dear Mademoiselle, for me the regrets—to hear no more the conversation, so spiritual, so sympathetic, of a fellow-countrywoman. For remark that here they are stupid—they comprehend not. And the old ones they roll at me the eyes to make terror. Behold this Gorgon who approaches. She adores me, my word of honour, this ruin!

[*Miss STICKLER comes up to the sofa smiling in happy unconsciousness.*]

*Miss Stick. (graciously).* So you've felt equal to joining us for once, Mossoo! We feel it a very high compliment, I can assure you. We've really been feeling quite 'urt at the way you keep to yourself—you might be a regular 'ermit for all we see of you!

*M. Rid.* For invent, dear Mees, for create, ze arteeste must live ze solitaire as of rule. To-night—no! I emairge, as you see, to res-tore myself viz your smile.

*Miss Stick. (flattered).* Well, I've always said, Mossoo, and I always will say, that for polite 'abits and pretty speeches, give me a Frenchman!

*M. Rid. (alarmed).* For me it is too moch 'appiness. For anozzer, ah!

[*He kisses his fingers with ineffable grace.*]  
*Phillipson (advancing to meet Miss DOLMAN, who has just entered).* Why, I'd no idea I should meet you here, SARAH! And how have you been getting on, dear? Still with—?

*Miss Dolman (checking her with a look).* Her grace? No, we parted some time ago. I'm with Lady RHODA COKAYNE at present. [*In an undertone, as she takes her aside.*] You needn't say anything

here of your having known me at Mrs. DICKENSON's. I couldn't afford to have it get about in the circle I'm in that I'd ever lived with any but the nobility. I'm sure you see what I mean. Of course I don't mind your saying we've met.

*Phill.* Oh, I quite understand. I'll say nothing. I'm obliged to be careful myself, being maid to Lady MAISE MULL.

*Miss Dolm.* My dear EMMA! It is nice seeing you again—such friends as we used to be!

*Phill.* At her Grace's? I'm afraid you're thinking of somebody else. [*She crosses to Mrs. POMFRET.*] Mrs. POMFRET, what's become of the gentleman I travelled down with—the horse doctor? I do hope he means to come in; he would amuse you, Mr. STEPTOE. I never heard anybody go on like him; he *did* make me laugh so!

*Mrs. Pomfr.* I really can't say where he is, my dear. I sent up word to let him know he was welcome here whenever he pleased; but perhaps he's feeling a little shy about coming down.

*Phill.* Oh, I don't think he suffers much from that. [*As the door opens.*] Ah, there he is!

*Mrs. Pomfr. (rising, with dignity, to receive UNDERSHELL, who enters in obvious embarrassment).* Come in, Sir. I'm glad to see

you've found your way down at last. Let me see, I haven't the advantage of knowing your—Mr. UNDERSHELL, to be sure! Well, Mr. UNDERSHELL, we're very pleased to see you. I hope you'll make yourself quite at home. Her ladyship gave particular directions that we was to look after you—most particular she was!

*Undershell.* You are very good, Ma'am. I am obliged to Lady CULVERIN for her [*with a gulp*] condescension. But I shall not trespass more than a short time upon your hospitality.

*Mrs. Pomfr.* Don't speak of it as trespassing, Sir. It's not often we have a gentleman of your profession as a visitor, but you are none the less welcome. Now I'd better introduce you all round, and then you won't feel yourself a stranger. Miss PHILLIPSON you have met, I know.

[*She introduces him to the others in turn: UNDERSHELL bows helplessly.*]

*Steptoe (with urbanity).* Your fame, Sir, has preceded you. And you'll find

us a very friendly and congenial little circle on a better acquaintance—if this is your first experience of this particular form of society?

*Und. (to himself).* I mustn't be stiff, I'll put them at their ease. [*Aloud.*] Why, I must admit, Mr. STEPTOE, that I have never before had the privilege of entering the—*[with an ingratiating smile all round him]* the "Pugs' Parlour," as I understand you call this very charming room.

[*The company draw themselves up and cough in disapprobation.*]  
*Stept. (very stiffly).* Pardon me, Sir, you have been totally misinformed. Such an expression is not current here.

*Mrs. Pomfr. (more stiffly still).* It is never alluded to in my presence except as the 'Ousekeeper's Room, which is the right and proper name for it. There may be some other term for it in the Servants' 'All for anything I know to the contrary—but if you'll excuse me for saying so, Mr. UNDERSHELL, we'd prefer for it not to be repeated in our presence.

*Und. (confusedly).* I—I beg ten thousand pardons. [*To himself.*] To be pulled up like this for trying to be genial—it's really too humiliating!

*Stept. (relaxing).* Well, well, Sir; we must make some allowances for a neophyte. You'll know better another time, I daresay. Miss PHILLIPSON here has been giving you a very favourable character as a highly agreeable rattle, Mr. UNDERSHELL. I hope we may be favoured with a specimen of your social talents later on. We're always grateful here for anything in that way—such as a recitation now, or a comic song, or a humorous imitation—anything, in short, calculated to promote the general harmony and festivity will be appreciated.



"Broken, Mademoiselle, absolutely broken."

*Miss (Stick, acidly).* Provided it is free from any helement of coarseness, which we do not encourage—far from it!

*Und. (suppressing his irritation).* You need be under no alarm, Madam. I do not propose to attempt a performance of any kind.

*Phill.* Don't be so solemn, Mr. UNDERSHELL! I'm sure you can be as comical as any playactor when you choose!

*Und.* I really don't know how I can have given you that impression. If you expect me to treat my lyre like a horse-collar, and grin through it, I'm afraid I am unable to gratify you.

*Stept. (at sea).* Capital, Sir, the professional allusion very neat. You'll come out presently, I can see, when supper's on the table. Can't expect you to rattle till you've something inside of you, can we?

*Miss Stick.* Reelly, Mr. STEPTOE, I am surprised at such commonness from you!

*Stept.* Now you're too severe, Miss STICKLER, you are indeed. An innocent little Judy Mow like that!

*Tredwell (outside).* Don't answer me, Sir. Ham I butler 'ere, or ham I not? I've a precious good mind to report you for such a hignorant blunder. . . I don't want to hear another word about the gentleman's clothes—you'd no heartily business for to do such a thing at all! (*He enters and flings himself down on a chair.*) That THOMAS is beyond everything—stupid *hass* as he is!

*Mrs. Pomfr. (concerned).* La, Mr. TREDWELL, you do seem put out! Whatever have THOMAS been doing now?

*Und. (to himself).* It's really very good of him to take it to heart like this! (*Aloud.*) Pray don't let it distress you; it's of no consequence, none at all!

*Tred. (glaring).* I'm the best judge of that, Mr. UNDERSHELL, Sir—if you'll allow me; I don't call my prerogatives of no consequence, whatever you may! And that feller THOMAS, Mrs. POMFRET, actually 'ad the hordacity, without consulting me previous, to go and 'ad a note to one of our gentlemen at the hupstairs table, all about some hassinine mistake he'd made with his clothes! What call had he to take it upon himself? I feel puffedly disgraced that such a thing should have occurred under my authority!

[*The Steward's Room Boy has entered with a dish, and listens with secret anxiety on his own account.*]

*Und.* I assure you there is no harm done. The gentleman is wearing my evening clothes—but he's going to return them—

[*The conclusion of the sentence is drowned in a roar of laughter from the majority.*]

*Tred. (gasping).* Hevenin' does! Your hevenin'—P'raps you'll 'ave the goodness to explain yourself, Sir!

*Stept.* No, no, TREDWELL, my dear fellah, you don't understand our friend here—he's a bit of a wag, don't you see? He's only trying to pull your leg, that's all; and, Gad, he did it too! But you mustn't take liberties with this gentleman, Mr. UNDERSHELL, he's an important personage here, I can tell you!

*Und. (earnestly).* But I never meant—if you'll only let me explain—

[*The Boy has come behind him, and administers a surreptitious kick, which UNDERSHELL rightly construes as a hint to hold his tongue.*]

*Tred. (in solemn offence).* I'm accustomed, Mr. HUNDERSHELL, to be treated in this room with respect and deference—especially by them as come here in the capacity of Guests. From such I regard any attempt to pull my leg as in hindifferent taste—to say the least of it. I wish to 'ave no more words on the subjick, which is a painful one, and had better be dropped, for the sake of all parties. Mrs. POMFRET, I see supper is on the table, so, by your leave, we had better set down to it.

*Phill. (to UNDERSHELL).* Never mind him, pompous old thing! It was awfully cheeky of you, though. You can sit next me if you like.

*Und. (to himself, as he avails himself of this permission).* I shall only make things worse if I explain now. But, oh, great Heavens, what a position for a Poet

#### NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

ART was once defined as "the creation of new forms of beauty." Our juvenile geniuses have altered all that. "The New Art" is better defined as "the creation of novel forms of ugliness." Its inspiration is Corruption, its auxiliaries are the two hideous imps, Scratch and Smudge. Old Art, with its bosh about beauty, its rot about romance, its fudge about finish, its twaddle about taste, will be good enough to take a back seat. Apollo the Inspirer must give way to the sooty imp and incubus, New Scratch!

RAPHAEL? Ideal Beauty spoiled his Art!

REMBRANDT? Of light and shade he was no judge

The Hideous now must play the leading part,

Chiaroscuro yield to Shapeless Smudge

QUOTATION FROM BYRON FOR THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

AGAIN he urges on his wild Korea."—*Mazeppa.*

#### TO HANWELLIA FROM EARLSWOOD.

"[In my time at Eton it was the custom with one's tutor to supply us with what was disrespectfully called 'nonsense' material for some suggested theme.]—JAMES PAYN, in "Our Note-Book" in "The Illustrated London News."]

Will you follow where the Bandicoots inevitably stray,  
As they amorously hurtle through the stubble and the hay;  
Where the Jebusites and Amorites are gathered in a bunch,  
While they watch the duck-billed Platypus preparing for his lunch?

Where the toothsome Trichinopli keeps turning on the spit—  
Oh my dove-like Trichinopoli, how hard you are to hit!  
There is something so elusive and desserter in your shape,  
That I had to shoot you sitting and to load my gun with grape.

Though the Mandrake give you goose-skin by its inharmonious shriek,  
And a tug of war come thenning after  
Greek has met with Greek;  
I will stay at home and see the giddy milkman fill his pail  
For an orchestra of Clepsydras conducted by a Snail.

And it's oh to be a Manatee—I think  
I shall be soon—

Riding coffee-coloured Dolphins on the snaffle (or bridoon).  
With his Barnacles and Biffin-boys  
belaying in the sea.

He has always eggs at breakfast, has the merry Manatee.

Can you see me then subsiding very stately very sly,  
Like a soluble quadratic which has lost its x and y,  
Getting out my rusty rapier and dissecting with a lunge  
All the daffodils and daisies that I grow upon my sponge?

Can you see me on a tram-car, while I stand upon my head,  
Shredding out the scarlet runners which no publisher has read,  
In a horse-case predetermined by a puiisne-judge alone,  
Who is tired of seeing juries with a rider of their own?

If the dactyls and the spondees should eventually fall,  
You can call on Miss CAESURA and conduct her to a ball.  
You can feed the girl on trochees, and of course you can propose,  
If hexameters delight you when recited through the nose.

Happy days, how soon ye falter; can a Bachelor have bliss?  
Can a contrapuntal Bulbul woo her lover with a kiss?  
Can a Scotsman get protection for his philibeg and trews  
By dictating half a column to the *Illustrated News*?

Can a Bumble-bee be cheerful if related to a Mouse  
Which has left its cheezy larder and been captured by a Grouse?  
Can a man-of-war be manly, can a gum-boil stick like glue?  
Can accounts be cooked with "stumers," and converted into stew?

Nay, I fly from all these problems; I am fortunately deaf  
To the fascinating music of the careful Q. E. F.,  
Nor can theorems allure me, never, never will I be  
Mathematically married to a vulgar Q. E. D.

But at home I'll sit and linger by the soft September fire,  
While I toast my feet and rack them by particular desire.  
And I'll illustrate my meaning (penny coloured, twopence plain)  
Drawing gaily on the "Note Book" of my old friend JIMMY PAYN.

MAD AS A HATTER.—The *Drapery World* says that "the New Woman's hat" is much like the Ordinary Man's "topper," only a little smaller; and a little more cheeky. The phrase might fitly be transferred to the "New Woman" herself. She looks so much like an ordinary man, only a little smaller and a little more cheeky. By the way, is there much difference between "the New Woman's hat" and the woman's new hat? The query would make a good one for a French Exercise Book.

#### Wheel and Whoa!

The popular wheel, so the French doctors say,  
Is the worst enemy of the popular weal.  
Academies of science scarce will stay  
The devastations of the steed of steel.  
The scorcher will deride as a bad joke  
Attempts in his wild wheel to put a spoke

INSTRUMENT FOR AN ANTI-BIRMINGHAM BAND.—The Ban-Joe.







## A YOUNG CYNIC.

*Dorothy.* "I WONDER WHY MEN TAKE THEIR HATS OFF IN CHURCH, AND WOMEN DON'T!"

*Michael.* "OH, DOROTHY, JUST THINK OF ALL THE LOOKING-GLASSES THERE'D HAVE TO BE IN EVERY PEW!"

## THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

["Immediately after the death of his father, the Duke of ORLEANS addressed the following telegram to all the Sovereign Princes of Europe:—

'A SA MAJESTÉ, &c.—J'ai la douleur de faire part à Votre Majesté de la mort de mon père PHILIPPE, Comte de Paris, pieusement décédé à Stowe House le huit Septembre. PHILIPPE.'

Great significance is attached to the fact that the Duke signs himself with regal simplicity 'PHILIPPE.' His father under similar circumstances, on the occasion of the death of the Comte de CHAMBORD, signed 'PHILIPPE, Comte de Paris,' thus ignoring his Sovereign rank."—*The Daily Graphic.*]

*Madame la République museth:—*

AN! "Vive la France!" If words were only deeds,

I might perchance secure a new defender. As AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds,

E'en so succeeds Pretender to Pretender.

Aye. "plus ça change plus c'est la même chose!" All

Fancy their words 'the writing on the wall.'

Street-corner scrawls are not the script of fate.

PRON-PLON and le brav' Général, CHAMBORD, PARIS,

All chalked my walls; "devotion to the State"

Inspired their schemes predestined to mis- But BOURBON, Bonapartist or what not, Self ever seemed the centre of the plot.

As "Roi des Français" or as "Monsieur X.,"

BOULANGER's backer, or the White Flag-waver,

What has availed their valour save to vex?

Frenchmen and soldiers? Doubtless, Sirs; few braver.

But plots and manifestoes wild and windy Contribute little to the State—save shindy!

Eh? Right Divine? That old, old weapon still

Pretenders fain would furbish up to fright Would I bear weary strife, or bow my will To human wrong if "Right Divine" could right me?

No; right divine to rule must prove affinity, To the divine ere I trust its divinity.

"PHILIPPE!" Ah! boldly written! You admire

Its flowing form, the freedom of its flourish. And "Vive la France!" To what may you aspire?

What is the scope, Sir, of the hopes you nourish?

Your sire "ignored his Sovereign rank"—in But Philippe—Roi—de—humph!—that might mean fighting.

Chalk, youngster! Purpose scribbled on the wall,

Not graven in the rock with pen of iron, Affrights not the Republic. It may fall

Amidst the perils that its path environ, But scarce to summons of the bravest boys, Or, like old Jericho, to the power of noise.

Yes; "the Pretender's dead," and who will now

Cry "Long live the—Pretender"? Courtly

Crafty intriguers, may parade and bow, But for the People? Will they deem their wrongs

Like to be cured by the old royal line, Or righted by the rule of Right Divine?

What will you do—save scribble and orate?

Were you indeed—ah, me!—that strong man armed

For whom so long I've waited, and still wait; Then, then, perchance, I might—who knows?—be charmed

To lily-girt Legitimist ways of yore. At present 'tis but—one Pretender more!

## ODE ON A DISTANT PARTRIDGE.

(By an Absent-minded Sportsman.)

WELL, I'm blest, I'm pretty, nearly Speechless, as I watch that bird, Saving that I mutter merely One concise, emphatic word—What that is, may be inferred!



English prose is, to my sorrow, Insufficient for the task.

Would that I could freely borrow

Expletives from Welsh or Basque— One or two is all I ask!

Failing that, let so-called verses Serve to mitigate my grief Doggerel now and then disperses Agonies that need relief. (Missing birds of these is chief!)

Blankly tramping o'er the stubbles Is a bore, to put it mild; But, in short, to crown my troubles, One mishap has made me riled, Driv'n me, like the coveys, wild

For at last I flush a partridge.

Ten yards rise, an easy pot! Click! Why, bless me, where's the cartridge?

Hang it! there, I clean forgot Putting them in ere I shot!

QUERY.—Would an ideal barrister be a counsel of perfection?



## THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

*Madame a République.* "WHAT WILL YOU DO—SAVE SCRIBBLE AND ORATE?  
WERE YOU INDEED—AH ME!—THAT STRONG MAN ARMED  
FOR WHOM SO LONG I'VE WAITED, AND STILL WAIT;  
THEN, THEN PERCHANCE, I MIGHT—WHO KNOWS?—BE CHARMED  
TO LILY-GIRT LEGITIMIST WAYS OF YORE.  
AT PRESENT 'TIS BUT—ONE PRETENDER MORE!"



## THE MOBILISED MANDARIN

*Or, the March of Civilisation.*

ABOUT the merry Mandarin  
His fatal gift for humour,  
I find it passing hard to pin  
My faith to every rumour.

This war, for instance. Fancy shuts  
Both eyes and vainly labours  
To grasp the news that he is nuts  
On blowing up his neighbours.

If so, he threatens to deface,  
Beyond all recognition,  
His right of kinship with a race  
Whose excellent tradition,

Oldest of old traditions, has  
Time out of mind begun by  
This rule:—*Do not to others as  
You'd rather not be done by.*

Ignoring now the ancient bards,  
He must have emulated  
The doctrine which *Ah Sin* at cards  
So darkly demonstrated,

When, flush of duplicate supplies,  
Well up his sleeves he slid 'em—  
*Do those whom you will otherwise  
Be done by:—and he did 'em.*

Observe this sad example of  
Imported Western culture!  
Symbol of peace, the sucking-dove  
Knocks under to the vulture;

And prophets of a prior age  
Might fairly be astounded  
To find the system of the sage  
CONFUCIUS worse confounded!

## LADAS!

*(By a Disgusted Backer.)*

LADAS, LADAS,  
Go along with you, do.  
I'm now stone-broke,  
All on account of you.  
It wasn't a lucky Leger,  
And I wish I'd been a hedger,  
Though you *did* look sweet,  
Before defeat—  
But I've thoroughly done  
with you!

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.—In spite of the  
great number of bathers at all our  
most frequented sea-side resorts there  
has been no appreciable diminution  
in either the quality or quantity of  
the sea-water.



## STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

MR. HIPPOPOTAMUS AS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

## IN THE MUSEUM.

'Twas almost dusk; the galleries  
Lay silent and deserted  
Where happy knots of twos and threes  
Had wondered, talked, and flirted;  
Where, armed with buns and cata-  
logues,  
The country-bred relations  
Had criticised, appraised, despised  
The art of many nations.

No more the rigid censor viewed  
With hearty disapproval  
Athenian statues in the nude,  
Demanding their removal;  
No more the cultured connoisseur,  
Whom nothing new amazes,  
The very old designs extolled  
In very modern phrases.

Yet two remained; a youth and maid  
Still lingered in the section  
Where Egypt's treasures lie displayed  
For popular inspection;  
They talked in whispers, and although  
The subject dear to some is,  
They did not seem to take as theme  
The obelisks and mummies.

An Art more ancient far, one thinks,  
Was that they talked of lightly,  
Compared with which the hoary  
Sphinx  
Seems juvenile and sprightly;  
Young as the very latest tale,  
Old as the oldest stories,  
It kept them there, this happy pair,  
That Art—the *ars amoris*!

The mummies round them seemed to  
smile,  
Ah, long ago, one fancies,  
Those withered faces by the Nile  
Had known their own romances.  
The old-world gods have passed away,  
Osiris lies forsaken,  
But Love alone retains his throne  
Unquestioned and unshaken!

LEX TALIONIS.—Mr. LANG, turned  
speculative law-giver, suggests that  
we should tax literature. Well,  
that's only *quid* (or so much in the  
"quid") *pro quo*; seeing how litera-  
ture (lots of it) taxes us. A high  
rate on literary rubbish would yield  
"pretty pickings," especially if the  
producers thereof were allowed to  
"rate" each other! In this age of  
sloppiness, sniff and snippets there is  
a lot of "literature" which should be  
tariffed off the face of the earth.

## HELMHOLTZ.

WHAT matter titles? HELMHOLTZ is a name  
That challenges, alone, the award of Fame!  
When Emperors, Kings, Pretenders, shadows  
all,  
Leave not a dust-trace on our whirling ball,  
Thy work, oh grave-eyed searcher, shall  
endure,  
Unmarred by faction, from low passion  
pure.  
To bridge the gulf 'twixt matter-veil and  
Perchance to mortals, dull-sensed, slow,  
purlind,  
Is not permitted—yet; but patient, keen,  
Thou on the shadowy track beyond the Seen,  
Didst dog the elusive truth, and seek in  
sound  
The secret of soul-mysteries profound,  
Essential Order, Beauty's hidden law!  
Marvels to strike more sluggish souls with  
awe,

Great seekers, lonely-souled, explore that  
track,  
We welcome the wild wonders they bring  
back  
From ventures stranger than an earthly Pole  
Can furnish. Distant still that mental goal  
To which great spirits strain; but when  
calm Fame [name  
Sums its bold seekers, HELMHOLTZ, thy great  
Among the foremost shall eternal stand,  
Science's pride, and glory of thy land.

"My dear," said Mrs. R., "I had to dis-  
charge my gardener, for when I questioned  
him about the sale of the vegetables his  
answers were far too amphibious."

UNHAPPY THOUGHT BY AN INVALID.—  
What a dreadful thing to become the Per-  
manent Head of a Department with a Per-  
manent Headache!

## EJACULATIONS

*On being asked to play Croquet, A.D. 1894.*

["It is impossible to visit any part of the country  
without realising the fact that the long-discredited  
game of Croquet is fast coming into vogue again.  
... This is partly owing to the abolition of 'tight  
croquetting.'"]—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

EH? What? Why? How?  
Are we back in the Sixties again?  
I am rubbing my eyes—is it *then*, or now?  
I'm a *Rip van Winkle*, it's plain!

Hoop, Ball, Stick, Cage?  
Eh, fetch them all out once more?  
Why, look, they're begrimed and cracked  
with age,  
And their playing days are o'er!

Well—yes—here goes  
For a primitive chaste delight!  
Let us soberly, solemnly beat our foes,  
For Croquet's no longer "tight"!

## ODE FOR THE MARRIAGE SEASON.

## II.

"If any of you know  
Cause or impediment,"—  
Cause! I should think I do,  
That girl to wed I meant!  
She made me drink the cup  
Of woe, well-shaken up  
With bitter sediment.

If I forbid the banns  
With visage pallid,  
Ere she's another man's,  
And I have rallied,  
Because in bygone days  
With me she dallied,  
Would my forbidding phrase  
Be counted valid?

Because her eyes would shine  
Once when I praised her,  
Because her heart to mine,  
When I upraised her  
From the low garden chair,  
Beat for a moment's space  
With sudden, yielding grace  
While I just kiss'd her hair,  
Which nought amazed her;  
Soothed her with loving touch,  
Loving, but not too much,  
When on her little hand  
The buckle of her band  
Had lightly grazed her?

Slowly our souls between  
Mists of reserve crept in—  
I reck'd not, blindly—  
A sister she became,  
O chill and veal-like name!  
A great deal less than kin,  
Much less than kindly.

Then on the old sweet ways  
Of thoughtless, chummy days,  
Turning severely,  
Pride, hooded in dislike,  
Sirruck as a snake might strike,  
And, in the public gaze,  
Froze me austere.



## ONE THING AT A TIME.

*Genial Master (under the painful necessity of discharging his Coachman. "I'M AFRAID, SIMMONS, WE MUST PART. THE FACT IS, I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING THAT SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE LAST MONTH YOU HAVE BEEN—SOBER; AND I DON'T BELIEVE A MAN CAN ATTEND PROPERLY TO THE DRINK IF HE HAS DRIVING TO DO!")*

Well, all is vanity;  
She'll disillusion'd be,  
And I—well, as for me,  
When these confusions  
Clear from my brain away,  
Back in my thoughts I'll stray  
Where sunbeams ever play  
On lost illusions.

## TO A SCORCHER.

'ARRY, 'ARRY SMITH DE SMITH,  
As wheelman you would win  
renown!  
You are the country districts' pest,  
You are the nuisance of the  
town:  
You're wan and wild and dust-  
defiled;  
You think you're awfully ad-  
mired.  
Though winner of a hundred  
"pots,"  
Your fame is not to be desired.

ARRY, 'ARRY SMITH DE SMITH,  
You whirl and whisk about the  
lands,  
With shoulders bowed, with low-  
ered pate,  
And dull eyes fixed upon your  
hands.  
O! take some interest in the  
scene,  
Love birds that sing and flowers  
that blow;  
Try not to be a mere machine,  
And let the record-squelcher go!

A LITTLE LESS THAN M'KINLEY,  
BUT MORE THAN UNKIND.—Presi-  
dent CLEVELAND has had to allow  
the Gorman Act to become law  
without formally assenting to it.  
He has had, in fact, to swallow  
what he would fain reject, an act  
of involuntary political Gorman-  
dising which must be unpleasant.

## THAT ADVANCED WOMAN!

(A Symposium à la Mode.)

The Author of  
"A Soddish Aster"  
confesses.

I AM much flattered by your kind invi-  
tation to discuss the Advanced Woman, but  
an initial difficulty suggests itself to me.

Can one discuss the Advanced Woman if this Advanced Woman her-  
self is non-existent? I am aware, of course, that  
she has stridden large of late in the pages of femi-  
nine fiction, but is she not as extinct (before she  
has ever existed) as her Dodo title? Let me make  
my own confession. I have used, if I did not  
invent, the A. W. I have secured a remunerative  
public. Once on a time I wrote of life as I found  
it. I used my eyes and ears, and endeavoured to  
let the world have the result in the old-fashioned,  
wholesome story. It was a dreary failure. The  
critics commended my style, and the public let me  
severely alone. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* A  
theatrical manager who finds his musical piece  
begin to drag, saves the situation by a New  
Edition—in other words, by two new songs and  
some fresh dances. In a similar way I secured a  
reputation by dragging in (at times by her very  
heel) the Advanced Woman. True that she resembles no one in  
actual existence, true, indeed, that she is outrageously and offensively  
improbable, but the public were not happy till they got her. They're  
happy now. So am I.



Mrs. Shriek Shriekon  
speaks out.

I should have thought that *my* views on  
the Advanced Woman were sufficiently well  
known; but, since you ask my opinion, I may  
say at once that I lose no opportunity of inveighing against this *fin*  
*de-siècle* abomination. Once on a time it was not thought un-  
becoming for a woman to be modest and retiring. She knew her

sphere, and, queen in her own selected world, she did not aspire to a  
sovereignty which naturally belonged to others. If they were alive  
to-day (and, after all, some of them are), our grandmothers would  
hardly know their GRAND children—the Heavenly Twins. I am glad  
that I am permitted to keep burning the sacred lamp of the Old  
Womanhood. Indeed, it looks as if the jeers which a thoughtless  
world has hitherto reserved for the Old Maid were being transferred  
to the Old Woman. Yet to those who have never yielded to the spell  
of the latter-day notions, there is only dismay in the spectacle of the  
Advanced Woman sweeping triumphantly on, with her mind full of  
sex-problems she has not brains enough to understand, and her  
breath stained with the trace of cigarettes she does not care to  
conceal. Wholesomeness dies at being dubbed old-fashioned;  
Modesty does not survive the disgrace of not being up to date. It's  
a bad world, my masters, and I'm never tired of saying so.

Ann U. Woman  
dreams  
of the Future.

The fact that you have invited my opinion  
with full knowledge of what I shall say, em-  
boldens me to speak out. Man's day (which,  
like every dog, he has had) draws to an end. For centuries he has  
had Woman at his mercy. What she is to-day, that he has made  
her. And what is she? His Doll, his Slave, his "Old Woman."  
But Man made one fatal mistake. In a weak moment he consented  
to allow Woman to earn her own living. From that moment our  
ultimate triumph was assured. Now we know our strength. Told  
of old that we were brainless, we now become Senior Wranglers.  
Condemned aforesaid to inactivity, we now realise that in life's  
struggle there are no prizes we are not competent to secure, though,  
of course, we are not always permitted. We have precipitated our-  
selves out of a yellow miasma of stagnant sloth into an emancipated,  
and advanced day. The Advanced Woman has come to stay—but  
not with any husband. She will be as free as the air, as strong as  
the eagle. I must stop, as to do any more fine writing would be to  
anticipate my next novel. Be sure to get it. It will be called—  
[No; I can stand a good deal, but not that.—Ed.]



### "TRIPPING MERRILY."

THAT holiday cruise on board the good steamship *Cannie Donia*! Did I dream it? or was it a reality? "Are there wissons about?" It seems like yesterday or like years ago, and I know it was neither. "Old KASPAR's,"—or let us say middle-aged KASPAR's,—"work was done" *pro tem.*, and he could not neglect so great an opportunity, nor refuse so inviting an invitation as that sent him by Sir CHARLES CHEERIE, the Chairman, to come aboard for the trial trip of the G.S.S. *Cannie Donia*. So I, middle-aged KASPAR, work done as aforesaid, did then and thereby become TOMMY the Tripper, and, as such, went aboard the gallant SS. above-mentioned, all-to-the-contrary, nevertheless, and notwithstanding.

And what a goodly company!

Sir CHARLES and Lady CHEERIE, perfect host and hostess in themselves. Here too was our TOBY, M.P., waggish as ever. "I am not down on the official list of guests as 'TOBIAS,'" quoth he. "And why?" I gave it up. "Because," says he, answering his own conundrum, "I am a free and independent scribe, and there is nothing to bias me. Aha!" The sea air agrees with TOBY, M.P. "And where would the Member for Barkshire be," he asks, propounding as it were another and a better puzzle, "but aboard a bonnie barque? My bark," he continues gaily, "may be worse than my bite, but—" Here the bugle-call to breakfast sounds, and from ocular evidence I can roundly assert that whatever his bark may be, I will back his bite—and this without backbiting, of which, as I trust, neither of us is capable—against that of any two of his own size and weight. Yet TOBY *en mangeant* is not the dog in a manger, no, not by any means! With one eye to the main chance, and another to the corresponding comfort of his co-breakfasters, so pursueth he his steadfast course, as indeed do we all, to the astonishment of most of us, through the shoals of toast and butter; over the shallows of eggs; safely through the Straits of Kipper and Kurrie; with a pleasant time in Hot Tea Bay; then through a Choppy sea, between the dangerous rocks of Brawn and Bacon; into the calm Marmaladean Sea, where we ride at anchor and all is well.

After breakfast, the cigar, or pipe, with conversational accompaniment, what time we pace the quarter-deck. Prognostications as to probable weather are "taken and offered" by nautically-attired guests, who, in a general way, may be supposed from their seagoing costume "to know the ropes." Here is the ever amiable and truly gallant Sir PETER PLURAL, looking every inch the ideal yachtsman, as honorary member of the Upper House of Cowes and Ryde Piers. Wonderful man Sir PETER! knows everybody, is liked by everybody; has been yachting and sailing and voyaging for any number of years; knows even the smallest waves by sight, and, if asked, could probably tell you their names! One day he will publish his reminiscences!

We anchor off Queenstown. The estimable, jovial VALENTINE VULCAN, M.P., from the North, must ashore to purchase some trifling knickknacks by way of mementoes of the visit. Instead of "knickknacks" he lays in a stock of "knock-knocks," yclept "shillelaghs," which are served out to him by a delicately pale beauty of Erin, dark-haired, slim waisted, and as elegant as might be any natty girl from County Trim. She shows us some dozen shillelaghs with hard, murderous-looking, bulbous knobs.

"Phew!" whistles VALENTINE VULCAN, M.P., weighing one of these dainty sticks in his hand. "You might get rather a nasty crack from this." I agree with him, and the sad daughter of Erin regards us sadly and sympathetically.

"Maybe," I think to myself, "she has lost a friend or a lover in one of these confounded O'CAPULET and O'MONTAGUE rows. Poor girl!"

And I eye her with a look wherein admiration is tempered with pity. It occurs to me that I will say something appropriate, just to show her how I, a stranger and a Saxon, feel for her. It may lead her to express her hearty detestation of these faction-fights, and of these deadly fracas with the armed constabulary. So I say, with a touch of deep indignation in my tone, "It's a shame," say I, "that such things as these"—and I nod frowningly at the shillelaghs which VULCAN, M.P., is twirling meditatively, one in each hand, as if right and left were about to fight it out—"it's a shame that such things as these should be permitted!" The pale, sad, beautiful daughter of Erin, regards me mournfully, and then, in a tone expressive of astonishment blended with firm remonstrance, she asks,—

"An' what would the poor Boys use, an' they not allowed fire-arms?"

That was all. No smile is on the lips of Erin's pale daughter. She is apparently in earnest, though both VULCAN and myself, talking it over subsequently, unite in opinion that, perhaps, she had been availing herself of this rare and unique opportunity of "getting at" the Saxon.

So she went on recommending sticks and photographs, and did a good bit of business with our generous VULCAN, M.P., who returned, laden with gifts for various fellow-guests aboard the good SS. *Cannie Donia*.

What amusing nights and delightful days! The ladies—bless 'em!—all charming, and very Barkisses in their perpetual "willingness" to do anything and everything that might give pleasure and afford amusement. Two fairy-gifted maidens entertain us mightily with a capital dramatic sketch of their own composition; others follow suit, playing the piano; and a *sestette* perform, without previous rehearsal, glees, madrigals, part-songs, and choruses to popular plantation melodies, under the leadership of that masterly musician Tom TORDEROL, whose only regret is that he has not been able to bring on board with him his sixteen-horse-power-fifty-stopped-sixteen-pedal organ (designed and made by the eminent firm of BELLOWES, BLOWER & Co., at a cost of some few thousand pounds), though, as he explains to us, he would have done so, had this musical mammoth been only compressible within the limits of an ordinary carpet bag.

However, *à propos* of organs, we have with us a representative of one of the greatest organs—of the Press—full of wise saws and modern instances; as jolly as a sandboy, or rather as a schoolboy out for a holiday. A sailor every inch of him, and this is saying a

great deal, as he must be over six feet, and broad in proportion.

Appropriate, too, as aboard "the craft," is the presence of the Great Grand Secretary, Mr. BENJAMIN BOAZ, A.M., P.G.M., &c., &c., and the still Greater, Grandier Something Else, P.P.M., &c., Sir JONATHAN JACHIN, mysterious officers, *Arcades ambo*, of the Secret Rites of Masonry, full of nods, winks, becks, wreathed smiles, signs, secrets, fun, frolic, and tales galore.

Ah! the happy days! And the happy evenings! What excellent "toasts" and "returnings of thanks" by my Lord AFFIDAVIT, by Sir POSEIDON A VINKLO (President of the Anchorite Court), by ANDREW McJASON (senior of the Argonautic Firm that built the good ship *Cannie Donia*), and the sprightliest speech of all by Sir CHARLES CHEERIE!

Round to Falmouth, up the Fal, "with our Fal, la, la," as singeth our brilliant *sestette* to piano, or, to quote Sir JONATHAN, "our P. an' O." accompaniment.

Then S'uth'ards! Then . . . But "here break we off."

Thus do I briefly make some record of a "trial trip"; and may no trip that any of us may make, whether involving a trial or not, have worse results than has this, of which, beginning and finishing happily and gloriously as it has done—and such be the *Cannie Donia's* fate evermore—I am privileged to write this slight record, and proud to account myself henceforth as

ONE OF THE TRIPPERS.



Saxon (referring to the shillelaghs). "It's a shame that such things as these should be permitted!"

Daughter of Erin (plaintively). "An' what would the poor Boys use, an' they not allowed Fire-arms?"



### AN IMPORTANT 'JUNCTION.

YOU MIND YOUR FADER GETS MY BOOTS REDDY BY FOUR O'CLOCK, 'COS I'M GOIN'  
TO A PARTY!"

#### A PRINCELY OFFER.

["To Poets.—£5 offered for a One-Act Opera Libretto, subject to conditions," &c. — *Advertisement in "Morning Post."*]

PASSED are the days when in accents pathetic  
Writers complained of their wage as  
unjust,

Gone are the times when the genius poetic  
Struggled in penury, dined on a crust!

Nor need they longer, who strive for a  
pittance,

Grieve if the editors still are remiss;  
What though the papers refuse them admit-  
tance

While they're afforded such chances as  
this?

Writers of verse, here is news to elate you!

"Poets" (the title you value the most),  
Simply magnificent offers await you!—  
*Vide* this paragraph, cut from the *Post*.

Hasten, ye bards (who surely a debt owe  
To this MÆCENAS, this opulent man),  
Hasten with joy to prepare a *libretto*  
Fit to accomplish his excellent plan!

He will fulfil your most lofty ambitions—  
Such generosity simply astounds!—  
You will receive (under certain "conditions")  
Honour, and glory, and fame, and—*five*  
*pounds!*

A PARADOX OF THEATRICAL SUCCESS.—At  
the Criterion very difficult to get into *Hot*  
*Water*.

### TIPS.

(To a Friendly Adviser.)

WHEN starting off on foreign trips,  
I've felt secure if someone gave me  
Invaluable hints and tips;  
Time, trouble, money, these would save me.

I'm off; you've told  
me all you know.  
Forewarned, fore-  
armed, I start,  
instructed  
How much to spend,  
and where to go;  
Yet free, not like  
some folks "con-  
ducted."



Now I shall face, se-  
rene and calm,  
Those persons, often  
rather pressing  
For little gifts, with outstretched palm.  
To some of them I'll give my blessing.

To others—"service" being paid—  
*Buona mano, pourboire, trinkgeld*;  
They fancy Englishmen are made  
Of money, made of (so they think) *geld*.

The *garçon*, ready with each dish,  
His brisk "*Voilà, monsieur*," replying  
To anything that one may wish;  
His claim admits of no denying.

The *portier*, who never rests,  
Who speaks six languages together  
To clamorous, inquiring guests,  
On letters, luggage, trains, boats, weather.

The *femme de chambre*, who fills my *bain*;  
The *ouvreuse*, where I see the *acteur*.  
A cigarette to *chef de train*,  
A franc to energetic *facteur*.

I give each *cocher* what is right;  
I know, without profound researches,  
What I must pay for each new sight—  
Cathedrals, castles, convents, churches.

Or climbing up to see a view,  
From *campanile*, roof or steeple.  
Those verbal tips I had from you  
Save money tips to other people.

Save all those florins, marks or francs—  
Or *pfennige, sous, kreutzer*, is it?  
The change they give me at the banks,  
According to the towns I visit.

I seem to owe you these, and yet  
Will money do? My feeling's deeper.  
I'll owe you an eternal debt—  
A debt of gratitude, that's cheaper.

### TO SENTIMENT.

(After a Long Course of Cynicism.)

"SENTIMENT is come again."  
So says clever Mr. ZANGWILL.  
Most things tire the human brain;  
Mugwump mockery and slang will:  
Pessimism's pompous pose,  
Hedonism's virus septic;  
Cynicism's cold cock-nose,  
Creedless dismals, doubts dyspeptic,  
All are wearying—being sham.  
Twopenny Timon tires and sickens.  
Bitters bore us! We'll try jam!  
Back to LYTTON, HOOD, and DICKENS?  
Sorrows of sweet seventeen?  
Vows that manly one-and-twenty meant?  
Yes! we're sick of Cynic spleen.  
Let's hark back again to Sentiment!  
Saccharine surfeit, after all,  
Though it be a trifle sickly,  
Changes our long gorge of gall.  
Come back, Sentiment, and quickly!

## THE INVASION OF WOMAN.

WHEN STREPHON shuts the ledger to,  
Relinquishing his duties,  
And takes the train from Waterloo  
For Clapham's rural beauties  
He dearly loves *en route*, we read,  
To smoke the solitary weed.



His hopes, alas, are  
quickly dashed,  
For CHLOË, maid  
provoking!  
Alertly enters, un-  
abashed,  
The carriage la-  
belled "Smok-  
ing";  
His frown, his power-  
ful cigar,  
His match—all un-  
availing are.

Yes, CHLOË comes, and brings no doubt,  
A friend to talk of fashions,  
While STREPHON lets his weed go out,  
A prey to angry passions,  
Which, later on, released will be  
Within the excellent *D. T.*  
Yet grieve not so, ungallant swain,  
Nor curse this innovation,  
Or, even if you do, refrain  
From words like "frequentation,"  
But really, you should do no less  
Than cease to curse, and wholly bless.  
For if the charm this female band  
Finds in you so immense is,  
That they contentedly can stand  
The smell your weed dispenses,  
A compliment they pay you then  
You will not gain from fellow-men!

## A CERTAIN CURE.

["Eating sugarplums is the best cure for mun-  
dane sorrows."—*A Ladies' Journal*, Sept. 19.]

WHATEVER the sorrows that chasten your  
life,

A cure for them all you will quickly  
receive,  
If PHYLLIS should prove an unsuitable wife,  
If children undutiful cause you to grieve,  
Just get at the nearest confectioner's shop,  
The cheap and the comforting chocolate  
drop!

If the treatise at which you have constantly  
worked,  
(Four volumes portraying "the Growth of  
Mankind.")

By editors still is consistently burked,  
If publishers still to its merits are blind,  
You grieve at their foolish perversity; well,  
There's healing and balm in the sweet  
caramel.

Perhaps you may find—many do—that your  
debts

Are steadily growing, while incomes  
decay,  
And constant attempts to increase your  
assets

By bold speculation seem hardly to pay;  
Though "Turks" may decline, do not grieve  
at your plight,  
But buy, as a substitute, Turkish Delight!

In fact, if misfortunes should seem to  
oppress,

No longer their burden you'll sadly  
endure,  
You'll have in the midst of calamity's stress  
A certain specific that cannot but cure;  
"Away with all sorrow!" our teacher  
repeats,  
"Don't grieve at existence, but taste of its  
sweets!"

## TO ALTHEA IN CHURCH.

You weren't so far off but I knew you,  
I instantly knew you were there!  
On my Ancient and Modern I drew you  
Between the first hymn and the prayer.  
I'm glad that my eyes keen and quick are,  
When there are such prospects to see.  
You're looking straight up at the Vicar—  
I wish you'd look over at me!

You've a hat that is gauzy and shady,  
Your gown is a delicate grey—  
So fair and so dainty a lady  
Ne'er entered the Church till to-day!  
Your chapelon quietly dozes.  
Would I were a wizard, for you!  
A wave of my wand, and with roses  
Should suddenly blossom your pew!

## ROBERT'S PICTER.

By some stordinary mistake on the part of  
some very hement taker of Poortraits, I  
was last week requested for to go to him and  
set for my Pictor.

He told me in his letter that his reason for  
wanting me to set to him was, becoz he wanted  
to have the Picters of all the Members of the  
Copperation, and of course they wood not be  
complete without mine, for tho of course he  
knew that I was not a real Common Coun-  
seller, still, he thort that I had left sitch a  
mark among them by my ten years constant  
service and unwarying attention to em, that  
the hole matter wood be wanting in com-  
pleteness if my Pictor was omitted, even if  
it was only as "Mr. ROBERT the City Waiter"  
a leading off the precession or a bringing up the  
Reer! I remembers werry well when the other  
City Pictor was printed, about a year ago,  
when the LORD MARE's three Footmen, all in



their werry hansum-  
est uniforms, was  
placed exactly in the  
front, and all being  
fine hansum fellers,  
as they undowtedly  
is, they were thort to  
have taken the shine  
out of the hole Pictor,  
but that was in  
course quite a dif-  
ferent thing, and this  
new one is to be quite  
werry different from  
that one, and carried  
out in quite another  
style altogether, and  
will, I shoud think,  
attract such uniwer-  
sal admiration as will  
quite cut out the Pictor  
Gallery as was shown  
at Gildall last summer.

Sum few of the werry hansumest of the hole  
Court as has bin and got taken already, has  
bin and stuck theirselves up in the Reading  
Room, and werry proud they is of their ap-  
pearance, and BROWN and Me has got sum of  
the Atendents to let us go in before the  
Members comes, and see em privately. BROWN  
says as how as he's quite sure as there must  
be sum mistake about me, becoz as he carn't  
at all see how I shoud fit in with the rest.  
But there's werry little dout in my mind that  
it's all a case of gelosy with BROWN, who  
woud werry much like to have sitch a chance.

I had my chance of going yesterday, and  
werry kind the Gennelman wos who took me,  
and he took me three times, to make sure of  
me. He said as I was a werry good Setter,  
and that everybody woud know who I was by  
my likenesses in *Punch*, and lots of peep-  
le woud like to git my Pictor, as it was a  
werry good likeness.

ROBERT.

## A TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION;

*Or, Evolution Gone Wrong.*

["It is probable that the butterfly postillion, by  
an inverse process of evolution, becomes in time  
the sombre fly-driver."—*James Payn*.]

OH, polychromatic postillion,  
Who scoureth the Scarborough plains,  
And beareth the travel-  
ling million  
For infinitesimal gains;  
Oh, butterfly, picture thee  
—there is the rub!  
Developing backwards to  
worse than a grub!



It fills me with doldrums  
and dolour.

To picture thy scarlet  
and blue "colour,"  
Becoming so sadly "off  
Descending to bumble-  
bee hue;

To dandy-grey russet; dunducketty dun!  
Oh, PAYN, this is painful. You must be in  
fun!

A fly-driver frumpy and fusty?

You might as well just be a fly,

All fuzzy, and buzzy, and dusty,

A horror to ear and to eye,

A-booming about and fly-blowing the

crookery,

No, no, gentle PAYN, this is surely mere  
mockery.

Would DARWIN were here to demolish

"Development" turned upside down.

You urchin in pink and high polish

Degraded to rain-beaten brown?

A butterfly turned a blackbeetle were sad,

But nought to the fate of our postboy, poor  
lad!

A Hansom may sink to a "Shoful,"

A racer descend to the rank;

But *this* metamorphosis woeful

Is fortune's most pitiless prank.

Smart urchin in emerald, cobalt, vermilion,  
Turn fly-driver? Far better die a postillion!

## MORGENLIED.

*(By a Light Sleeper.)*

"YE little birds that sit and sing"

Outside my window when the day is dawning.

How I should like your little necks to wring,

I fain would sleep, with weariness I'm  
yawning.

Although for rest you may not feel inclined,  
Do cease, I beg of you, that aimless  
twitter:

Try without noise the early worm to find.

Why should you seek my rest-time to em-  
bitter?

No doubt you think your maddening cheep  
Sweeter than song of nightingale or linnnet,

But, tossing here with imprecations deep,

I do declare I find no sweetness in it.

"Higher up! move on!" or stay and hold  
your tongues,

Had I a gun, the twig you'd quickly hop it;

I wish you'd exercise your little lungs

A thousand miles from here. In mercy  
stop it!

## The Cyclist's Cycle.

*(An Elderly would-be Wheelman's Experience.)*

Discuss the question,—*"Why Cycle?"*

Purchase a roadster,—*Buy Cycle!*

Mount it, and tumble off,—*Try Cycle!*

Home bruised and shivering,—*Leave Cycle!*

Read the *Lancet*, am horrified,—*Shy Cycle!*

Sell off at a sacrifice,—*Fie Cycle!*

And that was the end of my Cycle!



### A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

*Mr. G.* "YES, MISS, I ENTIRELY AGREE WITH YOU. 'LOCAL OPTION' IS—IS—UM—MORE OR LESS OF AN IMPOSTURE."

*Miss Harcourt (horrified, appearing in the doorway).* "OH! MR. G. I MR. G.!!"

"... Local option ... if pretending to the honour of a remedy, is little better than an imposture. ... I am glad to see that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is active in your cause."—*Extract from a Letter written by Mr. Gladstone to the Bishop of Chester. See Daily Paper, Sept. 19.*

### HERRICK ON RATIONAL DRESS.

Yes, "Knickers" are the proper dress  
 Wherewith a Cycle's seat to press;  
 Convenient, and—should you be thrown—  
 Making less re-ve-la-ti-on;  
 There's less of danger, aye, and dirt,  
 Attending the divided skirt.  
 I will not say I wholly like  
 To see my JULIA on a "bike":  
 I will not say that I should choose  
 To see CORINNA don the trows;  
 But yet, if either beauty feel  
 That she is bound to cycle-wheel,  
 (Like to a she-Ixion) then,  
 Since ladies aim to ride like men,  
 [teaches  
 'Tis clear that all experience  
 That it is best to wear knee-breeches,  
 And drop the prejudice that doth dote  
 On the tempestuous petticoat.  
 A skirt that catcheth here and there,  
 [ing bare,  
 And leaves a stretch of stock-  
 Raiments that ruck, and cause thereby  
 [fusedly;—  
 The wheels to move con-  
 All these be awkward follies,  
 sure, [menture.  
 Compared with dual gar-  
 Knickers and leggings, by-  
 and-by,  
 With their unfeigned simplicity,  
 Will more bewitch us—on a "bike"—  
 Than flowing skirts we now do like!



### MAKING THINGS SMOOTH.

*Keeper (to Sportsmen, who have just fired all four barrels without touching a feather). "DEARY ME! UNCOMMON STRONG ON THE WING BIRDS IS, GENTLEMEN! 'STONISHING AMOUNT O' SHOT THEY CARRIES AWAY WITH 'EM TO BE SURE!"*

### THE "AUTOMATIC" CONSCIENCE.

[A late report of the Automatic Machine Company says that out of every twelve coins placed in the slot two are bad.]

*Average "Honest Man" log.:-*

Put a penny in the slot?  
 That is simply tommy-rot!  
 If I want a cigarette,  
 Or some butter scotch, you bet,  
 If I put a penny in,  
 'Tis a bad one! Bits of tin,  
 Workmen's tickets, discs of zinc,  
 Aught that's rounded and will chink,  
 Chips of copper filed to size,  
 Tokens, counters—all I tries.  
 Takes a lot o' trouble, too,  
 To take up a reglar "do."  
 So for nix I often get  
 Butter scotch or cigarette.  
 Oh! it is a splendid joke!  
 I should like to see the bloke  
 When he turns 'em out! Oh lor!  
 Twenty per cent. are shams—  
 or more!  
 Honest? Wot? To a machine?  
 You must think me jolly green!  
 The machine can't cop or blow!  
 Automatics do not know.  
 If I pop a "Frenchy" in,  
 Or a lump of brass or tin,  
 Who's to tell that I do not  
 Put a penny in the slot?

IN THE PRESS.—*The Cruelty of the Jap.* By the Author of *The Kindness of the Celestial.*

### A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

SCENE — *The "Gothenburg Arms," under new (Municipal) Management, licensed for the sale of liquors for the public profit only. Mr. G., an elderly but cheerful and chatty customer, and Miss JOSEPHINE, a smart barmaid, discovered conversing across the counter.*

*Miss Joe (aside).* Why, here is that chirpy old josser again! I wonder, now, what is his little game here?

*Mr. G. (aside).* Aha! there she is, looking smart as fresh paint! (*Aloud.*) Good morning, Miss JOSEY! How are you, my dear?

*Miss Joe.* Ah, tha-anks. I'm all right.

*Mr. G.* Which you look it indeed! Just a glass of the usual, my dear, if you please.

*Miss Joe (drawing it).* Oh, I thought you'd turned total abstainer or something.

*Mr. G.* Dear no! That's your chaff: you were always a tease.

*Miss Joe (bristling).* A tease, Mr. G.? Why, I wouldn't demean myself. What can it matter to me what you take?

*Mr. G.* Come now, Miss JOE, don't be raspy this morning.

*Miss Joe.* Me raspy, indeed! Well, you do take the cake! You've been awfully down on the Bungs for a long time, have you and your friends, that Miss HARCOURT and such.

*Mr. G.* Don't call her my friend, if you please, dear Miss JOSEY.

*Miss Joe.* Oh, come!—I say!—this is a trifle too much! Were not you and that LAWSON, and others, fair pals; Local Optioners down to the ground, and all that?

*Mr. G. (airily).* Oh, now I am "freer" and much less "responsible." Makes such a difference!

*Miss Joe.* What are you at?

*Mr. G.* Why, my dear girl, this new Gothenburg system always has struck me as quite the sole chance

Of escape from predicament truly contemptible—only fair promise of real advance.

So glad to see you so active in aid of it!

*Miss Joe (coquettishly).* Oh, Mr. G.! if Miss H. could but hear——!

*Mr. G. (pettishly).* Bother Miss H.! Local Option's her fad, and I'm friendly, of course, to it, only, my dear, The mere limitation of numbers—her idol and Parliament's also for twenty years past—

Is all tommy-rot as a remedy!

*Miss Joe.* Really, my dear Mr. G., you are getting on fast. Don't mean to say you mean "chucking" Miss H. and the rest of the Vetoers, WILFRID and all?

What will he say? He'll be giving you beans; and that blessed Alliance will raise a big squall.

*Mr. G.* "Charge, CHESTER, charge!" is my Marmion-motto. LAWSON and DAWSON may kick up a row,

But I back you and the Gothenburg system, Miss JOE, and of course I can own to it—now!

*Miss Joe.* Well, I feel flattered! But oh, poor Miss H.!

*Mr. G.* *Entre nous*, my dear JOE, Local Option, *per se*, Is just an Imposture!!!

*Miss H. (who has entered unperceived).* Oh, is it? My favourite measure, too! Oh, Mister G.! Mister G.!

Call you this backing your friends? And to her too, that minx who was false to you when I was true!

Really it's not safe to leave you a moment! You naughty old mischief you—come along, do!

### Friendly Lead for the Owner of "Ladas."

THE Nonconformist Conscience, which doth mark

POOR PRIMROSE with the ire of an apostle,

Will probably consider it a lark

To see swift Ladas beaten by a Throstle.

Accept the omen, ROSEBERRY; turn 'cute hedger;

And try the Bethel blend of "Saint" and "Ledger."

THE PLEA OF THE PARTY SCRIBE.—It is said that "upright writers" avoid scrivener's palsy or penman's cramp. Perhaps so. But then there is so little demand for upright writers!



## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART XIII.—WHAT'S IN A NAME?

SCENE XXII.—At the Supper-table in the Housekeeper's Room. Mrs. POMFRET and TREDWELL are at the head and foot of the table respectively. UNDERSHELL is between Mrs. POMFRET and Miss PHILLIPSON. The Steward's Room Boy waits.

Tredwell. I don't see Mr. ADAMS here this evening, Mrs. POMFRET. What's the reason of that?

Mrs. Pomfret. Why, he asked to be excused to-night, Mr. TREDWELL. You see some of the visitors' coachmen are putting up their horses here, and he's helping Mr. CHECKLEY entertain them. (To UNDERSHELL.) Mr. ADAMS is our Stud-Groom, and him and Mr. CHECKLEY, the 'ed coachman, are very friendly just now. ADAMS is very clever with his horses, I believe, and I'm sure he'd have liked a talk with you; it's a pity he's engaged elsewhere this evening.

Undershell (mystified). I—I'm exceedingly sorry to have missed him, Ma'am. (To himself.) Is the Stud-Groom literary, I wonder? ... Ah, no, I remember now; I allowed Miss PHILLIPSON to conclude that my tastes were equestrian. Perhaps it's just as well the Stud-Groom isn't here!

Mrs. Pomfr. Well, he may drop in later on. I shouldn't be surprised if you and he had met before.

Und. (to himself). I should. (Aloud.) I hardly think it's probable.

Mrs. Pomfr. I've known stranger things than that happen. Why, only the other day, a gentleman came into this very room, as it might be yourself, and it struck me he was looking very hard at me, and by-and-by he says, "You don't recollect me, Ma'am, but I know you very well," says he. So I said to him, "You certainly have the advantage of me at present, Sir." "Well, Ma'am," he says, "many years ago I had the honour and privilege of being Steward's Room Boy in a house where you was Stillroom Maid; and I consider I owe the position I have since attained entirely to the good advice you used to give me, as I've never forgot it, Ma'am," says he. Then it flashed across me who it was—"Mr. POKKINGTON!!!" says I. Which it were. And him own man to the Duke of DUMBLESHIRE! Which was what made it so very nice and 'andsome of him to remember me all that time.

Und. (perfunctorily). It must have been most gratifying, Ma'am. (To himself.) I hope this old lady hasn't any more anecdotes of this highly interesting nature. I mustn't neglect Miss PHILLIPSON—especially as I haven't very long to stay here.

[He consults his watch stealthily.] Miss Phillipson (observing the action). I'm sorry you find it so slow here; it's not very polite of you to show it quite so openly though, I must say. [She pouts.]

Und. (to himself). I can't let this poor girl think me a brute! But I must be careful not to go too far. (To her, in an undertone which he tries to render unemotional.) Don't misunderstand me like that. If I looked at my watch, it was merely to count the minutes that are left. In one short half hour I must go—I must pass out of your life, and you must forget—oh, it will be easy for you—but for me, ah! you cannot think that I shall carry away a heart entirely unscathed. Believe me I shall always look back gratefully, regretfully, on—

Phill. (bending her head with a gratified little giggle). I declare you're beginning all that again. I never did see such a cure as you are.

Und. (to himself, displeased). I wish she could bring herself to take me a little more seriously. I can not consider it a compliment to be called a "cure"—whatever that is.

Steptoe (considering it time to interfere). Come, Mr. UNDERSHELL all this whispering really is not fair on the company! You mustn't hide your bushel under a napkin like this; don't reserve all your sparklers for Miss PHILLIPSON there.

Und. (stiffly). I—ah—was not making any remark that could be described as a sparkler, Sir. I don't sparkle.

Phill. (demurely). He was being rather sentimental just then, Mr. STEPTOE, as it happens. Not that he can't sparkle, when he likes. I'm sure if you'd heard how he went on in the fly!

Steptoe (with malice). Not having been privileged to be present, perhaps our friend here could recollect a few of the best and repeat them.

Miss Dolman. Do, Mr. UNDERSHELL, please. I do love a good laugh.

Und. (crimson). I—you really must excuse me. I said nothing worth repeating. I don't remember that I was particularly—

Stept. Pardon me. Afraid I was indiscreet. We must spare Miss PHILLIPSON's blushes by all manner of means.

Phill. Oh, it was nothing of that sort, Mr. STEPTOE! I've no objection to repeat what he said. He called me a little green something or other. No; he said that in the train, though. But he would have it that the old cab-horse was a magic steed, and the fly an enchanted chariot; and I don't know what all (As nobody smiles.) It sounded awfully funny as he said it, with his face perfectly solemn like it is now, I assure you it did!

Stept. (patronisingly). I can readily believe it. We shall have you contributing to some of our yumerous periodicals, Mr. UNDERSHELL, Sir, before long. Such facetious talent is too good to be lost, it really is.

Und. (to himself, writhing). I gave her credit for more sense. To make me publicly ridiculous like this!

[He sulks.]

Miss Stickler (to M. RIDEVOS, who suddenly rises). Mosssoo, you're not going! Why, whatever's the matter?

M. Ridevos. Pairmeet zat I make my depart. I am out at z art.

[General outcry and sensation.]

Mrs. Pomfr. (concerned). You never mean that, Mosssoo? And a nice dish of quails just put on, too, that they haven't even touched upstairs!

M. Rid. It is for zat I do not remmain! Zey 'ave not tock him; my pyramide, result of a genius stupend, enorme! to zem he is nosing; zey return him to crash me! To-morrow I

demmand zat Miladi accept my demission. Ici je souffre trop!

[He leaves the room precipitately.]

Miss Stick. (offering to rise). It does seem to have upset him! Shall I go after him and see if I can't bring him round?

Mrs. Pomfr. (severely). Stay where you are, HARRIET; he's better left to himself. If he wasn't so wropped up in his cookery, he'd know there's always a dish as goes the round untasted, without why or wherefore. I've no patience with the man!

Tred. (philosophically). That's the worst of 'aving to do with Frenchmen; they're so apt to beyave with a sutting childishness that—(checking himself)—I really ask your pardon, Mamsell, I quite forgot you was of his nationality; though it ain't to be wondered at, I'm sure, for you might pass for an Englishwoman almost anywhere!

Mlle. Chiffon. As you for Frenchman, hein?

Tred. No, 'ang it all, Mamsell, I 'ope there's no danger o' that! (To Miss PHILLIPSON.) Delighted to see the Countess keeps as fit as ever, Miss PHILLIPSON! Wonderful woman for her time o' life! Law, she did give the Bishop beans at dinner, and no mistake!

Phill. Her ladyship is pretty generous with them to most people, Mr. TREDWELL. I'm sure I'd have left her long ago, if it wasn't for Lady MAISIE—who is a lady, if you like!

Tred. She don't favour her ma, I will say that for her. By the way, who is the party they brought down with them? a youngish looking chap—seemed a bit out of his helement, when he first come in, though he's soon got over that, judging by the way him and your Lady RHODA, Miss DOLMAN, was 'obnobbing together at table!

Phill. Nobody came down with my ladies; they must have met him in the bus, I expect. What is his name?

Tred. Why, he give it to me, I know, when I enounced him; but it's gone clean out of my head again. He's got the Verney Chamber, I know that much; but what was his name again? I shall forget my own next.

Und. (involuntarily). In the Verney Chamber? Then the name must be SPURRELL!



"He suttingly didn't give me the impression of being a Gentleman."

Phill. (starting). SPURRELL! Why, I used to— But of course it can't be him!

Tred. SPURRELL was the name, though. (With a resentful glare at UNDERSHELL.) I don't know how you came to be aware of it, Sir!

Und. Why, the fact is, I happened to find out that—(here he receives an admonitory drive in the back from the Boy)—that his name was SPURRELL. (To himself.) I wish this infernal Boy wouldn't be so officious; but perhaps he's right!

Tred. Ho, indeed! Well, another time, Mr. HUNDERSHELL, if you require information about parties staying with Us, p'raps you'll be good enough to apply to me personally, instead of picking it up in some 'ole and corner fashion. (UNDERSHELL controls his indignation with difficulty.) To return to the individual in question, Miss PHILLIPSON, I should have said myself he was something in the artistic or literary way; he suttlingly didn't give me the impression of being a Gentleman.

Phill. (to herself, relieved). Then it isn't my JEM! I might have known he wouldn't be visiting here, and carrying on with Lady RHODAS. He'd never forget himself like that—if he has forgotten me!

Slept. It strikes me he's more of a sporting character, TREDWELL. I know when I was circulating with the cigarettes, and so on, in the hall just now, he was telling the Captain some anecdote about an old steeplechaser that was faked up to win a Selling Handicap, and it tickled me to that extent I could hardly hold the spirit-lamp steady!

Tred. I may be mistook, STAPTOR. All I can say is, that when me and JAMES was serving cawfy to the ladies in the drawing-room, some of them had got 'old of a little pink book all sprinkled over with silver outlets, and, rightly or wrongly, I took it to 'ave some connection with 'im.

Und. (excitedly). Pink and silver! Might I ask—was it a volume of poetry, called—er—Andromeda?

Tred. (crushingly). That I did not take the liberty of inquiring, Sir, as you might be aware if you was a little more familiar with the etiquette of good Serociety.

[UNDERSHELL collapses; Mr. ADAMS enters, and steps into the chair vacated by the Chef, next to Mrs. POMFRET, with whom he converses.

Und. (to himself). To think that they may be discussing my book in the drawing-room at this very moment, while I—I— (He chokes.) Ah, it won't bear thinking of! I must—I will get out of this cursed place! I have stood this too long as it is! But I won't go till I have seen this fellow SPURRELL, and made him give me back my things. What's the time? . . . ten! I can go at last. (Herises.) Mrs. POMFRET, will you kindly excuse me? I—I find I must go at once.

Mrs. Pomfr. Well, Mr. UNDERSHELL, Sir, you're the best judge; and, if you really can't stop, this is Mr. ADAMS, who'll take you round to the stables himself, and do anything that's necessary. Won't you, Mr. ADAMS?

Adams. So you're off to-night, Sir, are you? Well, I'd rather ha' shown you *Deerfoot* by daylight, myself; but there, I dessay that won't make much difference to you, so long as you do see the 'orse?

Und. (to himself). So *Deerfoot*'s a horse! One of the features of Wyvern, I suppose; they seem very anxious I shouldn't miss it. I don't want to see the beast; but I daresay it won't take many minutes; and, if I don't humour this man, I shan't get a conveyance to go away in! (Aloud.) No difference whatever—to me. I shall be delighted to be shown *Deerfoot*; only I really can't wait much longer; I—I've an appointment elsewhere!

Adams. Right, Sir; you get your 'at and coat, and come along with me, and you shall see him at once.

[UNDERSHELL takes a hasty farewell of Miss PHILLIPSON and the company generally—none of whom attempts to detain him—and follows his guide. As the door closes upon them, he hears a burst of stifled merriment, amidst which Miss PHILLIPSON's laughter is only too painfully recognisable.

#### A TRUST TO BE TRUSTED.

[It is proposed to form a "Trust for the Preservation of Beautiful or Historical Places."]

"A THING of beauty is a joy for ever!" [you were, and clever; Nay KEATS, sweet bard, earnest But "Things of Beauty" will not long be "joys" [boys; If left to jerry-builders, cads, and And 'ARRY's knife, and the fern-digger's trowel, [bowel Used to disfigure and to disem-Art's masterpieces and dear Nature's charms, Will work on Beauty's world destructive harms. Sacred to silence, that the still monk's sandal [vulgar Vandal Brake only, spots there are the

And trampling Cockney Goth would quickly mar [of war. More than the devastating tread Such to preserve, with all their winning beauties. [duties,—Is surely Civilisation's first of Preserve from ravage of the rash cheap-tripper, Or wanton blade of 'ARRY the cheek-chipper And nose-disfigurer, with his POLL or 'TLDER, [Builder. Or wreckage of the Speculative So *Punch*, the beauty-loving, thoughtful, just, [Trust! Wishes success to the new Beauty



#### ENHANCED VALUE.

'Arry. "WHAT SORT OF A JOB'S THAT YOU'VE GOT AT BABEL BUILDINGS, ALF?"

Alf. "JOLLY 'ARD; ALL THE MESSAGES AND PARCELS FROM THE TOP OF THE 'OUSE TO THE BASEMENT GO THROUGH ME; AND I'M ONLY GETTING THIRTY BOB A WEEK!"

'Arry. "TELL YER WHAT, OLD MAN, YOU'D COMMAND DOUBLE THE MONEY IF YOU WAS FITTED UP WITH A LIFT AND A SPEAKIN'-TUBE!"

#### "LOST RINGS."

SIR,—I have seen some letters in the *Daily Graphic* on the above subject. A much more curious thing happened to me on April 1, 1887, at twenty-five minutes past ten in the morning. I dropped a pin about four yards from the south-western corner of the Marble Arch. It is almost incredible that exactly three years later I picked up a pin, at 4.17 in the afternoon, three yards and seven and a quarter inches to the south-east of the Humane Society's Receiving House. I have studied carefully the levels of the ground, the flow of the surface water, and the direction of the prevailing air currents, and I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that it was *not* the same pin. Had it been, I should have found it five and a half inches further north. The question now is, whose pin was it?—Your obedient servant,  
SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATOR.

DEAR SIR,—Some weeks ago I rode outside an omnibus from Piccadilly Circus to Charing Cross. Getting down hastily, when I found that it went on to Westminster instead of the City, I left behind a large grey parrot in a cage, a siphon of soda-water, and a St. Bernard dog. Yesterday, when I climbed on to an omnibus following the same route, I found my cage, my siphon, and my dog! It was the same omnibus, and the faithful beast was still there. Unfortunately the parrot and the soda-water were not, for the sagacious animal had evidently made use of them to sustain life, not very satisfactorily, for he was a mere skeleton.

Yours obediently,

CONSTANT READER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Last evening I went out to dinner, and put my one latch-key in my pocket. Marvellous to relate, on my return home at three A.M., I took it, as I thought, from my pocket, and found that it had become two! Yours faithfully,  
BOOSEY TITE.



### "EHEU FUGACES—"

"AND HAVE YOU MET MY FRIEND LILY MACPHERSON IN GLASGOW? HOW PRETTY WE THOUGHT HER!"

"PRETTY, GRANDMAMMA! WHY, SHE'S AS FAT AS CAN BE, AND RED-FACED, AND NO TEETH!"

"AH WELL! FORTY YEARS DO CHANGE A GIRL!"

### JAP THE GIANT-KILLER.

(Fragment of a Tale of New Japan as told around a Fire-Brazier in Dai Nippon.)

ONCE upon a time in the Happy Dragon-fly shaped Land of the Rising Sun there lived a little hero named JAP. Small he was, but valiant as TAKE-NO-UCHI-NO-SUKUNE himself of the long life and many-syllabled name. He was a dead hand at dragon slaying, and had killed more tigers than HADÉSU. He could exorcise Oni like one o'clock, these demons or imps having an exceeding bad time of it when JAP was, as he would term it, "on the job." In fact, his exploits were the favourite topic of talk when young and old gathered around the hibachi, or fire-braziers, to list to tales of heroism, filial piety, and Pro-Gress. Pro-Gress was the name of the great new goddess of whom JAP was a votary. From her he had received the gift of a new "sword of sharpness," which would not only, like the gift of the triple-headed Cornish giant, "cut through anything," but would make all enemies cut like anything.

Little JAP, having acquired this wonderful sword, compared with which that which NITTA threw into the sea was a mere oyster-knife, was naturally desirous of using it. He kept it as sharp as that of the great demon-queller SHO-KI; but the demons he quelled with it were the great obstructive ogres known as Kon-serva-tism, Fogi-ism and Pre-ju-dice. JAP gave those antiquated bogies beans. The Tengus and Shō-jos had a bad time of it, you bet, and the "bag" of Dragons, or Tatsus, JAP could show after one of his regular "battues" was a caution to Saurians, I can assure you! He had a collection of Tatsu-teeth that would have aroused the envy of CADMUS, and given JASON a high-toned job. As to that terrible wild-fowl, the Ho-ho bird, with "the head of a pheasant, the beak of a swallow, the neck of a tortoise, and the outward semblance of a dragon," JAP, with his "gun of swiftness" (another gift of his favourite goddess) knocked the Ho-hos over right and left, as though they were really pheasants in a swell British preserve; and it was commonly said that when JAP had a day among the Ho-hos, there was a glut in the Toyoakitsu poultry market for a fortnight after.

But JAP, in time, grew tired of the common or cherry-garden Ho-ho, and weary of such small sport as mere dragons and demons could furnish. He yearned like an Anglo-Indian Shikari for big game!

Now there was an ugly, but enormous giant, fierce-looking as Kaminari, the Thunder-god, old as Urashima, the Kami-no-kuni

Rip Van Winkle, strong as Assina Saburo, the Dai Nippon Hercules, big as Fusi-yama, "the matchless mountain," rich as the Treasure Ship, laden with Ta-kara-mono (or "Precious Things"), stubborn, stolid, and unprogressive as Kamé, the hairy-tailed tortoise, himself. This tremendous Tartar-Mongolian Blunderbore had a number of fine names, of flowery flavour and Celestial swaggerness, but we will call him JON-NI, for short.

Now Little JAP hated Big JON-NI, and Big JON-NI disdained Little JAP, as indeed he disdained everybody else save his conceited and colossal self. JAP curled his lip at JON-NI; JON-NI put out his tongue at JAP like a China figure; when the duodecimo hero bit his thumb at the elephantine Celestial, the elephantine Celestial cocked a snook at the duodecimo hero. This could not last. Little JAP was ambitious to try his sword of sharpness and his gun of swiftness upon big game. He cried, "By the heroic Hidesato who slew the giant Centipede, I will have a slap at this bouncing Bobadil of a wooden-headed, grandmother-worshipping, old Stick-in-the-mud!"

Some of his more timid friends tried to dissuade him. "Beware, JAP," they cried, "this Chinese Blunderbore is too big for thee!" "Pooh!" retorted the undaunted JAP. "Remember

— 'the valiant Cornishman  
Who slew the giant Cormoran.'

Am I not as big as JACK now, and as fit to play the Giant-killer as he? Too big? Why, the overgrown monster is like the Buddhist Daruma, who, arriving in China in the sixth century, at once went into a state of abstraction, which extended over nine years, during which time he never moved; and as a result lost the use of his legs. Only JON-NI has been 'in a state of abstraction' for nine centuries instead of nine years, and has lost the use of his head, as well as his legs! He hates and scorns my tutelary goddess, Pro-Gress. I will try the effect of her gifts upon him! Here goes!!!"

His admiring friends dubbed him "JAP the Giant-Killer" at once. And, indeed, when he "went for" that clumsy Colossus, who in physical proportions out-Chang'd CHANG himself, the result of the first round, in which the swaggerness JON-NI was fairly beaten to his knees, seemed to justify the title. But giants are not usually "knocked out" in one round, and—well, my children, tiny JAP's further fortunes in his fight with Titan JON-NI, may furnish material for further narrative when next we gather around the glowing hibachi to tell tales of JAP the Giant-Killer!



JAP THE GIANT-KILLER.







## AFTER THE BALL.

He. "HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU FOR THAT DELIGHTFUL WALTZ, MISS GOLIGHTLY?"  
 She (whose train has suffered). "OH, DON'T REPAY ME. SETTLE WITH MY DRESSMAKER!"

## LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

THE STREET. SATURDAY NIGHT.  
 (By an Eye-witness.)

On a Saturday night, in a crowded street,  
 (The Butcher said "Buy! Buy!")  
 Blue apron and cleaver and all complete,  
 Surrounded with joints of the primest meat,  
 Beef, mutton, heads, carcasses, tails and feet,  
 The Butcher said "Buy! Buy!"

A succulent chop on the counter lay,  
 (The Butcher said "Buy! Buy!")  
 When a Terrier, scenting an easy prey,  
 Observed to himself, "What a fine display!"  
 And he cocked his eye in a sapient way—  
 The Butcher said "Buy! Buy!"

The Terrier jumped through the open sash;  
 (The Butcher said "Buy! Buy!")  
 To his infinite credit—he had no cash—  
 Away with the chop like a lightning flash.  
 (The Butcher, by way of a change, said  
 "Dash!")  
 The Terrier said "Bye! Bye!"

## Tip for a Trundler.

(In the Off Season.)

CRICKET is over; the Summer fails:  
 Do you feel rather out in the cold, Sir?  
 Well have a shy at "professional bails":  
 And the Public will cry, "Well bowled,  
 Sir!"

## A SEA-QUENCE OF SONNETS.

(Supposed to have been "written in Mid-Channel."  
 See published Works of Alfr-d A-st-n.)

I.

THIS is the sea that great BRITANNIA rules!  
 The waves salute their mistress. Still I see  
 Far in our wake the white cliffs of the free.  
 Arise, O tempest, blow, disturb these pools!  
 Ye waves, I love you! Let the puling fools  
 Prate as they will, but let me ever be  
 Tossed on your foaming crests. I shout  
 with glee.  
 While the North wind my poet's forehead  
 cools.

O guernseyed sailors, I am of your kin:  
 I too have in my blood the scorn of fear  
 That faced the storm, what time th' embattled  
 din [cheer  
 Broke on Trafalgar, and an answering  
 From British throats proclaimed, "We win!  
 we win!"—  
 Dear me, what's this? Ahem! I'm  
 feeling queer.

II.

No, no, it shall not be; the poet's eye  
 Shall yet flash fire, his heart shall never  
 fall,  
 Though round about him, lanching in the  
 gale,  
 His fellows falter— Waves, be not too  
 high; [me dry,  
 Mere height proves nothing. Leave, oh leave  
 Down, waves! Down, fluttering heart!  
 Why should I quail?  
 Here in the packet of the Royal Mail  
 I tread the deck and do disdain to fly.

But ah, what pangs are these? No, no!—  
 yes, yes!—  
 Again I say it shall not be—no, no!—  
 At least not yet—but yet I do confess  
 A craven yearning draws me down below.  
 Curst be the words in which I erst did bless  
 The towering billows— Steward! yo,  
 heave, ho!

III.

Was it for this I left the pleasant strand  
 Of England, and the leafy country lanes,  
 The ploughs, the cattle, and the creaking  
 wains?  
 Ye sounds that only poets understand,  
 Of sheep-bells tinkling o'er a sunny land,  
 Was it for this I left you, for the gains  
 Of dew-sprent brow and deep internal  
 pains,  
 Of feeble voice and nerveless clammy hand?  
 Never again shall ocean with his roar  
 Attract me from the firm-built homes of  
 men.  
 Let others steer from shore to farthest shore,  
 Climbing the liquid hills that now and then  
 Break and o'erwhelm them—I shall roam no  
 more,  
 Once landed on old Dover Pier again.

## THE PROFESSOR OF THE PERIOD.

WHEN DRUMMOND wrote of the Ascent of  
 Man,  
 He did not think of the Descent of Woman  
 Upon his poor doomed head. The Assyrian  
 Did not "come down" with wrath more  
 superhuman,  
 Or more like a fierce wolf upon the fold:  
 Mrs. LYNN LINTON, sweetest mannered scold  
 That ever heresy to judgment summoned,  
 Hath had her dainty will, and drummed out  
 DRUMMOND!  
 Give us a gentle lady, without bias,  
 To play Apollo to a new Marsyas!



### PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

THERE WERE OFTEN UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH GAVE TO THE HIGHLAND STALKING OF THOSE DAYS AN ADDED ZEST !

## BOWL ME NO MORE!

*(An Unlucky Batsman's Lament after a Season of Slow Wickets.)*

AIR—"Ask me no more."

Bowl me no more: the man may draw the stumps;  
 The rain may swoop from heaven and swamp the crease;  
 In folds of baize the bat may lie at peace;  
 But oh, too fond of yorkers, breaks and bumps,  
 Bowl me no more!

Bowl me no more: 'tis dark at half-past five;  
 The misty light betrays the keenest eye.  
 O Cricket, dismal autumn bids thee die!  
 Bowl me no more: Football is all alive;  
 Bowl me no more!

Bowl me no more: bat's fate and ball's is seal'd.  
 I strove to make my thousand, all in vain:  
 Like a great river ran the ceaseless rain,  
 And spoiled the wickets. Lo, I leave the field  
 Bowl me no more!

## A DAY'S RIDE, A LAW'S ROMANCE.

*(A Story of the Long Vacation.)*

"MR. BRIEFLESS," said an eminent solicitor to me the other day, "I want you to go to East Babbleton, in Giltshire, to see if the Great Gooseberry Will case is still open. It is a matter of vital importance, and I shall be glad if you can attend to it to-morrow."

Referring to PORTINGTON, I found that my diary was clear for the day specified, and I expressed my willingness to carry out my client's instructions.

"I must know at once," continued the gentleman, "because I desire to bring the matter before the Vacation Judge on an originating summons. I need scarcely add, that you will get the fullest particulars from the parish clerk."

Although rather imperfectly instructed, I determined to visit East Babbleton. The usual sources of railway information led me to believe that the place was six or seven miles distant from Nearwices in Giltshire. I determined to go to Nearwices, taking with me my two lads (home for the holidays), GEORGE LEWIS HERSHELL and EDWARD CLARKE RUSSELL. Before now I have explained that my sons' Christian names have been selected with a view to assisting (in after years) their professional advancement. We had to start at an unusually early hour from London, and after enjoying the companionship of some sportsmen, who talked about "duck" and "roots" for a quarter of a day, arrived at Nearwices at eleven o'clock. I made at once for the Red Lion, the principal hotel in the town. My sons followed me, eager for breakfast. Until then, they had satisfied their appetite by the stealthy consumption of about half-a-pound of a sweetmeat that is, I believe, known as Japanese Almond Rock.

The "Red Lion" was in a state of great commotion. There were people in high hats at the door, people in high hats looking out of the coffee-room window, people in high hats thronging the hall. With some trouble my lads and I got our breakfast, then I asked for the ostler. He came to me after a pause and awaited my orders.

"I want a trap to take me over to East Babbleton," I said; "and should like to know how much it will cost."

"Very sorry, Sir, but I can't do it for you. All the carriages in the house are hired. You know, Sir, Miss SMITH is going to be married, and consequently you can't get a conveyance for love or money."

I was seriously annoyed, as the instructions of my client were explicit.

"I really must get over," I said emphatically; "surely Miss SMITH can lend us one of her carriages. You might ask her future husband."

"Can't do that, Sir," replied the ostler; "for we none of us know him. However, I'll see what can be done for you. Could you drive yourself over?"

"Oh, do Papa," shouted my two sons in an ecstasy of delight. "It would be such fun! and mother isn't here to stop you."

"Well, I will have a shot at it," I returned; "although truth to tell I am a little rusty. I have not driven for some time."

The ostler eyed me rather sharply, and retired. I then thought it my duty to reprove my sons for their ill-timed levity, explaining that their tomfoolery might have caused the ostler to refuse to entrust his equipage to my care.

"But you have never driven in your life?" said GEORGE LEWIS HERSHELL. "Have you, Papa?"

"I cannot say that I have," I replied, with that truthfulness which is the characteristic of my dealings in the domestic circle.



## SELF-EVIDENT.

The Colonel. "WHAT WAS THAT NOISE I HEARD JUST NOW?"

His Nephew. "OH! I WAS BLOWING UP MY SERVANT!"

The Colonel. "MAY I ASK WHY?"

His Nephew. "WELL—AW—YOU SEE HE IS SUCH A CONFOUNDED IDIOT!"

The Colonel. "BUT DID IT NEVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT IF HE WEREN'T SUCH A CONFOUNDED IDIOT HE WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN YOUR SERVANT?"

"Oh, what a game!" shouted EDWARD CLARKE RUSSELL, roaring with laughter.

Severely chiding my offspring, I proceeded to the hall door. The ostler had been as good as his word. There was certainly a conveyance.

"It is not very showy, Sir," said the proprietor; "but I think it will last a dozen of miles or so."

It was a small dog-cart, which conjured up visions of the toy waggon-and-horse department in the Lowther Arcade. There was a horse in the shafts. The harness was imperfect, and the collar showed its straw. However, I took my seat, and the boys got up beside me. Then, amidst the good wishes of the wedding party watching our progress, I started. The horse immediately took up a course over the pavement, and no doubt aware that the illuminating power at East Babbleton was primitive, attempted to carry with him a lamp-post. We cannoned off the pavement into the middle of the road, and were fairly "off."

"If you boys laugh any more," I said, with the utmost severity, "I will turn you out and leave you."

"But Papa, if mother could only see us!" cried the pair, and then they indulged in apparently unextinguishable bursts of merriment.

I had no further time for remonstrance, as the brute of a horse, after beginning in a trot, had suddenly quickened its pace to a mad gallop. And as it did this I noticed that a dust-cart was just in front of us. I dragged at the reins, and with almost superhuman exertions brought the beast to a full stop.

"Which is the way to East Babbleton?" I asked, to explain my rather abrupt pull-up. "Am I taking the right road?"

The dustman looked at me, at the horse, smiled, and answered in the affirmative. Seeing that we were now about to descend a hill, I got down and led the horse by its bridle. The brute resented the



### THE CUT DIRECT.

SCENE—A Norfolk Beach.

*Mr. and Mrs. Waverly (returning to their tent). "Ah, Mr. McVICAR! YOU REMEMBER MEETING US AT PITLOCHRIE LAST AUTUMN, DON'T YOU?"*

*Mr. McVicar. "I RECOLLECT YOUR FACES PERFATELY WELL, SIR; BUT YE'LL EXCUSE ME OBSAIRVIN' THAT THE PRAISENT CIRCUMSTANCES ARE VERRA, VERRA DIFFERENT!"* [Pases on.

attention. So far as I could judge, without being an expert in horse-flesh, it seemed to me to be suffering from tooth-ache. It shook its head when I touched it, and appeared to be disinclined to go further.

"Do get in, Papa," said EDWARD CLARKE RUSSELL. "Perhaps he will go all right if you leave him alone."

Adopting my son's advice, I mounted the cart, and once again jerked the reins. The beast began at a trot, and then, as before, commenced a mad gallop. We rapidly left Nearvices behind us, and brought ourselves to a stop in front of a haystack.

"You see," I said, "the brute is open to reason. It was stopped by an obstruction. Seeing the futility of further progress, it desisted in its running."

"But look, Papa, at that," cried GEORGE LEWIS HERSCHELL, pointing to what seemed to be the remains of a coal cart. The wheels were off, the black diamonds were scattered about in all directions, and the shafts were broken.

"Was that an accident?" I asked an old man who was lighting his pipe. The venerable individual paused, looked at the pipe, looked at the pieces of the cart, and looked at me. Then he rubbed the right side of his head with the palm of his right hand.

"Well, yes, it was," he admitted, in an accent I cannot reproduce; but added, in a tone that suggested that mishaps of a similar character occurred on the average every five minutes; "but *that* accident happened near an hour ago."

This intelligence rather damped my ardour, and I immediately got off the cart and insisted upon leading the brute down the next hill. The animal protested, and shook its head. Remembering its possible tooth-ache, I treated it with increased courtesy, telling it to "Gee-up" and "be a good horse." I am sorry to say that the creature did not seem inclined to acknowledge my kindness.

Having come to a level piece of road, I once more mounted into

the Lowther Arcade dog-cart, and urged on my partially wild career. I had passed a four-winged post at cross roads, and had followed the sign pointing to "Babbleton." I had got safely up to a farm-house, having restrained *en route* an inclination on the part of my horse to commit suicide by jumping over the parapet of a bridge into a small mountain torrent.

"Is this the way to East Babbleton?" I asked a rather cheery, rosy-cheeked dame, who had been watching our manoeuvres with a kindly smile, not entirely exempt from good-natured apprehension.

"No, this is not the road, Master," she returned, in the same unapproachable dialect. "You ought to have borne to the left when you came to the cross-roads."

Seeing that I had to go back, I seized each of the reins and called upon my beast of a horse to make an effort. The noble animal answered bravely to the call, and managed to turn round on a space of turf about the size of a waggon wheel. It was really a very clever performance, and had it been seen by Mr. RITCHIE, I fancy would have secured for us a lucrative engagement for a "side show" at the Royal Westminster Aquarium.

"Well, that was a shave surely," said the dame of the cheery countenance; "when I saw your off wheel go up in the air and hang over the ditch I thought it would be all up with ye."

Accepting the compliment with dignified geniality, I asked our fair critic if she could bait our horse.

"Well, I can give him a handful of hay," said the lady; "but I would not take him out of the shafts for worlds. If I untied him I could not put him together again."

Refreshed by the nourishment, our steed started again, and after retracing our steps and nearly upsetting a hay cart, and narrowly running down a pig, we reached East Babbleton in fairly good condition. I looked at my watch and found that we had done the six miles in two hours and a quarter. Having transacted my business, I now turned the nose of my steed homewards. I had noticed with some alarm that I had only an hour to get back to Nearvices if I wanted to catch the train for London. This being so, I saw it was absolutely necessary that I should act with decision. I held a council of war with my two sons, and we came to the conclusion that we must get back as fast as we could, and when there was a difficulty, risk it. We entered our conveyance and started.

I shall never forget the experience. It was absolutely delightful. Giving *Flora* (I came to the conclusion that my steed with the tooth-ache must have been called *Flora*) her head, I urged her to progress as rapidly as possible. The mare promptly answered to the call. I said "chick," and she started off at a mad gallop. We absolutely flew up-hill, down-hill, and would no doubt have entered "my lady's chamber" had not the adjoining cottages been occupied by rustics. At our approach children, ducks, dogs and gipsies fled in terror. We boldly cannoned against waggons and shook milestones to their very foundations. I had long since forgotten my nervousness, and had assumed an air that would have been becoming in an individual nicknamed (let us say) "down the road Billy."

I urged *Flora* to "gee up," by suggesting that "five o'clock tea" was waiting for her on her arrival at Nearvices. My two sons, GEORGE LEWIS HERSCHELL and EDWARD CLARKE RUSSELL, also rendered valuable assistance by waving their straw hats, and singing comic songs with a vehemence that rendered the ballads undistinguishable from war ditties. As we entered Nearvices, *Flora* stumbled, and all but fell. However, with wonderful skill, I picked her up at the end of my reins, and urged her to fresh exertions by a feeble flick of the whip, that expended its force on the shafts and a part of the collar. Again we flew on. We renewed our acquaintance with the attractive lamp-post, we crossed the sharp curve of the familiar pavement, we collided against the monument to a worthy in the market-place, and drove up with a jerk in front of the "Red Lion." I looked again at my watch; we had done the six miles in twenty-two minutes. Considering the hills, dales, and obstructive milestones, a very fair record.

"What, you have come back!" exclaimed the landlady of the "Red Lion." "Why, we never expected to see you."

I found subsequently that the wedding party, after watching our departure, had taken bets about our probable return. The most popular wager seemed to be that we should reappear after midnight with a wheel, a bit of harness, and the whip, but without the quadruped.

I have nothing further to relate save this. That after my recent success I am thinking seriously of giving up the Bar and taking to the road. If I can raise the required capital, I think I shall run a four-horse coach between the Temple and Turnham Green. Both my boys are anxious to give up their school to act as my guard.

By the way, I may add in conclusion that the parish clerk of East Babbleton declared that he had never heard (until I mentioned it) of the Great Gooseberry Will Case. So I suppose that my client must have been wrong in his details.

*Pump-Handle Court,  
September 22, 1894.*

(Signed)

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

# THE CLUB; A GRIM STORY OF CHANGE.



1. It was the beginning of the Club season. "I shall be glad to see all the boys again after all these weeks!" murmured Clubber, as Mrs. C. packed him up.



2. "Ah! How are you, dear old boy?" shouted the Clubites, hysterical with affectionate yearning.



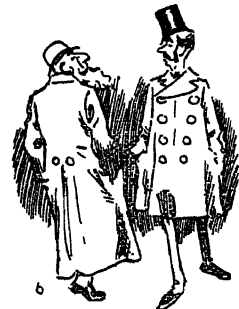
3. "Magnificent reciter Foodle is, to be sure!" they murmured, in an ecstatic dream of enthusiasm. "Brav O! Splendid, dear old boy!"



4. And when they parted at the end of the evening, they breathed fervently, "Good night, old fellow—bless you!" \* \* \*



5. It was the middle of the Club season. "Hum, Foodle's recitations are always so long-winded. Great mistake," they muttered to themselves. "And the other fellows are a bit slow, after all."



6. And when they parted at the end of the evening, they just nodded. \* \* \*



7. It was the end of the Club season. "Well, if you want my opinion," said Clubber, "that Foodle's a beastly poor reciter." "I don't want your opinion; nobody does," said Rubber. "But you happen to be right for once."



8. "I'm not going to recite to you idiots," said Foodle. "It's a waste of breath." "Much relieved to hear it!" said Groodle.



9. "I'm precious glad to get away from that maddening set of chuckle-headed bores for a few weeks!" said Clubber, as Mrs. C. unpacked him.





"TERRIBLE IN HIS ANGER!"

'J-st-n McC-rthy (reading extract from German Emperor's Speech). "'I CAN BE VERY DISAGREEABLE TOO, WHEN I LIKE.' AH! SO CAN I!"

## LORD ROSEBERRY IN THE NORTH.

THE PRIME MINISTER has been having a high old time of it lately in the North, and has become the "youngest Burgess" of goodness knows how many ancient boroughs. But it has been left to a reporter to note with an eagle eye the really interesting performance which Lord ROSEBERRY has put to his credit. "Immediately on leaving Dornoch," says this gentleman (the reporter, not the PREMIER), "Lord ROSEBERRY and the Duke of SUTHERLAND drove to the Meikle Ferry, a distance of four miles, crossed the ferry, and again drove to Tain, four miles farther on. Crossing the ferry they both took a turn at the oars, and generally discussed the sport of seal shooting!" This suggests quite a fresh phase of the New Journalism. We shall soon read such paragraphs as the following:—

"Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT left town for Malwood on Tuesday. Going down in the train the right hon. gentleman played marbles with a fellow-passenger, and discussed generally the virtues of resignation."



## SWEET SIMPLICITY.

*Diffident Man (who does not know to how much of an Ingénue he is talking).*  
 "HAVE YOU BEEN OUT LONG, MISS GRACE?"  
*Miss Grace (consulting her wrist-strap).* "OH, ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR. YOU SEE WE WERE ASKED TO COME PUNCTUALLY."

"Mr. H. H. FOWLER transacted important business at the India Office yesterday. He and his private secretary played a game of trundling hoops, and had an animated talk on the subject of whist."

"Mr. A. J. BALFOUR played at golf with a gentleman, with whom he had a very interesting conversation on the sport of chute shooting."

The moral of which would seem to be that, since even conversation is now reported, silence is more golden than ever; though Mr. Punch notices that the PRIME MINISTER showed rare diplomacy in his choice of a subject. Not even a reporter could extract any political meaning out of the sport of seal shooting!

VERY NEAR.—The Record has been taking Mr. HALL CAINE to task for the baptismal scene in *The Manxman*, and the novelist has been telling the Record to remember its Rubrics. "Mr. CAINE," says the Record, "has been in a hurry." The Record lost a chance, as, evidently expecting a storm of fury, it should have deprecated the author's anger by saying, "Don't be in a hurry—CAINE."

## "TERRIBLE IN HIS ANGER!"

MR. J. ST-N MCC-RTHY (reading the speech of the German Emperor to the Mayor of Thorn). "For you know, I can be very disagreeable too!" Ah! and so can I—when I like!

I CAN BE VERY NASTY, WHEN I LIKE!

(The Song of a Mouton Enragé.)

"[I own that I am sorry that a louder, and a stronger, and a prompter note of reassurance has not been given to the Irish people with regard to this obstructive power of the House of Lords, and that I look to the Autumn Campaign with anxious hope for a clear and certain signal.]—Mr. Justin McCarthy in the "New Review."

Enraged (and enrhumé) Leader, with his feet in "hot water," sings:—

Yes, I'b wud with the yug Ebperor id this—  
 Extreeds—as has beed ofted said—do beet!  
 (Wow! this water, I declare, is od the hiss,  
 Id is very hot iddeed to by poor feet!)  
 By cowl is beastly troublesub, at tibes;  
 But, although I ab as patied as poor Shike,  
 I'b bowd to kick whed subwud galls by kibes;  
 Ad I cad be very darsty, whed I like!

Yug WILLIAB fides it needful to speak out,  
 Ad, like that Hebrew persod id the play,  
 He cad be "very darsty," there's no doubt;  
 Ad so cad I, of course id by owd way.  
 A buttud's wudrous angry whed aroused.  
 Ad if those Liberals sell be, I shall strike.  
 Owd Oirelad has so freaquadly bid choused—  
 Ad Pat's cad be very darsty, whed they like!

Bister BORLEY we all dow, and he's all right,

Ad SHAW-LEFEVRE's sowd upod the goose;  
 Sir WILLIAB "is a fighter"—will he fight?—  
 Yug ROSEBERRY—well, jokes are dot buch use.

That ASQUITH's dot a fascidatig bad,  
 As hard as dails, plaid-spokud as a pike!

I wish agaidst the Lords they had subplad.—

Oh I cad be very darsty, whed I like.

There bight have bid a protest strog ad sterd,  
 But do! they let the Peers, id sileds, score.

Sir WILLIAB dever said a siggle word  
 Whed they kicked "Evicted Tedadst" frob their door.

It bight have bid a local turdpik Bill,  
 Or Act to regulate the Scorcher's "bike."  
 I bust idst id od "bizdess," ad I will,  
 For I cad be very darsty, whed I like!

The Irish are begidded to have doubts  
 (Ad REDBUD, he is goid to give be beads).  
 If "Ids" betray by Cudtry, there are  
 "Outs"!

Hobe Rule bust dot be shudted, like stale greeds,

The Shabrock bust be shaken at those Peers;  
 Or BeCarthyites bay go upod the Strike!—  
 Ad the Rads be chucked frob Office—yes, for years!—

Oh! I cad be precious darsty—whed I like!

## In Nuce.

THE pith of LABBY's caustic elocution  
 Is that long war of words should end in deeds.

After the lead of the Leeds Resolution,  
 He wants to feel that Resolution leads!  
 A House of Words but little help affords  
 In a hot contest with a House of Lords.  
 But LABBY, were the issue quite so glorious  
 If—as some fear—the Lords should prove  
 victorious?

## NEW READING FOR THE NEW ART.

ONE might conclude from many a spindly shank,  
 Some read *Ars longa est* as "Art is Lank!"

## THE LUNNON TWANG.

I've heard a Frenchman wag his tongue  
 Wi' unco din an' rattle,  
 An', 'faith, my vera lugs hae sung  
 Wi' listenin' tae his prattle;  
 But French is no the worst of a'  
 In point o' noise an' clang, man;  
 There's ane that beats it far awa',  
 And that's the Lunnnon twang, man.

You wadna think, within this land,  
 That folk could talk sae queerly,  
 But, sure as Death, tae understand  
 The callants beats me fairly.  
 An', 'faith, 'tis little gude their schules  
 Can teach them, as ye'll see, man,  
 For—wad ye credit it?—the fules  
 Can scarcely follow me, man.

An' yet, tae gie the deils their due,  
 (An' little praise they're worth, man),  
 They seem tae ken, I kenna hoo.  
 That I come frae the Nor-r-rth, man!  
 They maun be clever, for ye ken  
 There's nought tae tell the chieils, man:  
 I'm jist like a' the ither men  
 That hail frae Galashiels, man.

But oh! I'm fain tae see again  
 The bonny hills an' heather!  
 Twa days, and ne'er a drap o' rain—  
 Sic awfu' drouthy weather!  
 But eh! I doubt the Gala boys  
 Will laugh when hame I gang, man,  
 For oo! I'm awfu' feared my voice  
 Has ta'en the Lunnnon twang, man!

## Demolition of Doctors' Commons.

SIR HERBERT JENNER FUST what would you say  
 To Doctors' Commons being done away!  
 No wonder its machinery is rusty,  
 Since in your time at best it was but Fusty!

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART XIV.—LE VÉTÉRINAIRE MALGRÉ LUI.

SCENE XXIII.—Outside the Stables at Wyrern.

TIME—About 10 P.M.

*Undershell (to himself, as he follows ADAMS).* Now is my time to arrange about getting away from here. (To ADAMS.) By the bye, I suppose you can let me have a conveyance of some sort—after I've seen the horse? I—I'm rather in a hurry.

*Adams.* You'd better speak to Mr. CHECKLEY about that, Sir; it ain't in my department, you see. I'll fetch him round, if you'll wait here a minute; he'd like to hear what you think about the 'orse. [He goes off to the coachman's quarters.]

*Und. (alone).* A very civil fellow this; he seems quite anxious to show me this animal! There must be something very remarkable about it. [ADAMS returns with CHECKLEY.]

*Adams.* Mr. CHECKLEY, our 'ed coachman, Mr. UNDERSHELL. He's coming in along with us to 'ear what you say, if you've no objections.

*Und. (to himself).* I must make a friend of this coachman, or else— (Aloud.) I shall be charmed, Mr. CHECKLEY. I've only a very few minutes to spare; but I'm most curious to see this horse of yours.

*Checkley.* He ain't one o' my 'orses, Sir. If he 'ad been— But there, I'd better say nothing about it.

*Adams (as he leads the way into the stables, and turns up the gas).* There, Sir, that's Deerfoot over there in the loose box.

*Und. (to himself).* He seems to me much like any other horse! However, I can't be wrong in admiring. (Aloud, as he inspects him through the rails.) Ah, indeed? he is worth seeing! A magnificent creature!

*Adams (stripping off Deerfoot's clothing).* He's a good 'orse, Sir. Her ladyship won't trust herself on no other animal, not since she 'ad the influenza so bad. She'd take on dreadful if I 'ad to tell her he wouldn't be fit for no more work, she would!

*Und. (sympathetically).* I can quite imagine so. Not that he seems in any danger of that!

*Check. (triumphantly).* There, you 'ear that, ADAMS? The minute he set eyes on the 'orse!

*Adams.* Wait till Mr. UNDERSHELL has seen him move a bit, and see what he says then.

*Check.* If it was what you think, he'd never be standing like he is now, depend upon it.

*Adams.* You can't depend upon it. He 'eard us coming, and he's quite artful enough to draw his foot back for fear o' getting a knock. (To UNDERSHELL.) I've noticed him very fidgety-like on his forelegs this last day or two.

*Und. Have you, though? (To himself.)* I hope he won't be fidgety with his hind-legs. I shall stay outside.

*Adams.* I cooled him down with a rubub and aloes ball, and kep 'im on low diet; but he don't seem no better.

*Und. (to himself).* I didn't gather the horse was unwell. (Aloud.) Dear me! no better? You don't say so!

*Check.* If you'd rubbed a little embrocation into the shoulder,

you'd ha' done more good, in my opinion, and it's my belief as Mr. UNDERSHELL here will tell you I'm right.

*Und. (to himself).* Can't afford to offend the coachman! (Aloud) Well, I daresay—er—embrocation would have been better.

*Adams.* Ah, that's where me and Mr. CHECKLEY differ. According to me, it ain't to do with the shoulder at all—it's a deal lower down. . . . I'll 'ave him out of the box and you'll soon see what I mean.

*Und. (hastily).* Pray don't trouble on my account. I—I can see him capitally from where I am, thanks.

*Adams.* You know best, Sir. Only I thought you'd be better abla to form a judgment after you'd seen the way he stepped across. But if you was to come in and examine the frog?— I don't like the look of it myself.

*Und. (to himself).* I'm sure I don't. I've a horror of reptiles. (Aloud.) You're very good. I—I think I won't come in. The place must be rather damp, mustn't it—for that?

*Adams.* It's dry enough in 'ere, Sir, as you may see; nor yet he ain't been standing about in no wet. Still, there it is, you see!

*Und. (to himself).* What a fool he must be not to drive it out! Of course it must annoy the horse. (Aloud.) I don't see it; but I'm quite willing to take your word for it.

*Adams.* I don't know how you can expect to see it, Sir, without you look inside of the 'oof for it.

*Und. (to himself).* It's not alive—it's something inside the hoof. I suppose I ought to have known that. (Aloud.) Just so; but I see no necessity for looking inside the hoof.

*Check.* In course he don't, or he'd ha' looked the very fust thing, with all his experience. I 'ope you're satisfied now, ADAMS?

*Adams.* I can't say as I am. I say as no man can examine a 'orse thoroughly at that distance, be he who he may. And whether I'm right or wro'g, it 'ud be more of a satisfaction to me if Mr. UNDERSHELL was to step in and see the 'oof for himself.

*Check.* Well, there's sense in that, and I dessay Mr. UNDERSHELL won't object to obliging you that far.

*Und. (with reluctance).* Oh, with pleasure, if you make a point of it.

[He enters the loose box delicately.]

*Adams (picking up one of the horse's feet).* Now, tell me how this 'ere 'oof strikes you.

*Und. (to himself).* That hoof can't; but I'm not so sure about the others. (Aloud, as he inspects it.) Well—er—it seems to me a very nice hoof.

*Adams (grimly).* I was not arsking your opinion of it as a work of Art, Sir. Do you see any narrering coming on, or do you not? That's what I should like to get out of you!

*Und. (to himself).* Does this man suppose I collect hoofs! However, I'm not going to commit myself. (Aloud.) H'm—well, I—I rather agree with Mr. CHECKLEY.

*Check.* I knew he would! Now you've got it, ADAMS! I can see Mr. UNDERSHELL knows what he's about.

*Adams (persistently).* But look at this 'ere pastern. You can't deny there's puffiness there. How do you get over that?

*Und.* If the horse is puffy, it's his business to get over it—not mine.

*Adams (aggrieved).* You may think proper to treat it light, Sir; but if you put your 'and down 'ere, above the coronet, you'll feel a throbbing as plain as—



"You've a lot to learn about navicular, you 'ave, if you can talk such rot as that!"

Und. Very likely. But I don't know, really, that it would afford me any particular gratification if I did!

Adams. Well, if you don't take my view, I should ha' thought as you'd want to feel the 'orse's pulse.

Und. You are quite mistaken. I don't. (To himself.) Particularly as I shouldn't know where to find it. What a bore this fellow is with his horse!

Check. In course, Sir, you see what's running in Mr. ADAMS' 'ed all this time, what he's a-driving at, eh?

Und. (to himself). I only wish I did! This will require tact. (Aloud.) I—I could hardly avoid seeing that—could I?

Check. I should think not. And it stands to reason as a vet like yourself 'd spot a thing like navickler fust go off.

Und. (to himself). A vet! They've been taking me for a vet all this time! I can't have been so ignorant as I thought. I really don't like to undeceive them—they might feel annoyed. (Aloud, knowingly.) To be sure, I—I spotted it at once.

Adams. He does make it out navicular after all! What did I tell you, CHECKLEY? Now p'r'aps you'll believe me!

Check. I'll be shot if that 'orse has navickler, whoever says so—there!

Adams (gloomily). It's the 'orse 'll 'ave to be shot; worse luck! I'd ha' give something if Mr. UNDERSHELL could ha' shown I was wrong; but there was very little doubt in my mind what it was all along.

Und. (to himself, horrified). I've been pronouncing this unhappy animal's doom without knowing it! I must tone it down. (Aloud.) No—no, I never said he must be shot. There's no reason to despair. It—it's quite a mild form of er—clavicular—not at all infectious at present. And the horse has a splendid constitution. I—I really think he'll soon be himself again, if we only—er—leave Nature to do her work, you know.

Adams (after a prolonged whistle). Well, if Nature ain't better up in her work than you seem to be, it's 'igh time she chucked it, and took to something else. You've a lot to learn about navicular, you 'ave, if you can talk such rot as that!

Check. Ah, I've 'ad to do with a vet or two in my time, but I'm blest if I ever come across the likes o' you afore!

Und. (to himself). I knew they'd find me out! I must pacify them. (Aloud.) But, look here, I'm not a vet. I never said I was. It was your mistake entirely. The fact is, my—my good men, I came down here because—well, it's unnecessary to explain now why I came. But I'm most anxious to get away, and if you, my dear Mr. CHECKLEY, could let me have a trap to take me to Shuntingbridge to-night, I should feel extremely obliged.

[CHECKLEY stares, deprived of speech.

Adams (with a private wink to CHECKLEY). Certainly he will, Sir. I'm sure CHECKLEY 'll feel proud to turn out, late as it is, to oblige a gentleman with your remarkable knowledge of 'orse-flesh. Drive you over hisself in the broom and pair, I shouldn't wonder!

Und. One horse will be quite sufficient. Very well, then. I'll just run up and get my portmanteau, and—one or two things of mine, and if you will be round at the back entrance—don't trouble to drive up to the front door—as soon as possible, I won't keep you waiting longer than I can help. Good evening, Mr. ADAMS, and many thanks. (To himself, as he hurries back to the house.) I've got out of that rather well. Now, I've only to find my way to the Verney Chamber, see this fellow SPURBELL, and get my clothes back, and then I can retreat with comfort, and even dignity! These CULVERINS shall learn that there is at least one poet who will not put up with their insolent patronage!

Check. (to ADAMS). He has got a cool cheek, and no mistake! But if he waits to be driv over to Shuntingbridge till I come round for him, he'll 'ave to set on that portmanteau of his a goodish time!

Adams. He did you pretty brown, I must say. To 'ear you crowing over me when he was on your side. I could 'ardly keep from laughing!

Check. I see he warn't no vet long afore you, but I let it go on for the joke of it. It was rich to see you a wanting him to feel the 'oof, and give it out navickler. Well, you got his opinion for what it was wuth, so you're all right!

Adams. You think nobody knows anything about 'orses but yourself, you do; but if you're meanin' to make a story out o' this against me, why, I shall tell it my way, that's all!

Check. It was you he made a fool of, not me—and I can prove it—there!

[They dispute the point, with rising warmth, for some time.

Adams (calming down). Well, see 'ere, CHECKLEY, I dunno, come to think of it, as either on us 'll show up partickler smart over this 'ere job; and it strikes me we'd better both agree to keep quiet about it, eh? (CHECKLEY acquiesces, not unwillingly.) And I think I'll take a look in at the 'Ousekeeper's Room presently, and try if I can't drop a hint to old TREDWELL about that smooth-tongued chap, for it's my belief he ain't down 'ere for no good!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"AHA!" quoth the Baron. "This book of Master STANLEY WEYMAN's, called *Under the Red Robe*, delighteth me much. A stirring story of swashbucklers, pistols, daggers, conspirators, gay gallants, and gentle dames! Exciting from first to last, and all in one volume, which, beshrew me, by my hilts!" quoth the Baron, "the reader, be he who he may, will find easy to take up, and most difficult to put down, until quite finished. 'Tis published by one METHUEN, of London, whose house Cavalier WEYMAN hath favoured more than once ere he wrote this stirring romance." Towards the finish there is a spice of BULWER LYTTON's drama *Richieu*,—indeed the last situation in this tale is almost one with the action of the scene in the play where *Richieu* brings the lovers together. Yet is this but a mere detail, and those who follow the Baron's literary tips will do well and wisely to read *Under the Red*



*Robe*. By the way, Mr. CATON WOODVILLE's illustrations to the story are excellent, having the rare merit of assisting the action without revealing the plot. "CATON, thou picturest well."

Within the limits of a hundred pages Lord DUFFERIN has given the world a picture it will not willingly let die. It is a portrait of his mother, "one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wittiest, most loving and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth." This, as my Baronite says, is the superlative of praise, and it might reasonably be suspected that filial feeling has warped critical acumen. But here in this volume of *Songs, Poems, and Verses* (JOHN MURRAY) we have Lady DUFFERIN though dead yet speaking, and may judge for ourselves. It is characteristic of her son that, whilst on the first page the above title is boldly set forth in large ruddy-hued type, a smaller line lower down, in plain black ink, refers to the "Memoir." In its felicity of literary style, its clear touches of characterisation, and its flashes of quiet humour, this monograph is a masterpiece. It fittingly frames the extract from the journal commenced by Lady DUFFERIN when she felt the hand of death gripping her. This fragment is prose worthy of the author of *The Irish Emigrant*, whose simple pathos has stirred the heart on both sides of the Atlantic. Within the brief limits he has assigned to himself, Lord DUFFERIN manages to give a succinct account of the illustrious family of which HELEN, Lady DUFFERIN, was a bright, particular star. It would be difficult to parallel the sustained brilliancy of the SHERIDANS, from RICHARD BRINSLEY down to his great-great-grandson, at present Her MAJESTY's Minister at Paris. To the possession of all the graces they have added display of all the talents. It is hard to live up to the literary standard of the SHERIDANS. In this delightful volume Lord DUFFERIN shows that the marvel was accomplished by his mother, and is possible for himself.

My Baronite has made an attempt to read *Lowrdes* in the convenient shape in which Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS present it to the English-speaking public. He honestly admits that, finding on a rapid glance through its pages the first chapter was a fair sample of the bulk, he gave it up. M. ZOLA has avowedly set himself the task of minutely describing the pitiful experience of the halt, the lame, the blind, and much worse, who journey to Lourdes in the desperate hope of miraculous recovery. He may at least be congratulated on having achieved his object. Only, the report with all its horrible detail would more fittingly have appeared in the pages of the *Lancet* or the *British Medical Journal*. Since it has been published in book form realism should have been carried one step further. The volume ought to have been bound in a poultice instead of ordinary cloth. As it is, the leaves turned over fill the room with faint, sickening smell of the hospital ward. *Lowrdes* is certainly not alluring. It is, in truth, *lourd—et sale aussi*.

Once again, for the benefit of all brother-scribes who, for a while, or frequently, may have to do their scribbling when journeying, or while compelled by illness to remain in Bedford-under-Clothes,—as was but recently the case with your own Baronius, pains and counterpanes all over him,—the use of "*The Hairless Author's Paper-pad*," i.e. "*The Author's Hairless Paper-pad*," issued by the Leadenhall Press, on which the author can write with pencil or with pen,—for the blotter is handily placed at the back of the pad,—is strongly recommended by the Ready Writer's and Ready Reader's best friend,

THE BLAMELESS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MEM. BY AN OLD MAID.—If you "look over your age," you won't find anyone else willing to do the same.





## DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL.

He. "ISN'T THAT MRS. GAYLY SITTING BY THOMPSON? HOW FAT SHE'S GROWN! WHAT A MISFORTUNE FOR A WOMAN TO LOOK LIKE THAT!" She. "OH—YOU SHOULD NOT SAY THAT TO ME!"

He. "WHY NOT? OF COURSE I ONLY MEANT WHEN THE WOMAN IS YOUNG!"

## "FOR EXAMPLE!"

*Or, an Ex-Radical's Reflections in a Peer-Glass.*

"I say that I, at any rate, am ready to view with favour any reasonable proposal which would add an elective element to the composition of the House of Lords, which would bring them into closer touch with popular sentiment."—*Mr. Chamberlain at Leeds (Times' Report).*

"THEY toil not, neither do they spin"—

Aught but occasional orations!

Ah! that was in my days of sin.

How time has altered our relations

Yes, I was down upon the Lords,

When I compared them with the lilies:

New Rads remind me of my words;

But then New Rads are all old sillies.

How dare they, dupes of GLADSTONE's guile,

Poor Party tools, mere flies in amber,

To imitate my earlier style,

And rave against a Second Chamber?

And do they think to corner me

By mere *tu quoque* and quotation?

A gift of ready repartee

Secures such easy extrication.

I worship what I wished to burn?—

The jeer is really most unhandsome!

For things have taken quite a turn

Since I ran rather wild on Ransom.

The House of Lords is our sole hope,

Sheet-anchor, lighthouse, ægis, haven;

The only power which can cope

With the New Rad—that nerveless craven!

A Single Chamber means the sway

Of the majority—most shocking!—

With no devices of delay,

Progress impeding, freedom seeking—

Hold hard! I'm quoting—from myself!—

*Of Commons* a mere majority

Means rule of party, passion, pelf.

Which in the Peers have no authority.

Non-representative, but nice,

The Peers are patriots, heroes, sages

Class-selfishness is not *their* vice;

They haste not, don't get into rages.

To a majority of *them*!

We safely may entrust our freedom.

But mere M.P.'s? With venal phlegm

They'd sell it—for the mess of Edom!

Mesopotamia—blessed word!—

Than the word "Peer" is far less blessed!

Mere Commons are crass, absurd,

Foolish as Creon, false as Cressid.

To trust to an *elected* mob

Our Glorious Empire, were sheer treason;

But dukes and earls may do the job.

For a Peer's robe *must* cover reason.

Still an "elective element"

Perhaps might bring their "composition"

"In touch with popular sentiment,"

And hush the howlings of sedition.

To pick the best and brightest stars

From court and college, bench and plat-

form,

Might still some poletariat jars.—

Hah! how should I appear in *that* form?

Of course, a robe and coronet

Would never make me turn a Tory,

Like—well, so many. Now I'll bet

King Solomon in all his glory

Was not arrayed—*tut! tut!*—no more

I'd like them to forget those lilies,

These quoted bits are such a bore,—

Unless they're that old "tonguester"

WILLY'S!

*Experimentum in*—well, no!

The context is not very flattering,

(How seldom my quotations go!

There are some drawbacks in mere smattering.)

But if the "elective element"

Would Peers improve, as not a few think,

I might—some day—who knows?—consent

To show them how—well, what do you think?

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

*Written upon hearing that Mr. Gladstone's enforced rest is lightened by the reading aloud of relays of Devoted Friends.*

MIGHTY-VOICED MILTON, whose unarmur-ing song

Rolls yet in organ tones round his loved

land,

Its saddest strain, with high endurance

grand,

Unconquerably serene, sublimely strong;

Sing in our Statesman's ears! Great HOMER,

long

His "friend, in youth, in manhood, and in

age,"

Let thy charmed splendours, and thy coun-

sels sage,

Calm his large energies to fine content.

Be MILTON's patience his! "God doth not need"

Either man's work, or his own gifts"—so rang [State

The heroic high reply. But the whole

Wishes its tireless servitor "God speed!"

Light in his darkness, hope to illumine his

rest!

"They also serve who only stand and wait."





“FOR EXAMPLE!”

JOE CH-MB-RL-N. “I SHOULD RECONSTRUCT THE HOUSE OF LORDS ACCORDING TO SOME ELECTIVE AND NON-HEREDITARY PLAN—.”

(Leeds, September 25.)



## AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

IV.—To JULIA IN SHOOTING TOGS  
(and a Herrickose vein).

WHENAS to shoot my JULIA goes,  
Then, then, (methinks) how bravely  
shows

That rare arrangement of her clothes!

So shod as when the Huntress Maid  
With thumping buskin bruised the  
glade,

She moveth, making earth afraid.

Against the sting of random chaff  
Her leathern gaiters circle half  
The arduous crescent of her calf.

Unto th' occasion timely fit,  
My love's attire doth show her wit,  
And of her legs a little bit.

Sorely it sticketh in my throat,  
She having nowhere to bestow 't,  
To name the absent petticoat.

In lieu whereof a wanton pair  
Of knickerbockers she doth wear,  
Full windy and with space to spare.

Enlarged by the belling breeze,  
Lord! how they playfully do ease  
The urgent knocking of her knees!

Lengthways curtailed to her taste  
A tunic circumvents her waist,  
And soothly it is passing chaste.

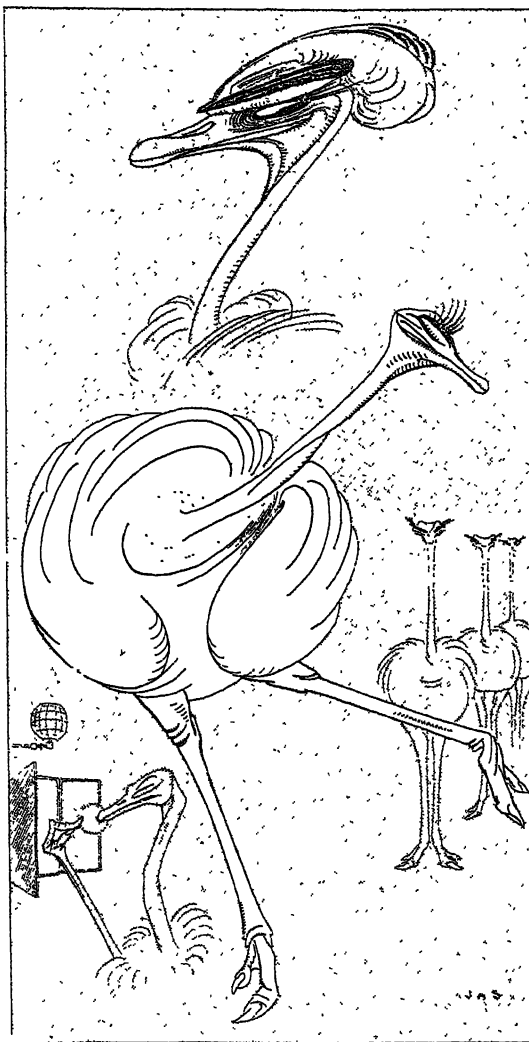
Upon her head she hath a gear  
Even such as wights of ruddy cheer  
Do use in stalking of the deer.

Haply her truant tresses mock  
Some coronal of shapelier block,  
To wit, the bounding billy-cock.

Withal she hath a loaded gun,  
Whereat the pheasants, as they run,  
Do make a fair diversion.

For very awe, if so she shoots,  
My hair upriseth from the roots,  
And lo! I tremble in my boots!

A SAFE PREDICTION.—That the  
New Woman of this decade will be  
the Old Maid of the next.



## STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

THE OSTRICH AS SHE OUGHT TO BE.

## THE SEVEN AGES OF ROSEBERY.

[Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY has written an  
article in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled,  
"The Seven Lord Roseberies."]

PARLIAMENT's a stage,  
And, Peers or Commoners, they are  
merely players:

They have their exits and their  
entrances, [parts,

And one Peer in his time plays many  
His acts being seven stages. First  
the Home-Ruler,

Mewling and puking in Nurse GLAD-  
STONE's arms;

And then the Union Scho'boy,  
with his satchel,

And smooth-cut morning face, creep-  
ing like snail

Unwilling to JOE's school. And then  
the Boss,

Working like 'nigger, with a dithy-  
rambic [Socialist,

Made to the County Council. Then a  
Full of strange aims, bearded like

BERNARD SHAW,  
Jealous of Ground Rents, quick with

Land to quarrel, [ment,

Seeking the fleeting bubble, Better-  
E'en at Monopoly's mouth. And 'hen  
the Premier,

High above Party, with a pleasant  
joke [claims;

On the predominant partner and his  
Full of light jests and modern mug-

wumpisms;

And so he plays his part. The sixth  
age shifts

Into the smooth-cheeked, inexpressive  
Sphinx [side,

With finger at her nose's knowing  
Dizzy's old pose well mimicked,

"cute" and "wide,"

With a cold eye and an oracular  
voice,

Which, tuned to cynic lightness,  
puzzles much [all,

The Radical CEdipus. Last scene of  
That ends this strange eventful

history,  
Newmarket ROSEBERY, Ladas-owner,

Lord,—  
Sans grit, sans nous, sans go, sans  
everything!

## ANOTHER MAN'S EARS.

(With Apologies to the Author of "Another Woman's Eyes," in the  
"Illustrated News.")

BEAUTIFUL ears, indeed, beautiful ears!

(She must be growing blind to think them fine!)

Had you been wiser in those by-gone years,

They might have—heard the lectures lost on mine.

I only wish they had! (But no, no, no;

I'd rather list long nights to Caudle-shine,

Than let those beautiful ears—she calls them so—

List some "soft nothings" murmured into mine!)

## SLOW, AND NOT QUITE SURE.

(A Suggestion not necessarily Founded upon Facts.)

SCENE—The Interior of a Police Court: a case is in course of  
disposal. The Magistrate has made up his mind to deal sum-  
marily in the matter.

Magistrate. And so you say that the prisoner has a bad record?

Policeman X. A very bad one, your Worship. We have strong  
reasons for believing that he has been in every prison in the king-  
dom for crimes of varying gravity.

Magistrate. By the new anthropometrical system, you can identify  
him?

Policeman X. Certainly. I have here certificates from no less  
than two hundred gaol governors declaring his hair to be the colour  
of pea-green.

Magistrate. And I notice the prisoner has hair of that peculiar  
hue.

Policeman X. Certainly, your worship; and on that account I claim  
that you impose upon this man the heaviest punishment within your  
jurisdiction.

Magistrate. And now prisoner what have you to say?

Prisoner. Merely this, that the man who last night broke into the  
jeweller's shop was not myself but another. I had nought to do  
with the crime. The constable has sworn that the catiff had  
pea-green hair. Now I have not pea-green hair; my locks are  
black.

Magistrate. Assertion is not proof. By the anthropometrical  
system we can spot you. Look at yourself in the glass and you will  
see that your hair is pea-green.

Prisoner. You are wrong, Sir. You see my curls are of raven  
black. (Removes his wig.) Am I not right? Am I not entitled to  
release?

Magistrate. Certainly. Officers, do your duty. Release your  
prisoner!

[The accused is liberated, and, in the company of some trusted  
pals, leaves the Court without a stain upon his character,  
and with the intention of doing a little more burgling before  
he is many hours older. Curtain.]

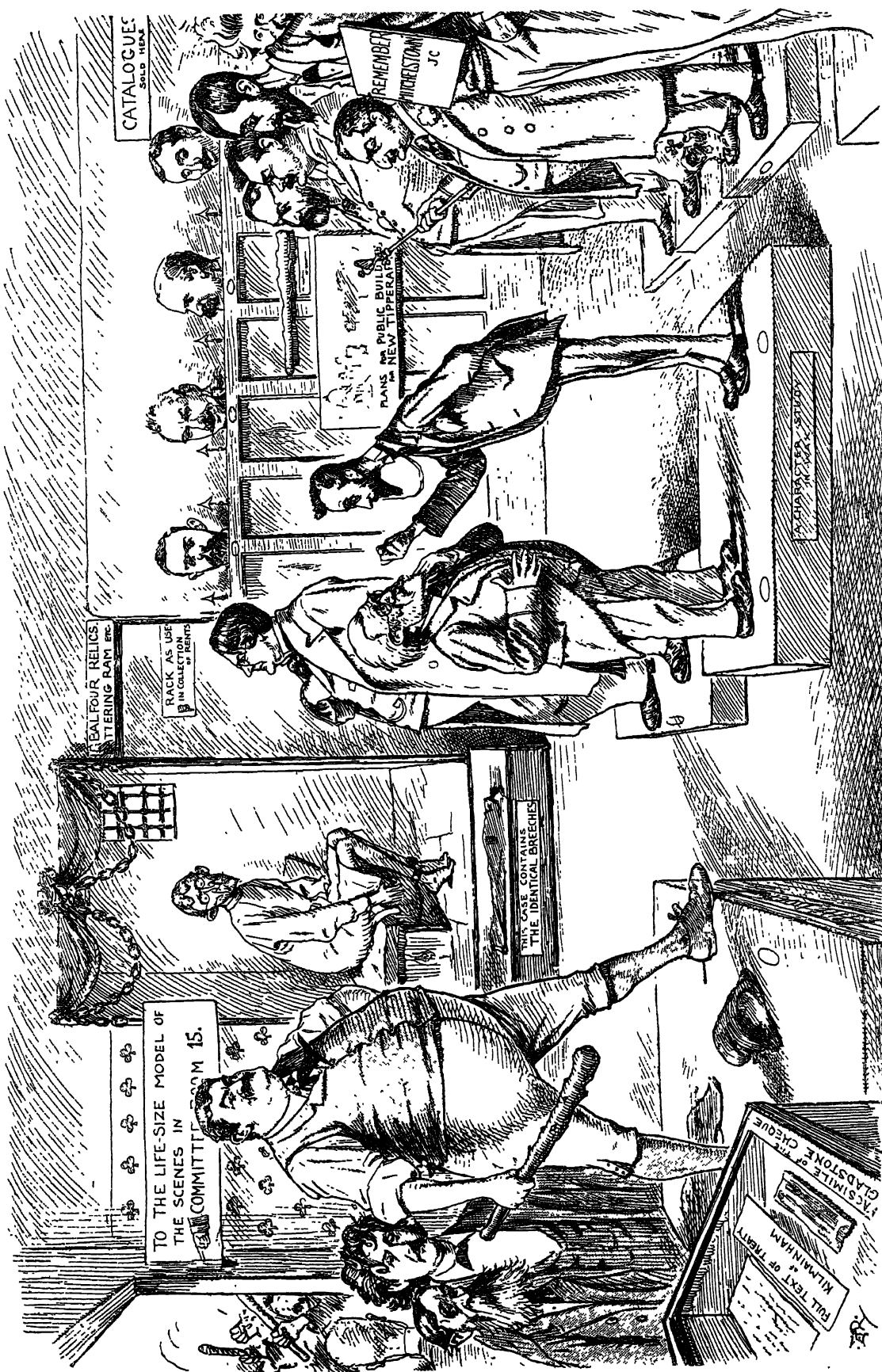
## On reading a "Smart" Novel.

HEAVY moralities, à la SARAH GRAND,

Are tedious oft, and trivial to boot;

But some who write of Vice with a "a light hand,"

Merit the impact of a heavy foot.



### A SEPARATE IRISH CHAMBER!

(After a rough Sketch by the Right Hon. J. Ch-m-b-r-l-n !)

["Since the defeat of the Home Rule Bill they (the Irish Party) have all been engaged in blackening each other's characters, and painting each other's portraits, and I venture to say that the result of that is not a gallery of pictures, but a *Chamber of Horrors*."]

## THE COMPLAINT OF THE MODERN LOVER.

My peerless but progressive Fair,  
To you my heart I proffer.  
Time was when one knew where  
you were,  
And how to make an offer.  
Now, all too swiftly you advance  
For Damon to pursue you.  
Take pity on his ignorance,  
And tell him *how* to woo you!

If strong on Woman's Rights you  
are,  
Upon her wrongs I'll ponder:  
I'll win for you a *Wanderjahr*,  
If I with you may wander.  
Or does Humanity enthral?  
Before the summer passes  
I'll run a moral Music Hall  
To renovate the Masses.

Say, shall I write to you in verse  
Of metre strange and frantic,  
Which by neglect of barriers  
Proves genius gigantic?  
Is modern fiction dear to you?  
In scandal while I grovel,  
I will endeavour to outdo  
Its most pernicious novel!

Belovéd, of *which* patent creed  
Shall I uplift the banner?  
By telepathy shall I plead,  
Or in the usual manner?  
If after Occult Truth you grope,  
Though now I'm no Mahatma,  
From earthly bonds I yet might  
hope—  
For you—to free my Atma!

Shall I by Geomancy show  
Your lot and mine united,  
The sign of *Acquisitio*  
Foretelling love requited?  
Or shall I from the planets prove  
That long before I knew you  
Our fates were linked? My  
modern love,  
Oh, tell me *how* to woo you!



## WE'VE NOT COME TO THAT YET.

*She.* "I WAS SO GLAD TO HEAR OF YOUR MARRIAGE! DO COME TO US AND BRING YOUR WIFE. BY THE WAY, WHAT IS YOUR NAME NOW?"

*He.* "OH, I HAVEN'T CHANGED MY NAME. IT'S *SHE*, YOU KNOW!"

## REFLECTIONS

(By a Well-Plucked One.)

WHEN chapel bells rang far and wide,  
Why did I turn upon my side,  
And sweetly back to slumber glide?  
I wonder!

When zephyrs wafted on their way  
The fragrance of the new-mown hay,  
Why did I cut my lectures, eh?  
I wonder!

Why did I moor my punt afar,  
With claret-cup and choice cigar,  
Instead of reading for the Bar?  
I wonder!

Why did the Proctors always frown  
On meeting me without a gown,  
And ultimately send me down?  
I wonder!

Why did the Dons all disagree  
With my pet views on equity,  
And plough me for my LL.B.?  
I wonder!

Why am I now in chambers bare,  
With nothing much but debts to spare,  
Cash gone, and credit growing rare?  
I wonder!

Why do no clients seek my door  
To profit by my legal lore?  
Will it be thus for evermore?  
I wonder!

## The New Fashion.

THE fashion in hair  
The ladies now wear  
Never can last I'll engage:  
For though, pretty dears,  
It hideth their ears,  
It addeth some years to their age.

## THE NEW MAN.

(A Fragment from the Romance of the Near Future.)

He had waited up until two in the morning. He had watched the hands of the clock as they passed round the face from hour to hour. He had put a cloth over the supper, knowing, however, that the meat would be disregarded, and only the brandy and soda-water touched by the expected one. The poor man gazed sadly at the children's toys, the tradesmen's books that were beside him.

"Not home yet," he murmured. "Ah, those dinners at the club!" Then he considered his past life. He remembered his wedding-day, when it seemed so bright and fair. He was a happy husband, with every prospect of a long life of wedded bliss. He loved and respected his wife, and felt that side by side they could travel along the road of existence without a rock to arrest their progress, without a discordant note to spoil the harmony of their song, until that song had ceased its music in the hush of silence. Tears, suppressed until now, flooded his eyes as he remembered the waning of the honeymoon. He recollected the anxiety of ALICE to get back to town, to be off into the City. Of course he could not follow his wife into her business haunts; it would be immodest—nay, even improper. Still, he had been treated kindly, in a rough, condescending sort of way. He had had a Brougham, and had been allowed to visit his gentlemen friends. He had plenty of chats, and occasionally ALICE had accompanied him round the park. Then he had seen a good deal of his children. His daughter, however, had now gone to school, and his sons were always with their nursery tutor. The clock struck once again. "Three, and not home yet!"

Early morning was breaking. The poor man, pale and careworn, re-arranged his necktie, and putting on an extra overcoat, prepared once more to resume the reading of a novel that had been attracting his attention earlier in the evening. It was called "*Bobby*," and related the adventures of a wild, thoughtless man, who was setting the laws of society at open defiance.

"How can men write of men like this?" he murmured. "I am not surprised that women think badly of us when we thus paint our-

selves. Visiting a music-hall with his female cousin! Going to the Zoological Gardens unattended! Oh, BOBBY, BOBBY, what a creation!" Then he started. There was a noise at the street-door, and the sound of scraping on the outside as if a latch-key were vainly seeking the key-hole. Then the portal slowly opened and a cloaked figure lurched rather than walked in.

"Oh ALICE!" cried the frightened husband, wringing his hands in dismay. "Is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," was the indistinct reply. "Fact is I don't think the salmon—"

And then the new-comer entered the dining-room, and there was the sound of the effervescence of soda-water.

The poor husband sighed, mournfully turned off the gas, and went quietly to bed.

"Oh wife," murmured the aggrieved husband, as he mounted the stairs, "you cannot help bringing woe to man, for unless you did so you would not be a woe-man."

And bursting into tears at this sad pleasantry, the poor chap disappeared into the darkness.

## COINCIDENCE'S LONG ARM.

DEAR SIR,—May I draw your attention to a series of domestic occurrences which illustrate the distressing and increasing tendency of this *fin-de-siècle* age? I say *fin-de-siècle* because as it has got to come in somehow, it may as well be said at once. At breakfast yesterday the bacon was wretchedly cooked. My wife said, "It's the fault of the New Cook," which was all the satisfaction or explanation that I got. I found my study disguised in an apparent tidiness, achieved at the cost of a complete confusion of my papers, which had been tidied away in a manner that completely defied detection. My wife only answered, "Oh, it's that New Housemaid." That night we went to the theatre. The name of the play was *The New Woman*. Then I understood the true inwardness of all my previous experiences. The moral is so clear that I do not propose to draw any.

*The Cedars, Sept. 29.*

NOTTA NEWMAN.



## LETTERS FROM A DÉBUTANTE.

DEAREST MARJORIE,—It is really quite time you gave me some more of your valuable advice. Thanks to you, I was not such an utter failure in my first season as I expected. After a month at home (my people *loathe* the new way I do my hair, and it seemed, I am ashamed to say, a *little* dull there), I have come to stay again with the LYON TAYMERS at their country house.



You remember I refused the man who did conjuring tricks? He has written to me since to say he sees now how right I was—rather crushing! I also fully *intended* to refuse Captain MASHINGTON. But he went to Dinard without giving me the opportunity, and I hear he has been playing tennis there the *whole* day with Mrs. LORNE HOPPER. I am sure I hope he enjoyed it. She is what you or I would consider rather old, but is said to be perfectly charming, and of course looks fifteen years younger than her youngest daughter.

It seems rather strange, doesn't it, MARJORIE, that after being so wonderfully sensible all the season, I should suddenly do something quite idiotic in September? However, I *have*; and I want you to help me out of it. I'll tell you *all* if you'll promise not to laugh. When I first came, I was "thrown," as people say, a good deal with the TAYMER's nephew—ORIEL CRAMPTON who has just left Oxford. I was told he was very serious, rather shy, philanthropic, and has "views"; also that he had done a great deal of good in the West End. This interested me, and I tried to draw him out. They had omitted to mention that he was dreadfully susceptible. We talked for *hours* in the garden, nearly all the time—at first—about the housing of the rich and horrible cases of overcrowding—at London parties. He was very earnest and ascetic (he never drinks anything but hot water, and doesn't smoke); he lent me books—he is rather handsome—and—gradually—somehow I found I had drifted into an absurd sort of private half-engagement! Yes—I have actually a bangle *rivetted on*—with a date inside—the date I was insane enough to agree— Isn't it dreadful?

ORIEL will be well off, but he intends to spend all his money on founding model slums, where the people are to be teetotallers and do bootmaking or something, and be a happy little colony. ORIEL's views may necessitate his doing a little cobbling himself—just to set an example. I was enormously impressed by this at first; but I am afraid I have become frivolous again. Some other people have come here, including a nice boy they call BABY BEAUMONT. He is really almost nineteen, but wonderfully well preserved, very clever, and so cynical that he is quite an optimist. Almost directly, he asked me how long I had known ORIEL CRAMPTON. I said about a fortnight. "Ah! then you must be engaged to him. Poor old ORIEL! He's really quite extraordinarily old-fashioned."

"How old is he?" I asked, in faltering tones.

"He has rather a way of pretending to be young, I fancy. But he must be four-and-twenty if he is a day. You need not say I told you."

It's evidently the fashion to be *very young*—for men, at least. Sometimes I wish it were the fashion to be old enough to know better. If ORIEL really *has* been engaged before, and may be again, and if getting engaged to people is only a sort of habit of his, perhaps he would not mind so very much if I were to break it off.

BABY BEAUMONT is (he says himself) "frankly Pagan." He thinks ORIEL too serious for me, and advises me to marry at leisure, as I am quite sure, anyhow, to repent in haste. He wanted to send a paragraph to the *Post* to say "A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly be broken off, between Mr. ORIEL CRAMPTON and Miss GLADYS MAXFIELD, younger daughter," and so on.

Last night, when we were playing games, ORIEL went out while we thought of a word, and he got quite angry with me because I had said the moon was "vegetable," and he said it was "mineral." He may be right, or he may not—I daresay he is—but still he need not be touchy, and refuse to play any more, and sulk all the evening.

I am afraid I should not be happy with him. He collects postage stamps, too, which depresses me dreadfully.

Please write and tell me what to do—or rather, how to do it. Can one get a bangle *rivetted off*? . . . I have just heard that the LORNE HOPPERS and Captain MASHINGTON are coming to play tennis on Sunday! Of course, I shall show absolute indifference. I wired at once to town for my new dress. Mrs. HOPPER may as well see it.

BABY BEAUMONT is always changing his clothes, and has two button-holes sent down from London daily. He says he "intends to revive the gardenia." . . . ORIEL has just gone out for a "*brisk walk before dinner*." Aren't we utterly unsuited to each other?

Your loving friend, GLADYS.

P.S.—Is the moon mineral?

## THE GENERAL LITERARY REVIEW COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL £100,000,000, IN 20,000,000 SHARES OF £5 EACH.

THIS Company has been formed to acquire, combine into one, and carry on the various old-established businesses of literary reviewing hitherto carried on separately by Messrs. ANDREW LANG (who will join the Board after allotment), GRANT ALLEN, W. E. GLADSTONE, H. D. TRAILL, T. P. O'CONNOR, WALTER BESANT, ELKIN MATHEWS, JOHN LANE, Q., A.T.Q.C., QUILLER COUCH, RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, and others. All these gentlemen have consented to act as Directors. The advantages of the scheme are obvious. Hitherto critical opinion, as printed in the daily, weekly, and monthly press, has been so diversified as to make it impossible for the public to form a settled judgment on books. For instance, a work may be described in one place as "possessing in the highest degree the master qualities of brilliant humour and profound pathos"; while, in another notice, published on the same day, it may be condemned as "an essay in stupid buffoonery, which mistakes inversion for paradox, and makes a parade of sentiment as laughable as its efforts at humour are melancholy." It is the intention of the Directors to change all this. Frequent Board-Meetings will be held, at which all books sent for review will be carefully considered, with a view to deciding how they shall be treated. The decisions thus come to will be carried out in a series of articles extending with absolute uniformity over the whole field of contemporary literature.



## PROFITS.

The profits of the business to be thus carried on must be gigantic. After a careful inspection of the books of all British newspapers the well-known accountants Messrs. LEGER AND BALLANCE have informed the Directors that the gains of these papers *from reviewing and literary gossip alone* amount to £10,632,009 12s. 7d. annually. As these papers will henceforth, on their literary side, be worked by the Directors with all the latest improvements, even larger gains may be looked for in the immediate future.

## BOOMING.

This department will be managed by a paragraphist of unrivalled experience, who will have under his orders a large staff of skilled assistants thoroughly instructed in the use of the new patent mitrailleuse Boomerangs, ten of which will be fixed in the chief office of the Company at No. 1, Log Rolls Yard. Literary shareholders to the amount of £500 and upwards will be entitled to a preferential boom by way of bonus.

## BLUDGEON WORK.

For this style of reviewing a separate department has been established, under the joint management of three well-known literary failures, Messrs. SCRIBBLEY, FIBLEY AND GLIBLEY. By a careful imitation of the worst models, and by assiduously cultivating their own natural coarseness, the managers anticipate very remarkable results. Style will be no object, but every worker in this department will be expected to provide his own rhinoceros hide and stock of allusions to RABELAIS. All holders of less than three shares will come under the operation of this department. The Company intend shortly, however, to issue £10 debentures, the owners of which will be permitted once a year to ballot for the privilege of reviewing the book of one of their friends.

## INSURANCE SCHEME.

The Directors propose to organise a scheme of insurance against hostile reviews and obdurate editors. For an annual payment of £24 an insurer will be entitled to one favourable review during the year; for £30 he will be absolutely guaranteed against unfavourable criticism. A small yearly payment, varying according to age, will entitle his widow to claim £1000 at his death upon furnishing a certificate, signed by Mr. BESANT and the family doctor, that he died after reading an unfavourable notice of one of his books. All literary men, however, are recommended to subscribe £30 a year, thus obtaining a life-long immunity from depreciation.

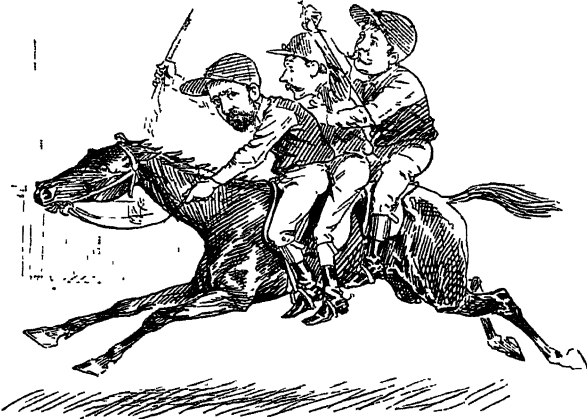
## FEMALE BRANCH.

This will be known as the "George Department," and will be controlled by four new women of advanced views. Cigarettes, lachryms, and a summary of divorce court proceedings will be kept on the premises. Novels turned out while you wait. Mrs. LYNN LINTON will not be admitted during office hours.

SOMETHING NEW IN THE DRAMA.—Mr. HENRY IRVING, it appears, has made a great hit in a one-part piece written by Dr. CONAN DOYLE, entitled *A Story of Waterloo*. Probably Mr. J. L. TOOLE will follow it up with *A Story of Brandy-and-Waterloo*, in which our cheerful comedian will appear as a regular Wetter'un.

### MAKING THE RUNNING WITH "THE DERBY WINNER."

DRURIOLANUS has scored another success. And why not? Surely he deserves it, for, with the assistance of his two collaborators, CECIL RALEIGH and HENRY HAMILTON, SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS has trained



"Three to One on."

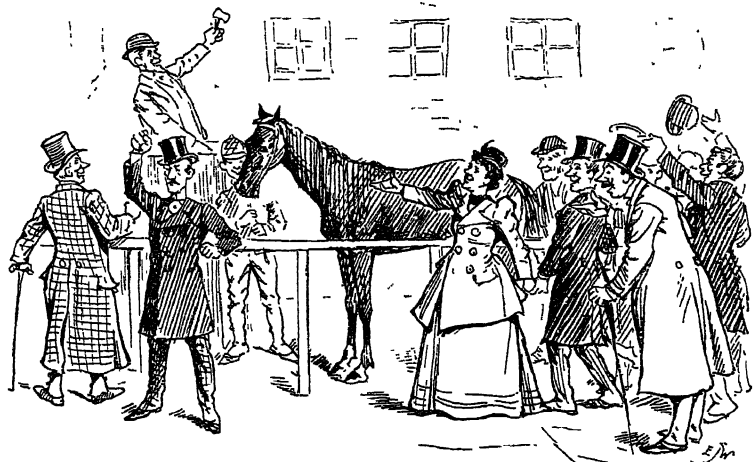
a Derby winner that will carry all before him over the Drury Lane course until the place is required for the pantomime. And the training has been most judicious. The problem the three stable companions (for the piece is nothing if not horsey) set themselves was to produce a drama that would fill the Grand National Theatre both before and behind the curtain. This problem they have solved to the satisfaction of all parties.

The method adopted is simple enough. Take, for instance, the First Act. One of the authors no doubt suggested the interior of a country house. "Quite so," says DRURIOLANUS, "a nobleman's country house. I will show you how to do it." And he does. "O *Todgers's* can do it when it likes!" Gorgeous hall with a billiard table thrown in at the back to give an idea of the luxury and magnitude. And then the company! Earls and Countesses and Lords and Ladies and a Duchess! Why, even the villain is a major in a crack cavalry regiment, and the low comedian a surgeon who has worn the Queen's uniform. Apparently to give the latter additional aristocratic gloss, the Duchess is made to be in love with him. And the plot? Why, of course. Let Miss ALMA STANLEY arrive direct from India to sow discord between my Lord the hero and my Lady the heroine. This she does, looking charming in her villainy, and wearing a striking costume. My Lord tells her "to begone" (a most unreasonable request, by the way, as she has arrived at the Hall in the middle of the night, with evidently any number of boxes), but she won't. Miss ALMA STANLEY prefers to faint in my Lord's arms, to the great indignation of my Lady. Tableau and curtain.

Next, please. The Downs, and a trial of the 'osses. Then we have a meet of horses, saddle and otherwise. The "otherwise" are harnessed to a pony-chaise that looks as if it had come from the Lowther Arcade. Miss ALMA STANLEY rides in on a steed of her own. My Lord, the hero, objects to the gracious presence of this fair equestrian, and gets a horse-whipping for his trouble. Then the trial comes off. The noble animals canter across the stage. The *dramatis personæ* describe their progress to one another as they make the running behind the scenes. All first-rate and life-like. Haven't we seen it ourselves in the early morn? Then they reappear (amidst immense enthusiasm) as cardboard profile in the distance, to make a final entry in the horseflesh from the O. P. wings. Capitally done, and a great success. Stalls, Circle, Pit, Boxes, and Gallery, all delighted. So are they with the military ball at York. Nearly everybody in uniform. Hussars, Gunners, Highlanders, Fusileers, and Yeomen. My Lord the hero appears as Colonel of his county Yeomanry. Quite right, he has left the service, and taken to the reserve. Then there is the cotillion, and my Lord finds himself, to his surprise, dancing with Miss ALMA STANLEY. He is again caught by my Lady, the heroine (the poor chap is always compromising himself at the wrong moment), and there is of course only one solution to this embarrassing situation, and that is,—certain. No better ball scene been on the stage for years. DRURIOLANUS has all the details at his fingertips, and the ball at his feet. Keep it rolling!

In the next Act we find that the Countess, in full ball costume, has eloped with the Villainous Major to a hotel. My Lady has allowed her companion to describe themselves as Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So in the porter's book. But thus far and no farther. When the Major politely begs the loan of her heart, the Countess bids him go, and treats him really with absolute rudeness. The Major, after a terrible struggle with my Lady, in which he gets the worst of it, is completely crushed, and probably inwardly laments the very considerable expense to which he must have been put by the elopement. At this crisis enter my Lord the hero. Row and tableau. After this, the audience feels that the correct prescription is to cut the dialogue and come to the 'osses." And to a great extent this prescription is adopted. There is a first-class scene of a sale at Tattersall's, and a very realistic view of the finish at the Derby. The throng cheer behind the curtain, and so does the throng in front of it. The task is complete: both sides of the green baize are crowded with excited people.

It is exceptionally good. Scenery, music, general stage management, and incidental music all excellent. Mrs. JOHN WOOD first-rate, as good as ever, and Miss ALMA STANLEY greatly distinguishes herself. So does Mr. CARTWRIGHT as the most matter-of-fact villain that "in this distressful country has ever yet been seen." When he murders, or ruins, or seriously inconveniences anyone, he observes *sotto voce* to himself, in a tone that would be equally appropriate were he thanking an omnibus conductor for giving him change for sixpence, "I thought I should do it." Then Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss BEATRICE LAMB as My Lord and My Lady could not be better. And Miss PATTIE BROWNE, Miss L. MOODIE, and Miss HETTIE DENE, all the right people in the right places, as are both Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD. To sum up, *The Derby Winner* has won, and Sir DRURIOLANUS has more



"Sold!"

than satisfied his enthusiastic backers the public, and he and they will have a real good run for their money.

### IF NOT, WHY NOT?

["SARAH GRAND has contributed an article on 'Should irascible Old Gentlemen be taught to Knit?' to the forthcoming issue of *'Phil May's Winter Annual.'*"—*Evening paper*, October 2.]

THIS will shortly be followed by a series of papers on the following subjects:—"Shall hysterical Old Ladies be encouraged to smoke?"

"Should elderly, short-tempered Dowagers be permitted to use bad language?"

"Shall Octogenarian Barmaids be obliged to flirt?"

"May decayed Duchesses play pitch-and-toss?"

"Shall Professional Beauties of a certain age be compulsorily retired?"

"Are Burlesque Actresses of over forty years' standing to attend Sunday-school?"

"May Ballet-girls teach their grand-children to knit?"

"Should cross-eyed Viscountesses catch flies?"

"Ought Old Girls generally to make use of slang?"

"Should *Prima donnas* in their dotage wear blue pinafores?"

"Can the 'Shirt-front Brigade' be taught 'good form'?"

"May Lady Novelists dispense with the historic present?"

"Should much-married Adventureuses read *The Family Herald*?"

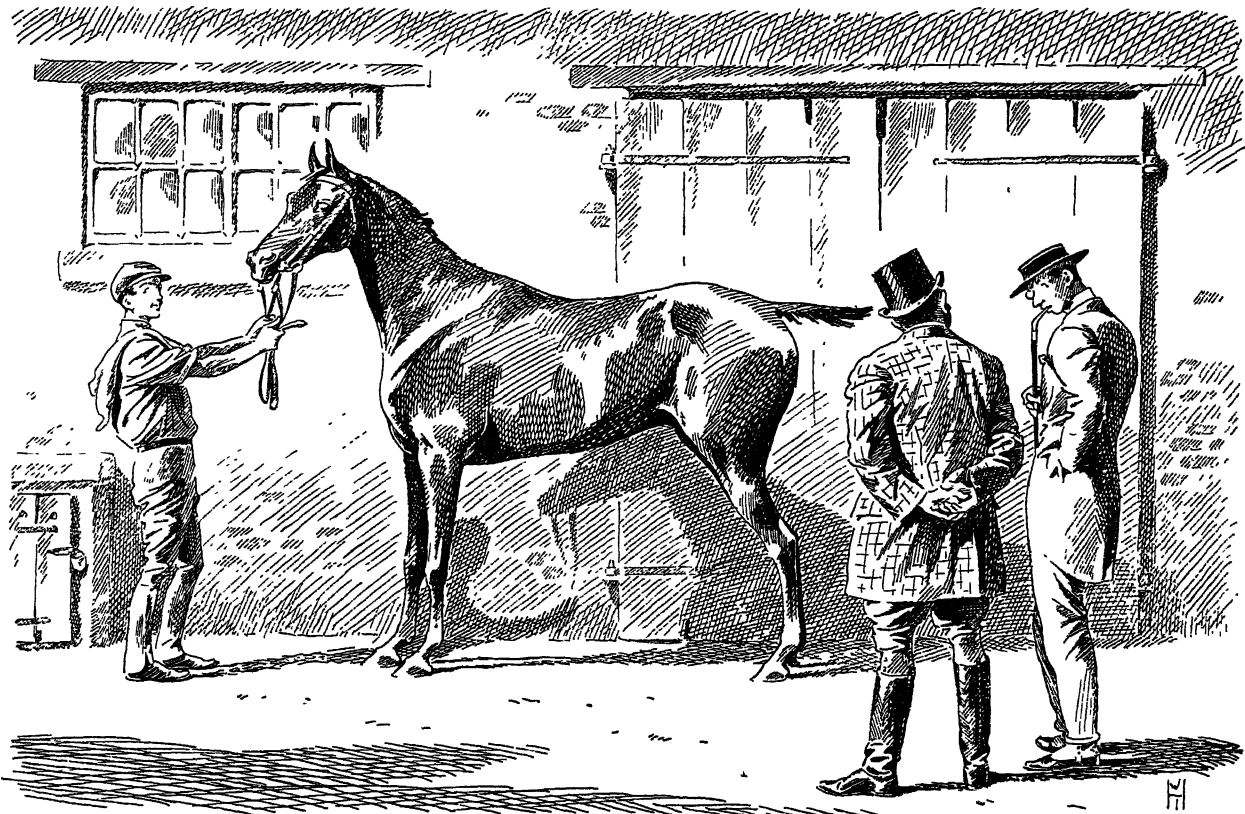
"May timid Gentlewomen join the Pioneer Club?"

And "Is not the New Woman played out?"



"I'M GETTING A BIG GIRL NOW!"

MISS UNIFIED LONDON PUTTING AWAY ALL HER PRETTY TOYS AND PLAYTHINGS.



### A BACKWARD CROP.

*Young Mr. Green (who wants a Hunter for the coming Season). "YA—AS; BUT HE'S GOT SUCH A SEEDY TAIL!"*  
*Dealer. "SEEDY? AH, THAT'S IT! JUST GERMINATIN', IT IS. WANT O' SUNSHINE, YEE SEE. LOR' BLESS Y', THINGS IS MOSTLY*  
*BIN A BIT BACKARD THIS SEASON!"*

### "I'M GETTING A BIG GIRL NOW!"

(SONG FOR MISS UNIFIED LONDON.)

AIR—"I'm Getting a Big Girl Now!"

I've had all the pleasures belonging to youth,  
 Its sweetmeats, its larks, and its toys.  
 But I find, with regret, what is really the  
 truth,  
 That girls will grow old, just like boys.  
 I'd like still to play in the jolly old way,  
 But the world will not let me somehow.  
 I know what it means; I am now in my  
 teens.

Yes; I'm getting a big girl now!

*Chorus.*

I'm getting a big girl now,  
 And they tell me it's time I knew how  
 To behave more like one,  
 And in toys find less fun;  
 For I'm getting a big girl now!

I've had a good time for a number of years,  
 And I'm sure I'm not anxious to change,  
 But the very best swim there is *somebody*  
 queers.

They *won't* let me alone—it's so strange!  
 It does give one a shock; but I've outgrown  
 my frock,

My girdle won't meet anyhow;  
 They're beginning to quiz. Ah! I see how  
 it is;

I'm getting a big girl now

*Chorus.*

I'm getting a big girl now,  
 If I romp someone kicks up a row  
 They tell me I chuck  
 Too much money on "tuck"—  
 Ah! I'm getting a big girl now!

I know there's a party who's anxious to spoil  
 My nice little games at Guildhall.  
 He growls "turn up turtle and toys, Miss,  
 and *toil*,"

Gog and Magog are no good at all.  
 Your coaches, and horses, and tin-armoured  
 forces,  
 Are babyish bosh, and bow-wow!  
 You must scorn grub and ease—like those  
 good L.C.C.'s—  
 For you're getting a big girl now!

*Chorus.*

"You are getting a big girl now;  
 You must turn up the tuck-shop I vow.  
 A cut of cold mutton  
 Go take—with good HURTON!  
 For you're getting a big girl now!"

I own that I *hate* to be talked to like this;  
 And as to those L.C.C. prigs  
 They always hold up as a "Model for Miss,"  
 I'll give 'em beans yet—please the pigs!  
*Me* fussy and frugal like dowdy McDOW-  
 GALL?

Well—well; no use raising a row  
 Like all girls and boys I *must* give up my  
 For I'm getting a big girl now! [toys.

*Chorus.*

Yes, I'm getting a big girl now;  
 My dollies must go anyhow;  
 And as to the tuck  
 I must cut it—worse luck!  
 For I'm getting a big girl now

Good-bye, dear old toys! I am getting too  
 big

For dolls, dressing up, and—*bohoo!* [dig.  
 Gog! Magog!! Alas!!! Is it quite *infra*  
 To drop a few tears over you?

I *am* such a whopper, it *may* be im-  
 proper,  
 But—there, I *am* blubbing—*wow-wow!*  
 Good-bye, rose and myrtle! Farewell toys  
 and turtle!

I'm getting a big girl now.

*Chorus.*

Yes, I'm getting a big girl now,  
 (And feel doocedly sorry somehow.)  
 In Unification  
 They think there's salvation  
 For one, who's a big girl now!

### MUDDY MILAN.

ONCE I thought that you could boast  
 Such a perfect southern sky,  
 Flecked with summer clouds at most;  
 Always sunny, always dry,  
 Warm enough, perhaps, to grill an  
 Englishman, O muddy Milan!

Now I find you soaking wet,  
 Underneath an English sky;  
 Pavements, mediæval yet,  
 Whence mud splashes ever fly;  
 And, to make one damp and ill, an  
 Endless downpour, muddy Milan!

Though you boast such works of art,  
 Where is that unclouded sky?  
 Muddy Milan, we must part,  
 I shall gladly say good-bye,  
 Pack, and pay my little bill—an  
 Artless thing—and leave you, Milan.

A REALLY "INDEPENDENT OF LABOUR  
 PARTY."—MR. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART XV.—TRAPPED!

SCENE XXIV.—A Gallery outside the Verney Chamber.

TIME—About 10.15.

*Undershell (to himself, as he emerges from a back staircase).* I suppose this is the corridor? The Boy said the name of the room was painted up over the door. . . . Ah, there it is; and, yes, Mr. SPURRELL's name on a card. . . . The door is ajar; he is probably waiting for me inside. I shall meet him quite temperately, treat it simply as a— (*He enters: a waste-paper basket, containing an ingenious arrangement of liquid and solid substances, descends on his head.*) What the devil do you mean, Sir, by this outrageous—? All dark! Nobody here! Is there a general conspiracy to insult me? Have I been lured up here for a brutal— (*SPURRELL bursts in.*) Ah, there you are, Sir! (*With cold dignity, through the lattice-work of the basket.*) Will you kindly explain what this means?

*Spurrell.* Wait till I strike a light. (*After lighting a pair of candles.*) Well, Sir, if you don't know why you're ramping about like that under a waste-paper basket, I can hardly be expected to—

*Und.* I was determined not to remove it until somebody came in; it fell on my head the moment I entered; it contained something in a soap-dish, which has wetted my face. You may laugh, Sir, but if this is a sample of your aristocratic—

*Spurr.* If you could only see yourself! But I'd nothing to do with it, 'pon my word I hadn't; only just this minute got away from the hall. . . . I know! It's that sulky young beggar, BEAUPARK. I remember he slipped off on some excuse or other just now. He must have come in here and fixed that affair up for me—confound him!

*Und.* I think I'm the person most entitled to— But no matter; it is merely one insult more among so many. I came here, Sir, for a purpose, as you are aware.

*Spurr. (ruefully).* Your dress clothes? All right, you shall have them directly. I wouldn't have put 'em on if I'd known they'd be wanted so soon.

*Und.* I should have thought your own would have been more comfortable.

*Spurr.* More comfortable! I believe you. Why, I assure you I feel like a Bath bun in a baby's sock! But how was I to know? You shouldn't leave your things about like that!

*Und.* It is usual, Sir, for people to come to a place like this provided with evening clothes of their own.

*Spurr.* I know that as well as you do. Don't you suppose I'm unacquainted with the usages of society! Why, I've stayed in boarding-houses at the seaside many a time where it was de rigger to dress—even for high tea! But coming down, as I did, on business, it never entered my head that I should want my dress suit. So when I found them all as chummy and friendly as possible, and expecting me to dine as a matter of course,—why, I can tell you I was too jolly glad to get hold of anything in the shape of a swallowtail and white choker to be over particular!

*Und.* You seem to have been more fortunate in your reception than I. But then I had not the advantage of being here in a business capacity.

*Spurr.* Well, it wasn't that altogether. You see, I'm a kind of a celebrity in my way.

*Und.* I should hardly have thought that would be a recommendation here.

*Spurr.* I was surprised myself to find what a lot they thought of it; but, bless you, they're all as civil as shopwalkers; and, as for the ladies, why, the old Countess and Lady MAISIE and Lady RHODA couldn't be more complimentary if I'd won the Victoria Cross, instead of getting a first prize for breeding and exhibiting a bull bitch at CRUFT'S Dog Show!

*Und. (bitterly, to himself).* And this is our aristocracy! They make a bosom friend of a breeder of dogs; and find a poet only fit to associate with their servants! What a theme for a satirist! (*Aloud.*) I see nothing to wonder at. You possess precisely the social qualifications most likely to appeal to the leisured class.

*Spurr.* Oh, there's a lot of humbug in it, mind you! Most of 'em know about as much of the points of a bull as the points of a compass, only they let on to know a lot because they think it's smart. And some of 'em are after a pup from old Drummy's next litter. I see through all that, you know!

*Und.* You are a cynic, I observe, Sir. But possibly the nature of the business which brings you here renders them—

*Spurr.* That's the rummest thing about it. I haven't heard a word about that yet. I'm in the veterinary profession, you know. Well, they sent for me to see some blooming horse, and never even ask me to go near it! Seems odd, don't it?

*Und. (to himself).* I had to go near the blooming horse! Now I begin to understand; the very servants did not expect to find a professional vet in any company but their own! (*Aloud.*) I—I trust that the horse will not suffer through any delay.

*Spurr.* So do I; but how do I know that some ignorant duffer mayn't be treating him for the wrong thing? It may be all up with the animal before I get a chance of seeing what I can do!

*Und. (to himself).* If he knew how near I went to getting the poor beast shot! But I needn't mention that now.

*Spurr.* I don't say it isn't gratifying to be treated like a swell, but I've got my professional reputation to consider, you know; and if they're going to take up all my time talking about Andromeda—

*Und. (with a start).* Andromeda! They have been talking about Andromeda? To you! Then it's you who—

*Spurr.* Haven't I been telling you? I should just jolly well think they have been talking about her! So you didn't know my bull's name was Andromeda before, eh? But you seem to have heard of her, too!

*Und. (slowly).* I—I have heard of Andromeda—yes.

[*He drops into a chair, dazed.*]

*Spurr. (complacently).* It's curious how that bitch's fame seems to have spread. Why, even the old Bishop— But, I say, you're looking rather queer; anything the matter with you, old fellow?

*Und. (faintly).* Nothing—nothing. I—I feel a little giddy, that's all. I shall be better presently.

*Spurr. (in concern).* It was having that basket down on your head like that. Too bad! Here, I'll get you some water. (*He bustles about.*) I don't know if you're aware of it, old chap, but you're in a regular dooce of a mess!

*Und. (motioning him away irritably).* Do you suppose I don't know that? For heaven's sake, don't speak to me! let me alone! . . . I want to think—I want to think. (*To himself.*) I see it all now! I've made a hideous mistake! I thought these CULVERINS were deliberately— And all the time— Oh, what an unspeakable idiot I've been! . . . And I can't even explain! . . . The only thing to do is to escape before this fellow suspects the truth. It's lucky I ordered that carriage! (*Aloud, rising.*) I'm all right now; and—and I can't stay here any longer. I am leaving directly—directly!



"He suddenly comes face to face with his own reflection."



*Spurr.* You must give me time to get out of this toggerly, old chap: you'll have to pick me out of it like a lobster!

*Und. (wildly).* The clothes? Never mind them now. I can't wait. Keep them!

*Spurr.* Do you really mean it, old fellow? If you could spare 'em a bit longer, I'd be no end obliged. Because, you see, I promised Lady Rhoda to come and finish a talk we were having, and they've taken away my own things to brush, so I haven't a rag to go down in except these, and they'd all think it so rude if I went to bed now!

*Und. (impatiently).* I tell you you may keep them, if you'll only go away!

*Spurr.* But where am I to send the things to when I've done with 'em?

*Und.* What do I—Stay, here's my card. Send them to that address. Now go and finish your evening!

*Spurr. (gratefully).* You are a rattling good chap, and no mistake! Though I'm hanged if I can quite make out what you're doing here, you know!

*Und.* It's not at all necessary that you should know. I am leaving immediately, and—I don't wish Sir RUPERT or Lady CULVERIN to hear of this—you understand?

*Spurr.* Well, it's no business of mine; you've behaved devilish well to me, and I'm not surprised that you'd rather not be seen in the state you're in. I shouldn't like it myself!

*Und. State? What state?*

*Spurr.* Ah, I wondered whether you knew. You'll see what I mean when you've had a look at yourself in the glass. I daresay it'll come off right enough. I can't stop. Ta, ta, old fellow, and thanks awfully!

*Und. (alone).* What does he mean? But I've no time to waste. Where have they put my portmanteau? I can't give up everything. (He hunts round the room, and eventually discovers a door leading into a small dressing-room.) Ah, it's in there. I'll get it out, and

put my things in. (As he rushes back, he suddenly comes face to face with his own reflection in a chival glass.) Wh—who's that? Ah, Can this—this piebald horror possibly be me? How—? Ah, it was ink in that infernal basket—not water! And my hair's full of flour! I can't go into a hotel like this, they'd think I was an escaped lunatic! (He flies to a wash-hand stand, and scrubs and sluices desperately, after which he inspects the result in the mirror.) It's not nearly off yet! Will anything get rid of this streakiness? (He soaps and scrubs once more.) And the flour's caked in my hair now! I must brush it all out before I am fit to be seen. (He gradually, after infinite toil, succeeds in making himself slightly more presentable.) Is the carriage waiting for me all this time? (He pitches things into his portmanteau in a frantic flurry.) What's that? Some one's coming! [He listens.

*Tredwell (outside).* It's my conviction you've been telling me a pack o' lies, you young rascal. For what heartily business that feller UNDERSHELL could 'ave in the Verney—However, I'll soon see how it is. (He knocks.) Is anyone 'ere?

*Und. (to himself, distractedly).* He mustn't find me here! Yet, where—Ah, it's the only place! [He blows out the candles, and darts into the dressing-room as TREDWELL enters.

*Tred.* The boy's right. He is in here; them candles is smouldering still. (He relights one, and looks under the bed.) You'd better come out o' that, UNDERSHELL, and give an account of yourself—do you 'ear me?... He ain't under there! (He tries the dressing-room door: UNDERSHELL holds his breath, and clings desperately to the handle.) Very well, Sir, I know you're there, and I've no time to trouble with you at present, so you may as well stay where you are till you're wanted. I've 'eard o' your goings-on from Mr. ADAMS, and I shall 'ave to fetch Sir RUPERT up to 'ave a talk with you by-and-by. [He turns the key upon him, and goes.

*Und. (to himself, overwhelmed, as the Butler's step is heard retreating).* And I came down here to assert the dignity of Literature!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OUR GEORGE DU MAURIER is in analogous case to that of a dramatic character of whom he may possibly have heard. *Mr. Jourdain* one day happened upon the discovery that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it. Mr. DU MAURIER has lived

through half a century master of an exquisite style, and only now makes the discovery known to the world. Plain indications of the fact were given in *Peter Ibbetson*. But in respect of style and in other matters, *Trilby*, just published by Osgood, McILVAINE & Co., is a prodigious improvement. That a man who has made his mark in pencil should, on taking up his pen, disclose possession of the rare gift of style, strikes the literary person with more marvel even than is evoked by discovery of a new novelist who can construct a plot and delineate character. Mr. DU MAURIER has rich endowment of all these gifts, which shine on every page of *Trilby*. He has, moreover, given us a new thing quite apart from the run of English novels. HENRI MURGER was before him with a deathless book in which life in the Quartier Latin is powerfully and tenderly portrayed. Mr. DU MAURIER's chapters on student life in Paris need not fear comparison with *La Vie de Bohème*, which is

praise of the kind Sir HUBERT STANLEY hoarded. Beyond that, growing out of it, is the boldly conceived, firmly-drawn, and charmingly coloured character of *Trilby*, with her curious entourage, her varied life, and her tragic end. *Little Billee*, in whom some will find revived lost memories of a dear friend, is a charming personality, whilst *Taffy* and the *Laird* are live men. With such wealth of material and such felicity of touch, Mr. DU MAURIER might well have foregone the temptation of allowing *Little Billee* to hold forth on theological subjects to his dog, at a length inevitable in the pulpit, but a little out of place as an interlude in a novel. This passage supplies a jarring note in an otherwise almost perfect symphony.

One turns with eagerness to the *Life of Frances Power Cobbe*, more especially when it bears the honoured imprimatur of BENTLEY. Miss COBBE has lived long, enjoying full opportunity of seeing things and people. She ought to have written a good book. "Instead of which," as the judge once said, she presents a slovenly-written, ill-digested mass of miscellaneous matter, including whole chapters devoted to digests of her published works. Pleased with herself

from most aspects, she particularly admires her literary style. There is a passage in the book where she plaintively apprehends that, lost in admiration of her style, readers may miss the true purpose and importance of her writing;—this in volumes that bristle with such monstrosities as "compared to," "disapproved of," and "from thence," the latter a favourite foible of Miss COBBE's style. In the second volume there are some attempts at what was naturally looked for, to wit, reminiscences of people the present generation would like to meet. But the burly, complacent figure of the diarist intervenes just as they come into view. She tells us what she said to them, not, what we are burning to hear, what they said to her. On the whole, looked at through Miss COBBE's spectacles, they were a poor lot. Of RENAN she writes, "The impression he has left on me is one of disappointment and short-falling." Short-falling is "style" of the athletic order, and, my Baronite vaguely surmises, is the opposite of high jumping. As to poor CARLYLE, Miss COBBE "never shared the admiration felt for him by so many able men." GEORGE BORROW, who wrote *The Bible in Spain*, she "never liked, thinking him more or less a hypocrite." Professor TYNDAL is more in favour, since, in reply to the gift of one of Miss COBBE's instructive books, the Professor wrote an acknowledgment, the exquisite irony of which his correspondent evidently does not see. One other partial concession is made in a passage sublime in its fatuousness. Speaking of one of her books, of which the fortunate reader will find a full summary in the first volume, Miss COBBE says, "It was very favourably reviewed, but some of my fellow Theists rather disapproved of the tribute I had paid to Christ." The volumes bear on the front the COBBE coat of arms and motto. The family may, we are assured, be traced back through four centuries, and, even in the present degenerate days, is highly connected.

Whilst the great heart of the people is considering whether it shall throb against the House of Lords or whether it shall forbear, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, Q.C., M.P., has delivered at that ancient institution what the *Marchioness* was accustomed to describe as "a winner." *Tiled Corruption* is the alluring style of the neatly-bound volume issued by FISHER UNWIN. There is, my Baronite says, a touch of artistic genius in the contrast between the plain, unassuming calico binding of the book and the blood and thunder that rolls through its pages. It is "the sordid origin of some Irish peerages" that Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL undertakes to set forth. Perhaps if he were solely responsible for the work, its startling statements might be dismissed as coloured by fervid fancy. He, however, supports himself with the dictum of Mr. LECKY, "the majority of Irish titles are historically connected with memories not of honour but of shame," and illustrates it by extracts from confidential letters of Lords Lieutenants of Ireland, recommending gentlemen for the peerage. Altogether an interesting withdrawal of the curtain dropped before passages in the history of Ireland on the eve of the Union.

Signed and approved in the Baronite Office by

THE JUDICIOUS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



Accompanying *Trilby*.



### BREAKING THE ICE.

He. "I'VE GOT TO TAKE YOU INTO DINNER, MISS TRAVERS—AND I'M RATHER AFRAID OF YOU, YOU KNOW! MRS. JOLIBOIS TELLS ME YOU'RE VERY CLEVER!" She (highly amused). "HOW ABSURD! I'M NOT A BIT CLEVER!" He (with sigh of relief). "WELL, DO YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T!"

### UNREST!

"The lady sleeps! O, may her sleep,  
As it is lasting, so be deep."  
E. A. Poe's "The Sleeper."

BELLONA sleeps! If sleep it be  
That nightmare slumber, restlessly  
Haunted by dream-world's wizardry.

So SISERA slept within the tent,  
Restless, though way-worn and war-spent,  
Whilst JAEZ's fierce face above him bent.

Wake not, War-Goddess! All the world  
Dreads now to hear the war-cry skirled,  
To see the battle-flag unfurled.

Our DEBORAHs now invoke not war,  
And urge not to its shock and jar  
The princes of our ISSACHAR.

An awesome hush is o'er the earth,  
It cheeks our joy, it mutes our mirth.  
Foreboding some prodigious birth,—

Some monstrous issue, that may sweep  
Earth's plains with red from deep to deep;  
And thou dost sleep, still thou dost sleep!

"Awake! Awake!" So DEBORAH cried  
To BARAK in her prophet-pride,  
But earth hath now no prophet-guide.

Our bravest BARAKs well may quail  
At the dread thought of that fierce hail,  
That shall beat Europe like a flail.

We see in dreams War's shrieking saythe  
Whirl through earth's ranks that fall and  
writhe,  
Of our best manhood taking ti'ne.

What dreams are *thine*? That restless hand  
Stretches, in sleep, to grasp the brand.  
We watch! What may we understand?

BELLONA sleeps! Oh, may that sleep,  
Though it seem restless, yet be deep!  
May Somnus hold her in his keep!

Humanity prays that she may lie  
For ever with unopened eye!—  
But—what dim sheeted ghosts go by?

What spectres of what coming woes,  
What vision-shocks of phantom foes  
Make that hand stretch, and clutch, and  
close?

What rattle of the war-dogs' chain  
Steals through dull slumber to her brain?  
Are Love's bland opiates all in vain?

Vain Science, Commerce, Human ruth,  
The love of Right, the search of Truth,  
Wisdom of Sage and warmth of Youth?

That hand, stretched in half-conscious quest  
Of the war-weapon, doth attest  
Awakening's prelude in—Unrest!

Wake not, War-Goddess! When you stir,  
The Raven-wings, once more a-whirr,  
May see our earth—a sepulchre!

### SYMPATHY.

SCENE—In front of Mrs. R.'s house.

Mrs. R. (paying Cabman). You look all  
right to-day. Cabman. Ah, mum! my looks  
don't pity me. I suffer from a tarpanlin liver.  
Mrs. R. (correcting). A torpedo liver you  
mean. [Cabman accepts the correction, and  
an extra shilling.]

### LESSONS IN LAUGHTER.

["Instead of the many educational extras in our  
Board Schools, why should there not be some  
elementary class devoted to the development of  
humour?"—Mr. James Payn, in the "Illustrated  
London News."]

WHY not, indeed? This resplendent sugges-  
tion of  
Carefully training the humorous sense  
Cannot, nay, must not, be burked by a ques-  
tion of

Practical parents, or shillings and pence.  
Down with arithmetic, spelling, or history,  
Books that are stupid, and arts that are trite,  
Rather we'll turn to each novelist's mystery,  
Study the volumes our humorists write.

Those who at present look sadly their task  
upon,

View it with evident hate and disdain,  
Much will rejoice when invited to bask upon  
Witty romances composed by JAMES PAYN.  
Soon for diversion they'll take, and feel  
pleasure in,

Dobson for dinner, and LOCKER for lunch,  
And will employ what remains of their leisure  
in

Weekly digesting a volume of *Punch*.

Then, that each young and intelligent artisan  
May not be prejudiced as to his view,  
LANG will appear as antiquity's partisan,  
ZANGWILL will treat of the humorists new.

So, while we thank Mr. PAYN for inventing it,  
Chiefly the system will profit us then,  
Since—a great fact, though he shrinks from  
presenting it—

Humorists all will be opulent men!



UNREST!



### FRAGMENT OF A POLICE "REPORT D'ARTHUR."

THEN he that made the little songs  
For ARTHUR—definitely could he make  
the same—  
Budget not; but ARTHUR rose and  
silently,  
Whether by malice of the mind  
prepnese,  
Or by the merest inadvertency,  
(As he alleged that felt it,) drew his  
fist  
And smote him on the digit heavily,  
And ceased.

But lo!

ARTHUR was 'ware of one that  
winked on him,  
Clothed all in sable, stout, con-  
stabular:  
Then murmured ARTHUR, "Place  
me in the dock!"  
So to the dock they came eventually.  
And there the pressmen came and  
sampled him;  
And later came the Bar and pleaded  
for him:  
And last the Bench observed, "More  
things are wrought  
By misadventure than you might  
suppose.  
And such the case before us; yea,  
a tort  
Committed in a temporary state  
Of sheer oblivion. We dismiss the  
suit."  
So from the Court serenely ARTHUR  
passed,  
And passing held communion with  
himself  
How he should work it up for future  
gag.

FRIENDLY FRENCH FEELING AND  
FISHING.—Oh, of course, nothing  
could be nicer. They are so fond  
of us English in France! Can't  
possibly do without us. The latest  
development of it, in a small way,  
being the seizure of a Ramsgate  
fishing-smack, called the *Bonnie  
Bell*, by a French fishing-boat,  
which hauled the *B. B.* into  
Gravelines. "Hard lines" this.  
Anyway it is a nasty fishing  
"smack" in the eye, given and  
taken. And where's the friendly  
feeling?



### STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

THE SEA-LION ASHORE.

### AN AWFUL OUTLOOK.

(For "Love in the Arbour.")

A DARWINITE tells us some flowers  
can see!  
This adds a new terror to botany.  
For lovers, and ladies, will surely  
agree  
Blossoms' tongues could tell tales  
—had they got any:  
The *Fat Boy* in *Pickwick*, an  
Arbour-eaves-dropper,  
To amorous "spoons" was a  
terror;  
But flowers with eyes for what  
Aunts call "improper"?  
That is a look-out, and no error!  
'Tis climbers and parasites chiefly,  
we're told,  
Who're gifted with optical  
powers.  
Well nymphs will be roguish, and  
swains will be bold,  
Notwithstanding inquisitive —  
flowers!  
The Virgin, no doubt, will invite  
the sly kiss,  
Despite the Virginian Creeper;  
And *Corydon* clasp in the moon-  
light sweet miss  
Though *Convolvulus* play *Tom  
the Peeper*.  
But should science discover that  
blossoms can speak,  
And tell tales about bower-hid  
passion;  
I'll wager it wouldn't be more than  
a week, [fashion!  
Before flowers would go out of  
One prospect at least this new doc-  
trine discovers:  
Did eyes and glib tongues fill our  
bowers,  
The man whom a maiden deems  
"flower of lovers,"  
Would no more be lover of flowers

### THE LAY OF THE OLD ALDERMAN.

"UNIFICATION" is vexation,  
The "L. C. C." 's as bad;  
The "New Citee"  
Doth puzzle me  
And "New Mayors"  
Drive me mad!

"BOMBASTES FURIOSO MINIMUS,"  
—i.e. Prince HENRI D'ORLÉANS.

### THE O. B. C. (LIMITED).

["Canon AINGER condemns minor poetry as 'mere confectionary.'—  
*Globe*, Oct. 4.]

THAT being so, why should not the matter be placed on a business-  
like footing? The following is a specimen prospectus:—

### THE O'ER-RATED BOSH COMPANY (LIMITED).

Caterers by (self) appointment to the Yellow-book, the Rhymers'  
Club, and Nobody Else in Particular.

Sweet-stuff Contractors for Mutual Admiration Parties, Muffin-  
worries, and other Beans. Log-rolling in all its branches.

Highly-spiced productions at unpopular prices. Only unbowl-  
derised materials used. Particular attention is given to insure  
imperfect cleanliness in all details.

#### TARIFF.

	£	s.	d.
ODES (Royal Marriage, buttered), per line.	1	1	0
" dry			per fyfte 0 0 2
" "To Spring" (given away in packet of 12).			
LAYS			(fresh) 0 0 4
"			(equal to new) 0 0 3
"			(warranted) 0 0 2
BALLADS			(ordinary, per line) 0 0 1
"			(with proper <i>envoi</i> and correctly rhymed) 0 0 1½

SONNETS (with wide margin, on hand-made paper, and quite unintelligible), each	2	0	0
" To the Sunset	0	0	0½
RONDEAUS			(extra sick), bottled, per dozen 0 3 6
"			(full-flavoured), on draught, per gush 0 0 4
RONDELS			(fancy, for albums), each 0 0 4
TRIOLETS			(as used in lunatic asylums), per dozen 0 0 1
VILLANELLES (recommended for curates and converted burglars), each	0	1	7
RECITATIONS			(G. R. SIMS' mixed) 0 10 6
"			(Comic) 0 0 0½
"			(best blood-curdling), per gulp 0 1 3½

Conveniently packed for delivery within the London radius.

SESTINAS, CHANTS ROYAL, VIRELAIS, and other French Sweetmeats  
to order.

The Management would recommend all lovers of high-class con-  
fectionary to test the quality of the under-mentioned specialities:—  
Watrot's Eloping Sally Lunns; Le Billygoat's Lovers' Liquorice;  
Dr. Goodboy's Medical Nightmares; John Silvergray's Blue Points  
(3d. a dozen); Arthur Sillywit's Symnels; Norty Gal's Richmond  
Maids, and Oscar's Masterpieces (each 2d.).

In any case of civility or attention on the part of their *employés*,  
the Directors earnestly request that the same be reported immediately  
to the Head Office, Poet's Corner, where the matter will be promptly  
dealt with.





### THE GIFTED AMATEUR.

The German Emperor. "I WILL NOW SING YOU A LITTLE THING OF MY OWN!"

[The effect on the Audience was instantaneous.]

["The German Emperor's song will be published this week in Germany, France, and England."]

### THE MATRON'S HISS.

(An Apologue with an Application.)

[A lady-bicyclist the other day, riding in "rational dress," was roundly hissed by an elderly Mrs. GRUNDY, standing by. The wheel-woman is said to have retorted, "Are you *women* who thus hiss me? When you bathe, you wear a special costume, which you deem suitable. When I ride, I do the same. Where's the difference?"]

"But," said the Proud Briton to the Perfect Stranger, "in addition to our armies and fleets, our religions and our laws, our parsons and our policemen, we have one Protective Power, moral palladium and social agis in one, whose value outweighs that of all others."

The Perfect Stranger looked surprised.

"And what," said he, "is that?"

"We call it the 'Matron's Hiss,'" replied the Proud Briton, with enigmatical complacency. "Anything *contra bonos mores*, bad form, improper, new-fangled, unconventional, unhealthy, unwholesome, immodest, vulgar, vicious, venal, on to summarise still further, anything that is either new or naughty, or both, is immediately 'put down' by the 'Matron's Hiss.'"

Quoth the Perfect Stranger, "I should like to observe it in operation."

"You shall!" said the Proud Briton.



The Perfect Stranger, under the guidance of the Proud Briton went everywhere and saw everything.

He saw a sweet, though apparently semi-suffocated, young girl dressed (or, as he would by unaided judgment have concluded, undressed) for her first ball.

He saw an elderly fine lady, a high-nosed *dame de par le monde*, prepared—he would have said, painted and glazed—for a high, social "function."

He saw a fair *ingénue*, under the eyes of her vigilant mamma and chaperon, in one evening waltzing with, and trying to win, as more

permanent partners, an elderly but opulent Satyr, and a youthful, brainless, but titled *Cloten*.

He heard conversation which the talkers themselves laughingly called *risqué* (and which he would grimly have called rude) at fashionable dinner-tables between smirking matrons and leering elderly men.

He witnessed the vagaries of despot Fashion, the (as he considered) "immodesty" of "full dress," the "impropriety" of flagrant "cosmeticism," the "unhealthiness" of inadequate or superfluous clothing, the "cruelty" of corsets, the "vulgarity" and wanton murderously of bird-destroying feather trimmings.

These, and many more follies, improprieties and wickedness the Perfect Stranger was wondering witness of.

"But," observed the Perfect Stranger, "where is the 'Matron's Hiss'?"

"Oh!" replied the Proud Briton, with some embarrassment, "but in all this there is nothing *new*, you know, nothing unprecedented, innovating, subversive of accepted Social Laws; nothing 'bad form,' that is to say unusual, unexpected, unconsecrated by respectable usage. If there is

anything Naughty, it is not New, and what is—possibly—New is not Naughty. Therefore, there is no call for that omnipotent Hiss!"

"Humph! What then would elicit it?" inquired the Perfect Stranger.

"That is a bit difficult to define, off-hand," answered the Proud Briton, hesitatingly. "Say, for example, a natural waist, or absence of corsets, high-dress at a Court function, marriage for love—which in Society or in the tennis-court is equivalent to *nothing*—wearing an unfashionable hat, or four-buttoned gloves when six are *de règle*, sounding your g's (when fashion dictates their being dropped), or not sounding your h's (till fashion tells you to drop them), blushing inopportunely—say, at the stare of a duke or the 'suggestiveness' of a millionaire—showing sympathy out of your own 'set,' objecting to tailor-made attire or accepted bathing-costume, discussing questions of sex in a spirit of serious sympathy instead of through some *décadent* Art-medium; being earnest, original, or spontaneous in any way, and thus defying Society's golden rule, 'Do always as others do.'"

"Is that the Masterful Matron's sole rule?" queried the Perfect Stranger.

"Substantially yes," replied the Proud Briton; "though it is supplemented, perhaps, by the corollary, 'Never be either the first or the last to do a new thing.'"

"Then," commented the Perfect Stranger, "the Matron's Hiss would be silent at the sight of bared shoulders and bust in mid-winter, but would sound with anserine shrillness at the sight of a lady's lower limbs comfortably, and conveniently, and healthily, and decently, but unconventionally, clad in summer on a cycle?"

"Precisely!" said the Proud Briton, though perhaps with less of British pride than usual.

"Then," said the Perfect Stranger, "I think your Hissing Matron is a silly, despotic, cackling old goose, who will never save the social Capitol! But who and what is *that*?"

That was a portly, florid, and high-nosed elderly dame, of pompous demeanour, and flamboyant raiment, elaborately and obviously cosmetiqued, and arrayed in a startlingly low-cut garment.

"That," said the Proud Briton, with an uneasy smile, "is Mrs. GRUNDY, the great Goose-Autocrat, the Palladium of Propriety, the *Ægis* of Social Morality, the very Masterful Matron of whom we have been talking."

"Then," demanded the Perfect Stranger, with staggering pertinence, "*Why does she not Hiss at Herself*?"

The Proud Briton was silent.

THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.—The incoming Lord Mayor has already shown himself a "Man of Letters" as he communicated a letter of thanks for kind wishes to pretty well every leading journal. These, when collected, may be published as a new "*Renals Miscellany*."

### "MATRIMONIAL OBEDIENCE."

SIR,—I should never dream of humiliating myself to the extent of promising to obey any man. Yet I am a married woman—married, too, in a Church of England. How did I manage it, perhaps you will inquire? In this way, which I recommend for the adoption of all women who would decline to be worse than slaves. Instead of repeating the words "love, cherish, and obey" after the officiating clergyman, I altered them to "love cherrie-and whey," of which I happen to be very fond; so that whenever my husband (who is a poor creature) reproaches me with breaking my vow of obedience made at the altar—he does not often do this, as he is seldom at home—I can, with a clear conscience, affirm that I never took any vow at all. This astonishes him so much that it makes him swear, and then go out to his club. A good riddance too!

#### AN ENTIRELY NEW WOMAN.

SIR,—As a lawyer, I hold that the contract into which a woman enters at marriage to obey her husband, being one made "under duress," is entirely void. She is compelled to take the vow, otherwise she could not be married at all. But, in order to make her position still clearer, I should advise that, before repeating the words of the clergyman, she should say to him, "Am I to understand that unless I repeat this formula you will decline to marry me?" He may be a little surprised, but is sure to



### EARLY TACT.

*Aunt Rose.* "AND HOW OLD DO YOU THINK I AM, TOMMY?"

*Tommy.* "WELL—SIXTY-THREE?"

*Aunt Rose.* "OH, YOU FLATTERER! WHY, I'M PAST EIGHTY!"

*Tommy.* "AH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE; BUT I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME TO SAY SO, YOU KNOW."

answer in the affirmative. Then she should reply, "Very well; then I repeat it under protest, and without prejudice," and the ceremony could thereafter go on as usual. There might also be inserted, after the announcement of the wedding in the papers, the words "No obedience," like "No cards," in which case no doubt whatever could be raised as to the wife's true legal position. I shall be happy to advise further, if necessary, and meanwhile remain,

Yours toutingly,

LAW CALF.

SIR,—What is this nonsense about women refusing to obey their husbands? The only way with wives is to be gentle with them, but at the same time perfectly firm. This is my plan, and it answers admirably. My wife the other day declined to surrender the morning paper to me, and told me she would like to be a "New Woman." "Very well," I answered; "then you won't object to my being a New Man too"; and I at once chained her securely to the strongest bed-post in the house, and forbade any food to be brought near her. After four hours of this discipline she came to such senses as Providence has blessed her with, and is now the very loving and obedient consort of

Yours domestically,  
MASTER OF HIS OWN HOUSE.

TROUBLES IN MADAGASCAR.  
—Not by any means at an end. Most probably all "Hova" again.

### HANWELLIA'S ANSWER.

(See "Punch," September 22.)

So, my friend, you ask me questions; well, I'll give you tit for tat: I'm a matrimonial cormorant connected with a bat. But I stirred my stumps and wandered through the wicket of the jail, While the umpire leg-befored me as a prisoner on bail. What a sight for sunny snowballs! ah, my heart beat fast and loud When once more I mingled freely with the logarithmic crowd: And on either side the cube-roots cast the falsehood in the teeth Of the oyster I had bearded on his own, his native, heath. It was splendid, but I fancy that they came it rather strong When a saucy capercaillie played sonatas on a gong. If his music was so naughty, his behaviour was so nice, That I laughed to see him gaily cutting capers on the ice. Then the band struck up in earnest, though their leader murmured "play": And at first they played ta-ra-ra, but without the boom-de-ay.



Then they captured a canal-boat, and with half-a-dozen bars Beating time they smashed the record from Mashonaland to Mars.

Fifty tunes they played serenely, but I didn't seem to care, For my Aunt had said "ETIZA, when the band plays I'll be there; I'll be there with Uncle RUFUS who has got to go because— Well, the reason doesn't matter, he'll be there," and there he was.

If the stars drink champagne-cider out of tankards to the dregs, All the stars and little starlings with the garters on their legs, Shall an undiscovered comet with a mile or two of tail Be put off with half a gallon of our humble home-brewed ale?

No, by Jove, he wouldn't stand it; he can let the others pay; Standing treat is out of fashion, so he'll tap the milky way. When the red-hot stars come trickling he can cool them in his cup, And he'll tap it all the harder just to keep his pecker up.

He can hang about the Strand, too, if we give him lots of rope, And he'll lather SEMOLINA with a sud of patent soap;

SEMOLINA, you remember, took her passage on a hoy, She was married to an anchorite and now she's got a boy.

Parish Councillors came round her, Dukes and Earls, and even Barts;

With their spades they carved allotments on the table-land of Herts;

But she faced them in her fury, and she asked the idiots how She could ever stomach acres after eating up her cow?

There, I think I've answered fairly every question on your list;

All their meaning I have mastered, there's not one of them I've missed.

I'm a sulphur-headed sunbeam, with a taste for pretty clocks, Which I always tell the time by when they strike upon the box.

Mrs. R. doubled up her *Times* for convenience of handling, and came upon this sentence where the paper folded:

"Individuals grown in tubs in greenhouses, in cool climates, have been known to live over a hundred years."

She paused. "Good Heavens!" she exclaimed; "it's as remarkable as the history of the old hermits who used to live perched up on the tops of pillars! But if ever these very clean individuals did live in 'tubs' for over a hundred years, what possible good could they have been to anybody, or even to themselves!" Turning the paper over Mrs. R. found that the letter was headed "American Aloes."



### REAL SYMPATHY.

'Arry (reading account of the War in the East). "Ow, I s'y, 'ARRIET, THEY'VE BIN AN' TOOK OLD LI 'UNG CHANG'S THREE-HYED PEACOCK'S FEATHERS ALL OFF 'IM!" 'Arriet (compassionately). "PORE OLD FELLER!"

### TO AMANDA.

AMANDA, I, your faithful slave  
Am grieved by the conviction  
That you expect me to behave  
As lovers do in fiction,  
To falter forth my vows sincere  
In syllables disjointed;  
My more prosaic speech, I fear,  
Will leave you disappointed.

I ought, I candidly allow,  
In sitting-rooms and places  
To stride about with gloomy bro  
And agitated paces;  
But in athletic sports I'm sure  
I always was a duffer,  
And, if I tried, your furniture  
Most certainly would suffer.

To prove the tenderness I feel  
My duty is, I know, to  
Leave quite untasted every meal  
And breakfast off your photo.;  
But habit proves, alas, too strong  
With appetite unshaken  
I still attack (I know it's wrong)  
My matutinal bacon.

Again; I clearly ought to try  
To immolate a rival,  
And prove my special fitness by  
A process of survival;  
My cowardice I much deplore,  
But still, romantic fury  
Would scarcely pay, when brought  
before  
An unromantic jury.

So, if your courage still insists  
On scornful thoughts prudent,  
And you regard the novelists'  
Commandments as essential,  
With some more daring person  
live;  
For me, a brief perusal  
Of modern fiction makes me give  
A kind but firm refusal!

### LETTERS FROM A DÉBUTANTE.

MY DEAR MARJORIE,—You are hard on poor ORIEL CRAMPTON when you say that philanthropy, brisk walks, a bad temper, and a taste for collecting postage-stamps, form the most hideous combination any human being could imagine. Of course, I admit he's a little dreary. All is now over between us. Things reached a climax one rainy afternoon when BABY BEAUMONT, in a mood of intense juvenility, offered "to teach ORIEL to make barley-sugar." Forgetting his school-days, ORIEL patronisingly said he was glad to learn from anyone. So BABY seized ORIEL's arm, twisted it round in the classical manner, and then hit the twist. It was quite impossible to help laughing when ORIEL, pale with fury, declared he could take a joke, supposed this was the New Humour, and left the room. "What can you expect," said BABY, "of the middle-aged?" (ORIEL is not twenty-four yet.)

That evening I wrote a note, putting an end to our engagement. I gave it to him in the billiard-room, and—he gave me one at the same time, and—to the same effect! I felt dreadfully hurt at his throwing me over. He wrote, "I feel I have no right to ask you, who are so fitted to shine in the society of the gay and decadent" (this meant BABY), "to share a life that will be wholly dedicated to the amelioration of the condition of the poorer classes," &c.

In the midst of our agitation, we were compelled to play "musical chairs" with the others, as if nothing had happened! What a mockery it seemed!

We parted amicably. He asked if I should like to hear, from time to time, of the progress of his life-work, and I promised to be his sister. . . . When he went away, a strange sense of loss came over me. . . . One page in my life had been turned for ever! . . . BABY tried to console me by observing that now there would be a chance of getting plenty of hot water for baths. ORIEL used to drink it all.

At the tennis-party Mrs. LORNE HOPPER seemed utterly bored by Captain MASHINGTON. She said my dress wanted "taking up on the shoulders," and that the sleeves were exaggerated. (Ex-ggerated!

I should hope they were!) Mr. LORNE HOPPER seemed nice, and very quiet, and harmless at first, but it gradually came out that he does sketches at the piano in the style of CORNEY GRAIN, and what is worse, expects to be asked to do them.

Lady TAYMER implored us all to laugh, and we did our best to please our hostess; but the room was nearly empty in five minutes.

At dinner, BABY talked of the bad taste and imbecility of practical jokes. In the evening, he wrote to seventeen periodicals denying he had written *The Mauve Camellia*, and asking to have it contradicted. We waltzed. Captain MASHINGTON dances better than ever, and has nice eyes. That night I found hair-brushes in my bed, I see nothing funny in it, and shall not speak to BABY BEAUMONT until he apologises.

Great excitement prevailed here last week. It was discovered that SAMOVARSKI, the great Russian pianist, was in the neighbourhood. He accepted an invitation to come here for two days. Imagine the joy of the LYON TAYMERS! They sent out invitations with "To meet M. SAMOVARSKI" printed on the cards. He is known to be rather erratic, but as he was actually to stay in the house it seemed quite safe. Thirty-six people came to a dinner in his honour.

SAMOVARSKI arrived at seven, asked for some lager beer, and went straight to bed. Nothing on earth would induce him to get up, or even to unlock his door or answer an inquiry. It was a terrible evening. The TAYMERS hoped on for the next day. The great composer got up at two. Many people had stayed on the chance of hearing him play. It was a beautiful day, and Lady TAYMER entreated to be allowed to drive him round the neighbourhood. He declined, and spent the whole afternoon playing piquet with his secretary. At dinner, he talked absurdities about the Chinese war, refusing even to mention music—which it seems he detests—and then, very courteously, begged to be excused, as he had to correct the proofs of his article "Impressions of English Country Life" for some Moscow journal. . . . Do not mention the subject to the TAYMERS when you see them. We are going to have private theatricals!! I will write again soon.

Your loving friend, GLADYS.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Assistant-Reader has been at work, and makes the following report:—

A pretty little volume is Mr. ANTHONY C. DEANE'S *Holiday Rhymes* (HENRY & Co). That its merits are high may be safely inferred from the fact that the largest instalment of its verses came from the columns of *Mr. Punch*. Mr. DEANE handles his varied metres with great skill, his style is neat and pointed, his rhymes are above reproach, and his satire, especially when he deals with



literary and academic matters, hits hard and straight. And, though the author is a Deane, he never sermonises. But why not sermons in verse? I commend the idea to Mr. DEANE. He could carry it out excellently, and earn the thanks of countless congregations.

Messrs. METHUEN are publishing a series of English Classics, edited by Mr. W. E. HENLEY. They have started with *Tristram Shandy*, and have persuaded a Mr. CHARLES WHIBLEY to introduce LAURENCE STERNE to the reading public of the present day. "Permit me," says Mr. WHIBLEY, in effect, "to present to your notice LAURENCE STERNE, plagiarist, sentimentalist, and dealer in the obscene," a right pleasant and comfortable introduction, setting us all at our ease, and predisposing us at once in favour of the humble candidate for fame, whom Mr. WHIBLEY alternately kicks and patronises. 'Tis pity (I have caught Mr. WHIBLEY's own trick) that Mr. WHIBLEY had not the writing of *Tristram Shandy*. He, at any rate—so he seems to think—would never have outraged our sense of decency, or moved us to "thrills of æsthetic disgust" by such platitudes as *My Uncle Toby's* address to the fly. RABELAIS, it appears (Mr. WHIBLEY has got RABELAIS on the brain, he is Pantagruelocephalous), RABELAIS may steal a horse, but STERNE must not look over a hedge. One may have no wish to defend the "indecencies" of STERNE, but to condemn them by contrasting them with the efforts of RABELAIS is a highly modernised form of criticism, of which I should scarcely have supposed even a WHIBLEY capable. On the whole, I cannot commend this introduction, with its jingling, tin-pot, sham-fantastic style. I feel inclined to cry out aloud with Master Peter, "Plainness, good boy; do not you soar so high; this affectation is sourvy." And why is Mr. WHIBLEY so hard upon the suburbs? His own manner of writing is excellently calculated to fascinate Clapham, and move Peckham Rye to an enthusiasm of admiration.

Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS have brought to a happy conclusion their monumental work of republishing the CAMPBELL AND STEBBING translation of *Thiers' History of the Consulate and Empire*. It is in twelve neatly bound, conveniently sized, admirably printed volumes, illustrated with many steel engravings. A little soon, perhaps, to talk of Christmas presents. But if there be any amiable uncle or fairy god-mother kept awake o' nights wondering what they shall give for Christmas box to Dick, Tom or Harry, here's the very thing for him, her and them. The volumes comprise a library in themselves, and their study is a liberal education. Since the world began there is no human life that possesses for humanity an interest keener or more abiding than that of NAPOLEON. Sometimes for a while it seems to sleep, only to awaken with freshened vigour. The NAPOLEON cult is one of the most prominent features of to-day. The Presses of Paris, London and New York teem with new volumes of reminiscences, letters or diaries, all about NAPOLEON. THIERS' massive work has stood the test of time and will ever remain a classic. To us who read it to-day it has the added interest of its author's personality, and the sad labour of his closing years. It is pretty to note how THIERS, writing before the creation of the Third Empire, for which this book did much to pave the way, shrinks from mentioning Waterloo. For him it is "the battle after the day of Ligny and Quatre Bras." We are well into his detailed account of the great fight before we recognise the plains of Waterloo. THIERS does not disguise his effort

to extol the Prussians at the expense of the English. It was BLUCHER, not WELLINGTON, who won the fight the Prussians call the Battle of La Belle Alliance, NAPOLEON the Battle of Mont St. Jean, and the presumptuous English Waterloo. The patriotic and therefore irascible Frenchman little thought the day would dawn on France when it would learn of a battle more calamitous even than Waterloo. Still less did he perpend that he himself would make the personal acquaintance of the Prussians in circumstances analogous to those amid which, on a July day in 1815, three plenipotentiaries set forth from Paris to meet the foreign invaders, and sue for terms that should, as far as possible, lessen the humiliation of the occupation of the French capital.

I confess I am disappointed with ANTHONY HOPE'S *The God in the Car*. Some of the dialogue is in his very best "Dolly" comedy-vein. The last interview between hero and heroine is admirably written. But it is not "in it" with his most originally conceived story of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. The title requires explanation, and you don't get the explanation until the climax, which explanation is as unsatisfactory as the title. "The hazy finish is," quoth the Baron, "to my thinking, artistic." "What becomes of the lady? what becomes of the lover?" are questions the regular romance-reader will put. And the reply is evidently the old one, on which no improvement is possible, "Whatever you please my little dear, you pays your money and you takes your choice." But it is well worth reading, and our friend "the Skipper," who "knows the ropes," will find there are some, though not very frequent, opportunities for his mental gymnastic exercise.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## AN EPICURE TO HIS LOVE.

Mr Queen, Mayonnaise! Oh, give ear to thy lover—  
Oh, pity his passion, my sweet Mayonnaise!  
Just one glance from those eyes which (like eggs of the plover!)  
Can kill—(or be cooked)—in a hundred of ways!

When first I beheld thee my thoughts  
flew unbidden  
To dishes I'd eaten—so fair to the eye,  
That I've looked and I've looked till  
the flavour they've hidden  
Was forgot at the sight of the dish,  
or the pie.

Oh, grant that our loves, like *potage à la crème*,  
Flow gently and smoothly along  
through the days.  
(To me it's the same, for though  
MABEL's thy name,  
To me thou art ever my sweet "Mayonnaise.")

White as snow are thy teeth that, like *riz à l'Anglaise*,  
Shine forth between lips red as *sauce écrivasse*;  
And the truffle-like beauty-spot nestles and says,  
"Come and kiss next the dimple and taste, dear, of bliss!"

*Dirde de Bresse* is not plumper nor fairer than thee;  
And thy gown and its trimmings thy beauties enhance.  
None so sweet in the country of Gruyère and Brie,  
Where St. Sauce counts for more than St. Louis of France.

Nay, turn not your head. Never blush *portugaise*,  
Be tender as *chaufroid* of veal à la reine—  
(A dish for the gods!—not what Englishmen praise,  
Indigestible veal *qui ne "veau" pas la pain!*)

Hot as *sauce rémoulade* though thy temper may be—  
Though caprice gall thy thoughts till thy brain's *panaché*—  
I'll love thee and love thee—I swear it by TREE!—  
The roast thou shalt rule, by night and by day!

My Queen, Mayonnaise, oh give ear to my prayer!  
Be my love—be my wife! Come, Mayonnaise dear,  
And to Paris we'll fly, and at BIGON's we'll fare,  
And the evening we'll spend at the *Menus-Plaisirs*!

Though TORTONI's no more, we may still taste of joy,  
For I wot of a house where a goddess might eat—  
Where the palate's not worried, the dishes don't cloy,  
Where to eat is to live, and to drink is a treat!

Behold, Mayonnaise, I'm the slave of thy wishes—  
A lover devoted who cannot do less  
Than to set on thy table the daintiest dishes;  
So the man thou mayst love, while the cook thou dost bless



NEW ARRANGEMENT OF MOTTO FOR THE FRENCH (Suggested *Gallus Anti-Gallicanus*).—"Liberté, Ill-égalité, Fraternité!"



LITTLE AH SID AND THE BUTTERFLY-BEE.



A CLERICAL QUESTION  
FOR EXETER.

THE Special Correspondent "doing" the Church Congress at Exeter for the *Morning Post*, when remarking on the clerical costumes in the procession to the Cathedral, told us that among the "college caps," i.e. "mortar-boards," (which of course go with the university gown or clerical surplice,) and "birettas," (which, being Italian, are not certainly part of English academic or ecclesiastical costume,) there appeared a "tall hat," i.e. the topper of private life, which, as it happens, is part of the Academic Master of Arts costume, and therefore, though unbecoming in a procession of mortar-boards and birettas, is yet unassailable from a purely academic and Cantabrigian point of view. It may not be "Oxonian," by the way; but if the wearer were an Oxford man he would know best. Now, if the hat, presumably black, had been a *white one*? White is the surplice: why not the hat? White is the emblem of purity, although, sad to say, when associated with a hat, it used at one time to be provocative of an inquiry as to the honesty of the wearer in regard to the surreptitious possession of a donkey. Has anybody anywhere ever seen a parson, whether M.A. or not, in a white hat? Surely such a phenomenon must rank with the defunct postboy and dead donkey. This will be one of the inquiries to which clerical costume at ecclesiastical Exeter must naturally give rise. Perhaps the top-hatted clergyman was a Freemason, wearing this as emblematic of a "tiled lodge."



## IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH.

*Hungry Saxon (just arrived, with equally hungry family).* "WELL, NOW—ER—WHAT CAN YOU GIVE US FOR DINNER, AS SOON AS WE'VE HAD A WASH?"  
*Scotch Lassie.* "OH, JUST ANYTHING!"  
*H. S. (rubbing his hands in anticipation).* "AH! NOW WE'LL HAVE A NICE JUICY STEAK."  
*Lassie.* "A—WHEEL WE'LL BE HAEIN' SOME STEAK HERE MAYBE BY THE BOAT I' THE MORN'S MORN!"  
*H. S. (a little crestfallen).* "OH—WELL—CHOPS THEN. WE'LL SAY MUTTON CHOPS."  
*Lassie.* "OH, AY, BUT WE'VE NO BEEN KILLIN' A SHEEP THE DAY!"  
*[Ends up with boiled eggs, and vows to remain at home for the future.]*

"ALL UP WITH THE  
EMPIRE!"

THIS is a dreadful cry to raise. Let's hope it is not anywhere near the truth. Says the Emperor, i.e. the chairman of the Empire (Theatre), "There will be only one effect should the County Council endorse the decision of its Licensing Committee. The Empire Theatre will be at once closed, as it would be impossible to carry it on under such absurd restrictions." Such is the Imperial ukase issuing from Leicester Square. And the Emperor is right. This "grandmotherly legislation," however well-intentioned the grandmothers, may be all very well for "babes and sucklings," but then babies in arms are not admitted to the Empire, and those babes of older growth who have evidently been partaking too freely of "the bottle" are strictly excluded by the I. C. O. or Imperial Chuckers Out. No doubt London common sense will ultimately prevail, even in the Court of the London County Council, and the Empire will soon be going stronger than ever.

## MOTLEY REFLECTION.—

What better name for an historian than "MOTLEY"? Not in the buffoonic sense of the term; not when, to change the spelling, "Motley is your only ware"; but as implying a variety of talents as equal as the patches in the perfect dress of a harlequin. Of course the pen is the wand. What transformations cannot the Motley historian bring about! A monster becomes a man, and a man a monster.

## LITTLE AH SID;

OR THE CHINESE BOY AND THE JAPANESE  
BUTTERFLY BUMBLEBEE.

AIR—"Little Ah Sid." (With Apologies to  
Mr. Louis Meyer.)

LITTLE AH SID  
Was a lemon-faced kid,  
With a visage as old as an ape's;  
Saffron son-of-a-gun,  
He was fond of his fun,  
And much given to frolics and japes.  
Once in his way,  
As AH SID was at play,  
A big bumblebee flew in the spring.  
"Jap butterfly!"  
Cried he, winking his eye;  
"Me catchee and pull off um wing!"

## Chorus.

"Kiya, kiya, kyipye, yukakan!"  
 Kiya, kiya, yukakan!"  
 Sang little AH SID,  
 That elderly kid,  
 As he went for that bee from Japan.

He made a sharp snap  
At the golden-ring'd chap,  
That innocent butterfly-bee,

Which buzzed and which hummed,  
And circled and hummed  
Round the head of that little Chinese.  
He guessed not the thing  
Had no end of a sting,  
As he chased him in malice secure,  
And he cried with a grin,—  
"Buzzy-wuzzy no win!  
Me mashee um butterfly, sure!"

## Chorus.

"Kiya, kiya, kyipye, yukakan!"  
 Kiya, kiya, yukakan!"  
 Sang little AH SID,  
 The Celestial kid,  
 As he after "um butterfly" ran.

LITTLE AH SID  
Was a pig-headed kid  
(As well as pig-tailed). Could he guess  
What kind of a fly  
Was buzz-wuzzing hard by,  
Till he grabbed him—with stinging suc-  
cess.

"Kiya, kyipye!"  
 Yelled AH SID, as that bee  
Stung him hard in a sensitive spot.  
 "Kiya yukakan!"  
 Hang um Japanese man,  
 Um butterfly velly much hot!"

## Chorus.

"Kiya, kiya, kyipye, yukakan!"  
 Kiya, kiya, yukakan!"  
 Howled hopping AH SID,  
 "Um hurt me, um did,  
 Um butterfly bites—in Japan!!!"

MODERN MANGERS.—Nearly all hotel advertisements prominently announce as among the principal attractions of each establishment "separate tables." It looks as if the "all-together-table-d'hôte-system" had failed by reason of "incompatibility of temper." Hence the divorce a mensa. The long table with all the noses in a row down in the feeding-trough is by this time a remnant of barbarism. Yet the "boxes" common to the old eating-houses, such for example, as may still be seen in some parts of London both east and west, were "pernicious snug" and sufficiently private, too, for business conversation and confidential communications.

SERIOUS, VERY! LATEST FROM CHINA.—The Emperor has been consulting his physician, who, after careful diagnosis, has pronounced "TUNG in bad condition, and LUNG queer."

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART XVI.—AN INTELLECTUAL PRIVILEGE.

SCENE XXV.—The Chinese Drawing Room. TIME—About 9.45 P.M.

*Mrs. Earwaker.* Yes, dear Lady LULLINGTON, I've always insisted on each of my girls adopting a distinct line of her own, and the result has been most satisfactory. LOUISA, my eldest, is literary; she had a little story accepted not long ago by *The Milky Way*; then MARIA is musical; practises regularly three hours every day on her violin. FANNY has become quite an expert in photography—kodaked her father the other day in the act of trying a difficult stroke at billiards; a back view—but so clever and characteristic!

*Lady Lullington (absently).* A back view? How nice!

*Mrs. Earw.* He was the only one of the family who didn't recognise it at once. Then my youngest, CAROLINE—well, I must say that for a long time I was quite in despair about CAROLINE. It really looked as if there was no single thing that she had the slightest bent or inclination for. So at last I thought she had better take up Religion, and make that her speciality.

*Lady Lull.* (languidly). Religion! How very nice!

*Mrs. Earw.* Well, I got her a *Christian Year* and a covered basket, and quantities of tracts, and so on; but, somehow, she didn't seem to get on with it. So I let her give it up; and now she's gone in for poker-etching instead.

*Lady Lull.* (by an act of unconscious cerebration). Poker-etching! How very very nice! [Her eyelids close gently.]

*Lady Rhoda.* Oh, but indeed, Lady CULVERIN, I thought he was perfectly charmin'; not a bit booky, you know, but as clever as he can stick; knows more about terriers than any man I ever met!

*Lady Culverin.* So glad you found him agreeable, my dear. I was half afraid he might strike you as—well, just a little bit common in his way of talking.

*Lady Rhoda.* Pr'aps—but, after all, one can't expect those sort of people to talk quite like we do ourselves, can one?

*Lady Cantire.* Is that Mr. SPURRELL you are finding fault with, ALBINIA? It is curious that you should be the one person here who—I consider him a very worthy and talented young man, and I shall most certainly ask him to dinner—or lunch, at all events—as soon as we return. I'da' say Lady RHODA will not object to come and meet him.

*Lady Rhoda.* Rather not. I'll come, like a shot!

*Lady Culv.* (to herself). I suppose it's very silly of me to be so prejudiced. Nobody else seems to mind him!

*Miss Spelw.* (crossing over to them).

Oh, Lady CULVERIN, Lady LULLINGTON has such a delightful idea—she's just been saying how very very nice it would be if Mr. SPURRELL could be persuaded to read some of his poetry aloud to us presently. Do you think it could be managed?

*Lady Culv.* (in distress). Really, my dear VIVIEN, I—I don't know what to say. I fancy people would so much rather talk—don't you think so, ROBERTA?

*Lady Cant.* Probably they would, ALBINIA. It is most unlikely that they would care to hear anything more intellectual and instructive than the sound of their own voices.

*Miss Spelw.* I told Lady LULLINGTON that I was afraid you would think it a bore, Lady CANTIRE.

*Lady Cant.* You are perfectly mistaken, Miss SPELWANE. I flatter myself I am quite as capable of appreciating a literary privilege as anybody here. But I cannot answer for its being acceptable to the majority.

*Lady Culv.* No, it wouldn't do at all. And it would be making this young man so much too conspicuous.

*Lady Cant.* You are talking nonsense, my dear. When you are fortunate enough to secure a celebrity at Wyvern, you can't make him too conspicuous. I never knew that LAURA LULLINGTON had any taste for literature before, but there's something to be said for

her suggestion—if it can be carried out; it would at least provide a welcome relief from the usual after-dinner dullness of this sort of gathering.

*Miss Spelw.* Then—would you ask him, Lady CANTIRE?

*Lady Cant.* I, my dear? You forget that I am not hostess here. My sister-in-law is the proper person to do that.

*Lady Culv.* Indeed I couldn't. But perhaps, VIVIEN, if you liked to suggest it to him, he might—

*Miss Spelw.* I'll try, dear Lady CULVERIN. And if my poor little persuasions have no effect, I shall fall back on Lady CANTIRE, and then he can't refuse. I must go and tell dear Lady LULLINGTON—she'll be so pleased! (To herself, as she skims away.) I generally do get my own way. But I mean him to do it to please Me!

*Mrs. Chatteris* (a little later, to Lady MAISIE). Have you heard what a treat is in store for us? That delightful Mr. SPURRELL is going to give us a reading or a recitation, or something, from his own poems; at least, Miss SPELWANE is to ask him as soon as the men come in. Only I should have thought that he would be much more likely to consent if you asked him.

*Lady Maisie.* Would you? I'm sure I don't know why.

*Mrs. Chatt.* (archly). Oh, he took me in to dinner, you know, and it's quite wonderful how people confide in me, but I suppose they feel I can be trusted. He mentioned a little fact, which gave me the impression that a certain fair lady's wishes would be supreme with him.

*Lady Maisie* (to herself). The wretch! He has been boasting of my unfortunate letter! (Aloud.) Mr. SPURRELL had no business to give you any impression of the kind. And the mere fact that I—that I happened to admire his verses—

*Mrs. Chatt.* Exactly! Poets' heads are so easily turned; and, as I said to Captain THICKNESSE—

*Lady Maisie.* Captain THICKNESSE! You have been talking about it—to him!

*Mrs. Chatt.* I'd no idea you would mind anybody knowing, or I would never have dreamed of—I've such a perfect horror of gossip! It took me so much by surprise, that I simply couldn't resist; but I can easily tell Captain THICKNESSE it was all a mistake; he knows how fearfully inaccurate I always am.

*Lady Maisie.* I would rather you said nothing more about it, please; it is really not worth while contradicting anything so utterly absurd. (To herself.) That GERALD—Captain THICKNESSE—of all people, should know of my letter! And goodness only knows what story she may have made out of it!

*Mrs. Chatt.* (to herself, as she moves away). I've been letting my tongue run away with me, as usual. She's not the original of "Lady Grisoline," after all. Perhaps he meant VIVIEN SPELWANE—the description was much more like her!

*Pilliner* (who has just entered with some of the younger men, to Miss SPELWANE). What are you doing with these chairs? Why are we all to sit in a circle, like MOORE and BURGESS people? You're not going to set the poor dear Bishop down to play baby-games? How perfectly barbarous of you!

*Miss Spelw.* The chairs are being arranged for something much more intellectual. We are going to get Mr. SPURRELL to read a poem to us, if you want to know. I told you I should manage it.

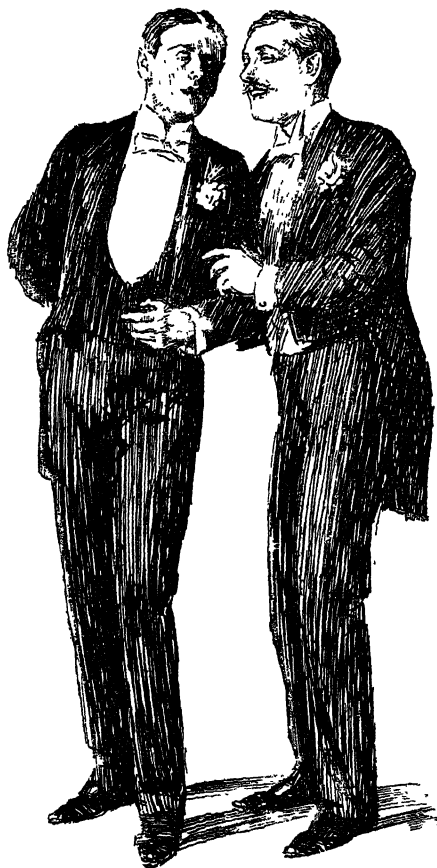
*Pill.* There's only one drawback to that highly desirable arrangement. The bard, with prophetic foreknowledge of your designs, has unostentatiously retired to roost. So I'm afraid you'll have to do without your poetry this evening—that is, unless you care to avail yourself again of my services?

*Miss Spelw.* (indignantly). It is too mean of you. You must have told him!

*Lady Rhoda.* ARCHIE, what's become of Mr. SPURRELL? I particularly want to ask him something.

*Bearpark.* The poet? He nipped upstairs—as I told you all along he meant to—to scribble some of his democratic drivel, and (with a suppressed grin) I don't think you'll see him again this evening.

*Captain Thicknesse* (to himself, as he enters). She's keepin' a chair next hers in the corner there for somebody. Can it be for that poet



"Ink and flour—couldn't possibly miss him."

chap? . . . (*He meets Lady MAISIE's eye suddenly.*) Great Scott! If she means it for me! . . . I've half a mind not to— No, I shall be a fool if I lose such a chance! (*He crosses, and drops into the vacant chair next hers.*) I may sit here, mayn't I?

*Lady Maisie (simply).* I meant you to. We used to be such good friends; it's a pity to have misunderstandings. And—and I want to ask you what that silly little Mrs. CHATTERIS has been telling you at dinner about me.

*Capt. Thick.* Well, she was sayin'—and I must say I don't understand it, after your tellin' me you knew nothing about this Mr. SPURRELL till this afternoon—

*Lady Maisie.* But I don't. And I—I *did* offer to explain, but you said you weren't curious!

*Capt. Thick.* Didn't want you to tell me anything that perhaps you'd rather not, don't you know. Still, I *should* like to know how this poet chap came to write a poem all about you, and call it "Lady Grisoline," if he never—

*Lady Maisie.* But it's too ridiculous! How *could* he? When he never saw me, that I know of, in all his life before!

*Capt. Thick.* He told Mrs. CHATTERIS you were the original of his "Lady Grisoline" anyway, and really—

*Lady Maisie.* He dared to tell her that? How disgracefully impertinent of him. (*To herself.*) So long as he hasn't talked about my letter, he may say what he pleases!

*Capt. Thick.* But what *was* it you were goin' to explain to me? You said there was somethin'—

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* It's no use; I'd sooner die than tell him about that letter now! (*Aloud.*) I—I only wished you to understand that, whatever I think about poetry—I detest poets!

*Lady Cant.* Yes, as you say, Bishop, a truly Augustan mode of recreation. Still, Mr. SPURRELL doesn't seem to have come in yet, so I shall have time to hear anything you have to say in defence of your opposition to Parish Councils.

[*The Bishop resigns himself to the inevitable.*]

*Archie (in PILLINER's ear).* Ink and flour—couldn't possibly miss him; the bard's got a matted head this time, and no mistake.

*Pill.* Beastly bad form, I call it—with a fellow you don't know. You'll get yourself into trouble some day. And you couldn't even manage your ridiculous booby-trap, for here the beggar comes, as if nothing had happened.

*Archie (disconcerted).* Confound him! The best booby-trap I ever made!

*The Bishop.* My dear Lady CANTIRE, here is our youthful poet, at the eleventh hour. (*To himself.*) "*Sic me servavit Apollo!*"

[*Miss SPELWANE advances to meet SPURRELL, who stands surveying the array of chairs in blank bewilderment.*]

## BRITISH LIONS.

"Poor Mrs. LEO HUNTER has fallen on evil days. . . . It is the lions themselves that are lacking. . . . We have fallen upon an age of prancing mediocrity."—*The World*, October 10.]

O DIRE is our extremity, whose laudable persistence

In tracking down celebrities is undiminished still,

We're quick enough to mark our prey, we scent him at a distance,

But seldom is our watchfulness rewarded by a "kill."

There are bears indeed in plenty, there are owls with strident voices,

And jackanapes in modern days are seldom hard to find,

But the genuine British Lion, in whom our heart rejoices,

Seems almost to have vanished from the dwellings of mankind!

And even if we find him, after herculean labour,

Apart from festive drawing-rooms he resolutely roams,

Disgracefully forgetful of his duty to his neighbour

He quite declines to dignify our dinners and At Homes

Too often those we ask are unaccountably prevented

From hastening, as we wanted them, "to come and join the dance,"

And so, in these degraded times, we have to be contented

With quite inferior persons, mediocrities who "prance."

Yes, "prancing mediocrity"—sweet phrase!—no doubt expresses

The decadent young poet, with the limp and languid air,

The very last pianist with the too-abundant tresses,

Whose playing is—well, only less eccentric than his hair.

So, Mr. Punch, we hostesses regard you with affection,

And now that our calamity and trouble you have heard,

If any happy circumstance should bring in your direction

A really nice young lion—would you kindly send us word?

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MANXMAN."—*The Minx-woman.* [Not yet ready.]

## THE BLUE GARDENIA.

[*A Colourable Imitation.*]

It was a splendid scarlet afternoon, and the little garden looked its gayest in the midsummer sunshine which streamed down its tiny paths. Yellow asters grew golden in the pale lemon light, whilst the green carnations which abounded everywhere seemed so natural that it was difficult to believe they had been wired on to the plants that morning by a London firm of florists. That was a plan on which CECIL PARAGRAPH always insisted. As he was so fond of saying, Nature was a dear old thing, but she lacked inventiveness. It was only an outworn convention which objected to gilding the lily, or colouring the carnation. So the London florists always came each morning to convert the garden into a pink rhapsody.



Lord ARCHIE (he was not a Lord really, but CECIL always insisted that a title was a matter of temperament) and CECIL were sitting out on the lawn. Clever conversation always takes place on the lawn. CECIL and Lord ARCHIE smoked high-priced cigarettes. The witty characters always do.

"My dear ARCHIE," said CECIL, "I have something important to tell you."

"If you were not CECIL PARAGRAPH, that would mean that the milkman had called to have his account paid, or that MARY—or is it MARTHA?—had given notice. It's like letters headed 'Important,'—a prospectus of a gold mine, or a letter from a distant relative to say he's coming to stay the week-end. Saying 'week-end' always reminds me of the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS. I fancy myself haggling for a cheap ticket at a booking-office."

"ARCHIE, you've prattled enough. Remember it is I who am expected to fill the bill. ARCHIE, I am writing a book."

"A book? You will let me collaborate with you?"

"Collaboration is the modern method of evading responsibility. A genius moves in a cycle of masterpieces, but it is never a cycle made for two. It reminds me of the book by Mr. RIDER HAGGARD and Mr. LANG. Too late Mr. HAGGARD found that he had killed the goose which laid the golden eggs. He had lost the notices which his collaborator could no longer write."

"But it is so much trouble to write a book. Would not a purple newspaper article effect your purpose?"

"One would think I was Mr. ATHELSTAN RILEY, or the Independent Labour Party, to hear you talk of effecting my purpose. But in any case the book's the thing."

"Tell me, CECIL, tell me about your book," said Lord ARCHIE, with the ardour of a disciple of CECIL'S.

"It will be called *The Blue Gardenia*. The title is one of the unemployed; it has nothing to do with the story."

"I fancy I remember that Mr. BARRY PAIN said that once before."

"No doubt. The clumsiness of acknowledgment is what makes the artist into an artisan. I am like Mr. BALFOUR, I do not hesitate to shoot—into my treasury the pearls of speech I have gathered from others, and then, ARCHIE, I shall not lack the art of personal allusion. If my characters go out into the village and see the village clergymen, I shall make him the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. People like it. They say it's rude, but they read the book and repeat the rudeness. I shall be frankly rude. Minor poets and authors and actors will all be fair game. You suggest the publisher may object. To tell you the truth, ANY MAN will publish for me. The book will succeed—it is only mediocrities who indulge in failure—and the public will tumble over one another in their mad rush to be dosed with epigrams of genius."

"And I will write a flaming favourable notice in the *Dodo*."

"You will do me no such unkindness, I am sure, my dear ARCHIE. To be appreciated is to be found out."

And so plucking as they went the green carnations of a blameless life, they went in to dinner.



THE TALE OF J. B.; OR, "THE PRISONER OF SALTA."—"J. B. is sly, Sir—devilish sly," but the present J. B., not the *Major Bagstock* of *Dombey and Son*, but the minor JABEZ BALFOUR, has not yet, as reported, managed to escape from the prison of Salta, the authorities having contrived to put a little Salt-a-pon his tail. *Il y est, il y reste.*



## FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

*Hostess (of Upper Tooting, showing new house to Friend). "WE'RE VERY PROUD OF THIS ROOM, MRS. HOMINY. OUR OWN LITTLE UPHOLSTERER DID IT UP JUST AS YOU SEE IT, AND ALL OUR FRIENDS THINK IT WAS LIBERTY!"*  
*Visitor (sotto voce). "OH, LIBERTY, LIBERTY, HOW MANY CRIMES ARE COMMITTED IN THY NAME!"*

## "VESTED INTERESTS."

*Lady in Possession loquatur:—*

AH, well! They keeps a rouging up, these papers, or a trying to,  
 But I don't think they'll oust us yet, as hobvious they're a-dying to.  
 Their ROGEBERRIES, and their HASKWIDGES and 'ERBERT GLADSTINGS 'urty up,  
 As per wire-pulling horders; and they tries to keep the flurry up,  
 But somehow it's a fizzle, like a fire as keeps on smouldery,  
 And the public, when they'd poke it up, looks chilly and cold-shouldery.  
 Drat 'em, what do they want to do? Their "demmycratic polity"  
 Means nothink more nor less than sheer upsetting of the Quality!  
 They'd treat the Hupper Ten like srimps, pull off their 'eds and swoller 'em;  
 And when they raves agin our perks, they only longs to collar 'em.  
 Down with all privilege indeed? Wy, privilege is the honly thing  
 As keeps hus from the wildernedge. I'm but a poor, old, lonely thing,  
 But if they mends or ends the Lords—wich 'evvin forbid they ever do!—  
 They'll take my livelyhood away! No, drat it, that will never do!  
 A world without no privilege, no pickings, and no perks in it,  
 Wy—'twould be like Big Ben up there if it 'ad got no works in it.  
 These demmycratic levellers is the butchers of Society,  
 They'd take its tops and innards off and hout. I loves variety.

Them Commons is a common lot, as like all round as winkleses,  
 But Marquiges—lord bless 'em!—they is like bright stars as twinkleses  
 And makes the sky respectable; and its a old, old story  
 As stars—and likeways garters—must 'ave differences in glory.  
 Wy, even street lamps wary, and I says the harrystocracy [the democracy  
 Is like to 'eavenly'lectric lights outshining As the Clock-tower's 'fulgence do the flare at some fried-fish shop, Mum.  
 Oh, there's a somethink soothing in a Dook, or Earl, or Bishop, Mum,  
 As makes yer mere M.P.'s sing small, as may be taller-chandlerses.  
 Its henvy, Mum, that's wot it is, they've got the yaller janderses  
 Along o' bilious jealousy; though wy young ROGEBERRY ever did  
 Allow hisself to herd with them—well, drat it, there, I never did!—  
 As long as I can twirl a mop or sluice a floor or ceiling for  
 The blessed Peers, I'll 'old with 'em, as I've a feller feeling for.  
 Birds of a feather flock—well, well! I 'ope I knows my place, I do;  
 Likeways that I shall keep it. Wich I think it a 'ard case, I do,  
 This downing on Old Women!

'Owsomever, Mister MORLEY is A long ways from his hobject yet. The House o' Lords, Mum, surely is  
 Most different from Jericho, it will not fall with shouting, Mum,  
 Nor yet no platform trumpets will not down it, there's no doubting, Mum.

Their tongues and loud Rad ram's-horns do their level best to win it, Mum.  
 But—they ain't got iid of Hus—not yet, nor won't direckly-minute, Mum!

FROM THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—An eminent musician sends us this note:—Nothing Brummagem about the Birmingham Festival. Dr. PARRY's oratorio, *King Saul*, a big success. Of course this subject has been Handel'd before; but the composer of *King Saul, Junior*, (so to be termed for sake of distinction, and distinction it has certainly attained,) need fear no com-parry-songs. Perhaps another title might be, "*Le Roi Saul à la mode de Parry*." (*Private, to Ed.*—Shall be much pleased if you'll admit this as a Parry-graph.)

HOPE DISPELLED.—The music-hall proprietors must have been in high spirits at the commencement of the sittings of the Licensing Committee when they heard that "Mr. ROBERTS" was to be the chairman. Of course, to them there is but one "ROBERTS," which his *prénom* is "ARTHUR"—and unfortunately there appeared as chairman "not this ARTHUR, but another."

In the course of conversation, the other evening, Mrs. R. remembered that "The Margarine" is a German title. "Isn't there," she asked, "a Margarine of Hesse?"

ANTI-FATNESS.—Excellent receipt for getting thin. Back horses, and you will lose many pounds in no time. (*Advice gratis by one who has tried it.*)



“VESTED INTERESTS.”

HOUSE OF LORDS CHARWOMAN. “WELL! THEM ROGEberries, AND 'ERBERT GLADSTINGS, AND HASKWIDGES, AND THE REST ON 'EM MAY TORK—AND THEY MAY TORK—BUT THEY H'AIN'T TURNED *HUS* OUT YET!!”





## A PIER OF THE EMPIRE.

(By a Commoner of the Nation.)

As licensing day was approaching, I thought it my duty to visit the Empire Theatre of Varieties in Leicester Square, so that if needs be I could appear as a witness either for the prosecution or the defence. I am happy to say that my expedition has put me in a position to join the garrison. From first to last—from item No. 1 to item No. 10—the entertainments at the Empire are excellent. And in this



general praise I am able to include "Living Pictures," which are all that even an archbishop could wish that they should be. But the chief attraction of the evening is a new ballet *dirertissement* in one tableau, called *On Brighton Pier*, which has evidently been put up to teach the members of the L. C. C. how much better things are done in the Sussex watering place than in the great metropolis. According to "the Argument," when the scene opens, people are promenading in the sun, and "some gentlemen bribe the bath chairmen to give up their places in the evening so that they may flirt with the girls accompanying the invalids." But possibly as an afterthought this was thought a little too strong for the Censor of Spring Gardens. I found the "gentlemen" (most of them in high white hats), and then I discovered the bath chairmen, but there was nothing to lead me to believe that the connecting links between the two were bribery and corruption. In

addition to this *plat à la Don Giovanni* there were an *entrée* in the shape of a gathering of schoolboys and schoolgirls, a *soufflé* in some military plus naval drill, and a *pièce de résistance* in a change of scene from the deck of the Pier to the depths of the sea beneath it. And here let me say that I use *résistance* in a purely culinary sense, as nothing could have worked more smoothly than the transformation.

Madame KATTI LAXNER, by whom the ballet has been invented, is a past mistress in the art of concocting terpsichorean trifles, and never admits any difficulty in combining the poetry of fancy with the actuality of fact. In her latest production she finds that after a while a change of scene is necessary. The public, after admiring the refreshment stalls and the distant view of the Grand Hotel, want something more. Certainly, why not? The daughter of an American millionaire, who has met a rather effeminate gentleman for the first time, overcome by the heat, falls asleep. Then, to quote from "the Argument," in her dream she sees sirens and sea-nymphs, led by the *Queen Coralie* (Signorina BICE PORRO), unsuccessfully attempt to lure away her lover, but—awaking from her sleep—the vision disappears, and she finds him at her feet. All this was very pretty, and the scruples of the L. C. C. were considered by the lack of success of *Queen Coralie* to shake the swain's fidelity to his betrothed. Although evidently interested in the dances of the sirens and sea-nymphs—in spite of their treating him with little or no attention—he was *ultra* discreet in making the acquaintance of her submarine majesty. When the Queen stood on one toe he merely accepted her invitation to hold her hand, and thus enable her to revolve on the tip of her right toe—but went no further. And really and truly, as a gentleman, it was impossible for him to do less. At any rate his conduct was so unexceptional in *Grace Dollar's* dream, that his fiancée, who, according to "the Argument," had had "a slight quarrel with him," immediately sought reconciliation. Besides the submarine interlude, *On Brighton Pier* has a serious underplot. *Senora Dolares* (Signorina CAVALLAZZI), who has been searching all over the world for her daughter, who had been stolen from her ten years ago, is personally conducted to the pleasant promenade off the beach. Husband and wife seemingly spend the entire day on the Pier. They are here in the morning, in the sunshine, and here when the variegated lamps are lighted at night. The *Senora* is pleased at nothing. She regards the vagaries of a negro comedian with indifference, and does not even smile at the gambols of a clown dog. Suddenly a girl called *Dora* appears. And now once more to quote the Argument. "*Dora* plays upon her mandoline some melody the *Senora Dolares* recognises. She quickly asks the girl where she first heard it; and *Dora* says that a lady used to sing it to her in her early days, and that the same lady gave her a cross, which she produces. The *Senora*, by means of the cross, recognises in *Dora* her long-lost child. Amid great excitement she leads her tenderly away [in the direction of the



"I can conscientiously recommend it."

means of the cross, recognises in *Dora* her long-lost child. Amid great excitement she leads her tenderly away [in the direction of the

Hotel Metropole], and, after some further dances, the curtain falls." Nothing can be prettier, and more truly moral, than *On Brighton Pier*. I can conscientiously recommend it to every member of the L. C. C.; some will smile at the eccentric dance of *Major Spooner* (Mr. WILL BISHOP); others will grin at the more boisterous humour of *Christopher Dollar* (Mr. JOHN RIDLEY); and all must weep at the depressed velvet coat of *Don Diego* (Mr. GEORGE ASHTON), the husband of *Senora Dolares*, in search of a (comparatively) long-lost daughter. Judging from the reception the ballet received the other evening, I fancy that *On Brighton Pier* will remain on London boards for any length of time.

## GOSSIP WITHOUT WORDS.

["ANTOLYCUS," in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 11, inveighs against the necessity of conversation between friends:—"If I find a girl nice to look at, and she has taken great pains to make herself nice to look at, why cannot we pass the evening, I looking at her, and she being looked at? But no, we must talk."]

UNDOUBTEDLY, if conversation were abolished, "short stories" in the future would be still further abbreviated. Here is a beautiful specimen of blank—or Anthony Hope-less—dialogue:—

## THE NELLY NOVELETTES.

"!" exclaimed Miss NELLY EATON, suddenly, with her quivering nostril.

"?" I asked with my right eyebrow, rousing myself from a fit of abstraction.

She pointed at a young man who had just strolled past our seats in the Row without noticing her. He was dressed in the height of fashion, and was accompanied by a lady in very smart attire.

"..." explained NELLY, with her mouth tightly shut.

I looked at her, and gathered by a swift process of intuition that she had made that boy, and taught him to drink and smoke—of course, in moderation; had got his hair out, and had rescued him from an adventure. From her he had learnt not to go to Monday Pops, nor to carry things about in brown paper—in fact, he owed everything to her. . . . And now—!

"§" I visibly commented, not knowing for the moment how else to express myself. In fact I was getting just a trifle out of my depth. However, I gazed again at her. . . . Yes, she had deeply eloquent blue eyes, fringed with dark eyelashes, that voiced forth every emotion! Stay, I am afraid that in my admiration my speechless remarks had wandered from the topic of our mute discussion.

"+" interjected her pitying but impatient glance, telling me that my devotion was useless.

I looked very miserable. It is generally understood that I am the most miserable of men since Miss EATON's engagement to an American millionaire.

[Here I am sorry to say that our dialogue becomes somewhat elliptical, owing to the difficulty of finding enough unappropriated printers' symbols to represent our different shades of silence. However, with luck, I may be able to scrape together a few more, and come to some sort of conclusion.]

Let me see—where were we? . . . Oh, on the subject of the boy and his companion, who, it seems, were engaged.

"\*\*\*" resumed NELLY, in a look which spoke three volumes. I divined at once that she had thrown him over, that there had been an awful scene, and his mother had written a horrid letter, that he had come back and abjectly apologised, that he said she had destroyed his faith in women (the usual thing), that he went on sending letters for a whole year; in fact, that it made her quite uncomfortable. . . . Really, NELLY can give points to LORD BURLEIGH's nod!

"?" inquired my right eye, meaning, had she not been in love with him a little bit?

Miss NELLY prodded the path with her parasol.

"§" I asked again, referring to a different person, and, I am afraid, squinting.

Miss NELLY looked for the fraction of an instant in my direction.

"+" I repeated.

Miss NELLY looked straight in front of her. There was her fiancé, the American millionaire!

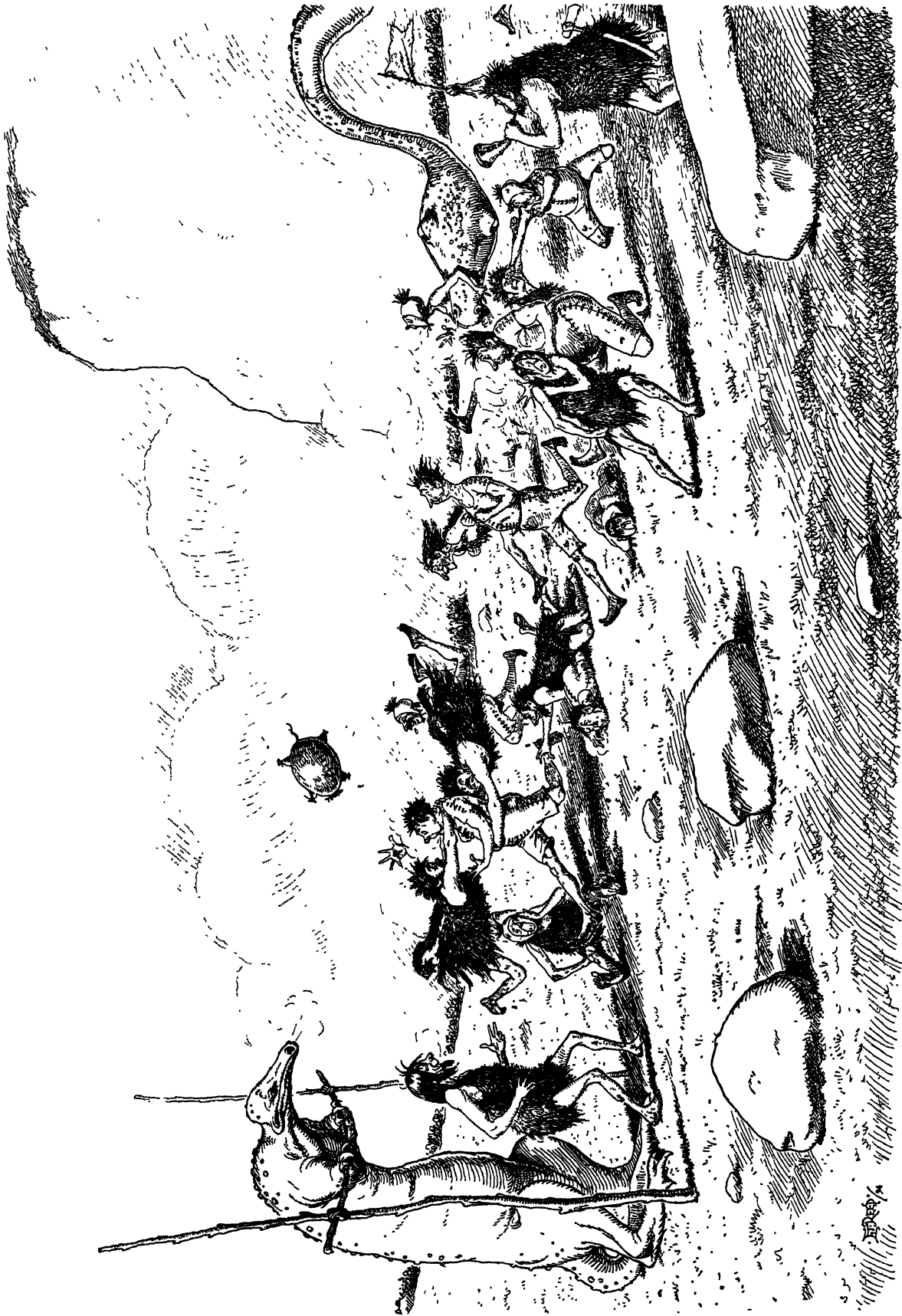
"—!—!" That is, I smilingly withdrew.



"Taught him to smoke."



SATISFACTORY REPORTS AS TO THE AMEER.—It was not an illness, it was "A mere indisposition."



### PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

THE ANNUAL FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN THE OLD RED SANDSTONE ROVERS AND THE PLEISTOCENE WANDERERS WAS IMMENSELY AND DESERVEDLY POPULAR!!

"HYMEN HYMENÆE!" (*A propos of a Public Favourite*).—Mr. Punch wishes health and happiness to the bride of Sir WILLIAM GREGORY, known to us all, during a long and honourable theatrical career in the very first line of Dramatic Art, as Mrs. STIRLING the incomparable, always of sterling worth in any piece wherein she took a part. She was always at her best. Latterly she has been chiefly associated with the *Nurse in Romeo and Juliet*, and no better representative of the character could ever have been seen on any stage. Her recent marriage has in it somewhat of a Shaksperian association, for were not the *Nurse* and *Gregory* both together in the same establishment, yeelp the noble House of Capulet? And what more natural that these two should come together, and "the *Nurse to Juliet*" should become the "wife to Gregory"?

"STOPPING" THE WAY IN THE COLONIES.—Where British Colonists are first in the field, be the field where it may, it is unwise to allow any non-Britishers to get as far as a semi-colony, but at once they should be made to come to a full-stop. As it is, Great Britain looks on in a state of *com(m)a*, only to wake up with a note of exclamation, but not of admiration, when it is too late to put a note of interrogation.



### COMPREHENSIVE.

"WHAT'S VOLAPUK, DOCTOR SCHMITZ?"  
 "IT IS ZE UNIFERSAL LANGUAGE!"  
 "AND WHO SPEAKS IT?" "NOPOTTY!"

"CITY IMPROVEMENTS."—The City isn't likely to lose any chance of a dig at the L. C. C. Last week, at a meeting of City Commissioners of Sewers at Guildhall, Alderman GREEN, not so verdant by any means as the name would seem to imply, protested against the great delay on the part of the L. C. C. in regard to the improvements in Upper Thames Street. So the London County Council is sitting considering "*dum defluit ANNUS*"—representing the "*amnis ævi*"—and while Upper Thames Street is, *pace* the ever Green Alderman, in a state of stagnation as far as "improvements" are concerned.

A DROUTH-AND-MOUTH-DISEASE.—A curious disease, originating, it is said, in the East, has lately baffled medical men. It is called "beriberi." Introduce another "e" into the first and third syllable, and the name might serve for that thirsty kind of feverish state with which no Anti-closing-of-the-public-at-any-time-Society is able to cope.

"PREMATUER?"—Per the *Leadenhall Press*, Mr. TUEB is bringing out a real old Horn-book, that is, a *fac-simile* of the ancient Horn-book. For years have we longed to see the genuine article. It will be in Hornamental cover, of course. "*Succès au livre de la corne!*"

### "THE AUTOCRAT."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BORN 1809. DIED OCTOBER 7, 1894.

"THE Last Leaf!" Can it be true,  
 We have turned it, and on *you*  
 Friend of all?

That the years at last have power?  
 That life's foliage and its flower  
 Fade and fall?

Was there one who ever took  
 From its shelf, by chance, a book  
 Penned by you,  
 But was fast your friend, for life,  
 With *one* refuge from its strife  
 Safe and true?

Even gentle ELIA's self  
 Might be proud to share that shelf,  
 Leaf to leaf,  
 With a soul of kindred sort,  
 Who could bind strong sense and sport  
 In one sheaf.

From that Boston breakfast table  
 Wit and wisdom, fun and fable,  
 Radiated  
 Through all English-speaking places.  
 When were Science and the Graces,  
 So well mated?

Of sweet singers the most sane,  
 Of keen wits the most humane,  
 Wide yet clear,  
 Like the blue, above us bent;  
 Giving sense and sentiment  
 Each its sphere;

With a manly breadth of soul,  
 And a fancy quaint and droll;  
 Ripe and mellow:  
 With a virile power of "hit,"  
 Finished scholar, poet, wit,  
 And good fellow!

Sturdy patriot, and yet  
 True world's citizen! Regret  
 Dims our eyes  
 As we turn each well-thumbed leaf;  
 Yet a glory 'midst our grief  
 Will arise.

Years your spirit could not tame,  
 And they will not dim your fame;  
 England joys  
 In your songs all strength and ease,  
 And the "dreams" you "wrote to please  
 Grey-haired boys."

And of such were you not one?  
 Age chilled not your fire or fun.  
 Heart alive  
 Makes a boy of a grey bard,  
 Though his years be—"by the card"—  
 Eighty-five!

### VENETIAN FLOWER SELLERS.

YOUNG, dark-eyed beauties, graceful, gay,  
 So I expected you to be,  
 Adorning in a charming way  
 This silent City of the Sea.  
 But you are very far from that;  
 You're forty—sometimes more—and fat.

Oh, girls of Venice! Woods, R.A.,  
 Has frequently depicted you,

Idealising, I should say—

A thing that painters often do;  
 Still, though your charms have left me cold,  
 At least you are not fat and old!

Why should you, flower-sellers, then,  
 Be so advanced in age and size?  
 You cannot charm the foreign men,  
 Who gaze at you in blank surprise.  
 You hover round me—like a gnat,  
 Each of you, but old and fat.

Extremely troublesome you are,  
 No gnats were ever half so bad,  
 You dart upon me from afar,  
 And do your best to drive me mad.  
 Oh bother you, so overbold,  
 Preposterously fat and old!

You buttonhole me as I drink  
 My *caffè nero* on the square,  
 Stick flowers in my coat, and think  
 I can't refuse them. I don't care.  
 I'd buy them, just to have a chat,  
 If you were not so old and fat.

Oh go away! I hate the sight  
 Of flowers since that afternoon  
 When first we met. I think of flight,  
 Or drowning in the still lagoon.  
 I am, unlike your flowers, sold,  
 You are so very fat and old.

SUGGESTED MOTTO FOR THE AERATED BREAD COMPANY.

..... "His sleep  
 Was airy light, from pure digestion bred."  
*Paradise Lost, B. V., line 4.*

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

THERE is no doubt that one's first impressions are always the brightest and the best; therefore I resolve to record the first impressions of a first visit to the Italian lakes.

*British Bellagio.*—"Hôtel Victoria, Prince de Galles et des Îles Britanniques," or some such name, is usually, as *Baedeker* says, "frequented by the English." They are here certainly, and one hears one's native language everywhere. There are the honey-



moon couples, silent and reserved, who glare fiercely at anyone who might be supposed to imagine for a moment that they are newly married; there are people who converse in low monotonous voices about the weather, which changes every hour; there is an old lady, who gives one startling information, telling one, for instance, that PAUL VERONESE was born at Verona; and there are two or three British menservants, gazing with superb disdain at the poor foreigners. The hotel is very quiet. The evening of a week-day is like Sunday evening, and Sunday evening is—!!! If only the weather were not also English, or even worse. On the last day of September the only warm place is by the fire in the *fumoir*. So let us hurry off from this wintry climate to somewhere, to anywhere. By the first boat we go.

Still English everywhere. At Bellagio a great crowd, and heaps of luggage. At Cadenabbia a greater crowd, and more heaps of luggage. Here they come, struggling along the gangway in the wind. There is a sad-faced Englishman, his hands full of packages, his pockets stuffed with others, carrying under his arm a little old picture wrapped loosely in pink tissue paper, which the wind blows here and there. He is a forgetful man, for he wanders to and fro collecting his possessions. With him is another forgetful Englishman in very shabby clothes, who also carries packages in paper, and who drags after him an immensely fat bull-dog at the end of a cord five yards long, which winds round posts and human legs and other obstacles. At last they are all on board—the forgetful Englishmen have darted back for the last time to fetch in an ice-axe and an old umbrella—and on we go over the grey water, past the grey hills, under the grey sky, towards Como. At Cernobbio the shabby Englishman lands, dragging his bull-dog at the end of the cord, and carrying in his arms two rolls of rugs, a bag, and other trifles. His sad-faced companion, still holding his tiny Old Master in the ever-diminishing pink paper, wanders in and out seeking forgotten treasures, an ice-axe, a bag, another paper parcel. Finally all are landed, the gangway is withdrawn, the steamer begins to move. Suddenly there is a shout. The shabby Englishman has forgotten something. The sympathetic passengers look round. There is a solitary umbrella on a seat. No doubt that is his. A friendly stranger cries, "Is this yours?" and tosses it to him on the quay. Then there is another shout. "*Ach Himmel*, dat is mine!" The frantic German waves his arms, the umbrella is tossed back, he catches it and is happy. But meanwhile another English man, the most egregious ass

that ever lived, has discovered yet another solitary umbrella, which he casts wildly into space. For one moment the captain, the passengers, the people on the quay, gaze breathless as it whirls through the air. It falls just short of the landing-stage, and sinks into the grey waters of that chilly lake, never more to be recovered, in any sense of the word. In those immeasurable depths its neat silk covering will decay, its slender frame will fall to pieces. It has gone for ever. Beneath this grey Italian sky some Italian gamp must keep off these Italian showers. Then the captain, the passengers, and the people smile and laugh. I, who write this, am the only one on whose face there is not a grin, for that umbrella was mine.

A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST.

## TO A PRETTY UNKNOWN.

(By a Constant Admirer.)



YOUR pretty face I saw  
two years ago,  
You looked divine—if  
I'm not wrong, in  
lace.

I noticed you, and thus  
I got to know  
Your pretty face.

To-day I travelled to a  
distant place.

We stopped at Bath.  
I read my *Punch*,  
when lo!

You came into my car-  
riage and Your  
Grace

Rode with me for a  
dozen miles or so.

Tell me, should we in  
this Fate's finger  
trace?

I care not since you had the heart to show  
Your pretty face.

## TEDDIE THE TILER.

'Tis November makes the (Lord) Mayor to go. As the ninth approaches, the year's tenant of the Mansion House packs up and says farewell to all his greatness. On the principle that attributes happiness to a country that has no annals, the outgoing LORD MAYOR is to be congratulated on his year of office. It is probable that out of aldermanic circles not one man of a hundred in the street could straight off say what is his Lordship's name. *Mr. Punch*, who knows most things, only ventures to believe that the good alderman is known in the family circle as Sir EDWARD TYLER. And a very good name, too. In the



occult ceremonies pertaining to freemasonry it is understood there is an official known as the Tiler, whose duty is to guard the door, strictly excluding all but those whose right of entrance is peremptory. Our Sir EDWARD has indeed been the Tiler of the traditionally hospitable Mansion House.

## BROKEN CHINA.

It is curious to observe the attitude of Western Powers towards the life-and-death struggle going on in the far East. We of course regret the loss of life, but are mainly



interested in observing the effect in actual work of ships and guns identical with our own. It is a sort of gigantic test got up for our benefit at somebody else's expense. That an ancient empire seems tottering to a fall moves no emotion. "Yes," said the Member for SARK, to whom these recondite remarks were addressed; "POPE wasn't far out of it when he very nearly said 'Europe is mistress of herself though China fall.'"

## "MOVING ABOUT IN WORLDS NOT REALISED."

(By a prejudiced but puzzled Victim of Teacaddies and Ginger-jars.)

I SUPPOSE there's a war in the East,  
(I am deluged with pictures about it.)  
But I can't realise it—no, not in the least,  
And, in spite of the papers, I doubt it.  
A Chinaman seems such a nebulous chap,  
And I can't fancy shedding the gore of a  
Jap.

Those parchmenty fellows have fleets?  
Big Iron-clads, each worth a million?  
I cannot conceive it, my reason it beats.  
The lord of the pencil vermilion  
Fits in with a teacaddy, not a torpedo.  
Just picture a Ram in that queer bay of  
Yedo!

It seems the right place for a junk,  
(With a fine flight of storks in the offing),  
But think of a battle-ship there being sunk  
By a Krupp! 'Tis suggestive of scoffing.  
I try to believe, but 'tis merely bravado.  
It all seems as funny as GILBERT's *Mikado*.

And then those preposterous names,  
Like a lot of cracked bells all a-tinkling!  
I try to imagine their militant games,  
But at present I can't get an inkling  
Of what it can mean when a fellow named  
HONG  
And one TING (Lord High Admiral!) go it  
ding-dong!

A NELSON whose *nomen* is WHANG  
To me, I admit's, inconceivable.  
And war between Wo-HUNG and CHING-A-  
RING CHANG,  
Sounds funny, but quite unbelievable.  
And can you conceive Maxim bullets a-sing  
Round a saffron-hued hero called PONG, or  
PING-WING?

A ship called *Kow-Shing*, I am sure,  
Can be only a warship *pour rire*.  
And Count YAMAGATA—he *must* be a cure!  
No, no, friends, I very much fear  
That in spite of the pictures, and portraits,  
and maps,  
I can't make live heroes of Johnnies and Japs!





## AN INFORMAL INTRODUCTION.

'Arry (shouting across the street to his "Pal"). "Hi! BILL!  
THIS IS 'ER!"

## POLYCHROME ENGLISH.

A short suburban dialogue, illustrating the deplorable downward spread of the New Colour-descriptiveness, as exemplified in such works as the "Arsenic Buttonhole."

SCENE—Peckham. CHARACTERS—BILL, a Greengrocer. JIM, an Oil and Colour Man.

Jim. 'Ow are yer, BILL? Fine pink morning, yn't it?

Bill. Um, a shyde too migenta for me, mate—'ow's yerself?

Jim. Oh, I'm just gamboge, and the missus, she's bright vermillion. 'Ow's your old Dutch?

Bill. She's a bit off colour. Pussonally, I'm feelin' lemon yaller, hall through a readin' o' this yer Pioneer kid.

Jim. Buck up, mate; you've no call to be yaller, nor a perminent bloo, heither! 'Ow's tryde?

Bill. Nothin' doin'. Wy, I ain't sold an indigo cabbage or a chocolate tater to-day. It's enuff to myke a cove turn blackleg, s'elp me!

Jim. Well, I'm a tyking pupils—leastways, I've a young jossor of a bankclurk come meassin' around my pyntshop, wantin' to know wot sort o' noise raw humber mykes, an' wot's the feel o' rose madder. I gives 'im the tip—'arf a crown a go!

Bill. Well, that is a tyke-down! 'E must be a bloomin' green-horn!

Jim. Yus, a carnation green-horn, you tyke it from me! I've done 'im vandyke brown, I tell yer! I don't think 'e'll hever pynt the tarn red!

Bill. Blymy, you're a knockout! Look 'ere, mate, now you've got the ochre, you'll stand 'arf a quartern at the "Blue Pig," eh?

[Exeunt ambo.]

By an Old Bachelor.

"ARE children humorous?" the *Spectator* asks.

Practical jokers are they, every one of them;

Their laughter my poor tympanum sorely tasks,

But I'll be hanged if I can see the fun of them!

## LETTERS FROM A DÉBUTANTE.

MY DEAR MARJORIE,—You remember CECIL CASHMORE? Of course no theatricals could be a success unless he took the entire management. He is a celebrated private performer, and his name is frequently seen in "Amateur Dramatic Notes," where he is freely compared to COQUELIN, ARTHUR ROBERTS, IRVING, and CHARLES KEAN, in his earlier manner—I mean CHARLES KEANE's earlier manner, not CECIL's. He always greets me with, "Oh, I'm so afraid of you. I believe you're very cross with me"; and his parting words are invariably "Good-bye; I'm coming to see you so soon!" Cissy—everyone calls him Cissy—seems to be a little particular, not to say fidgety.

BABY BEAUMONT heard him say to his valet, "Take away that eau-de-cologne—it's corked." He seems to think himself ill, though he looks blooming; and says he has neurasthenia. He's always going through some "course," or "treatment." One hears him cry to the footman who hands him a forbidden dish, "Good Heavens, my dear man, don't offer me *that*—I'm under JOWLES!"

We wanted to act *The School for Scandal*, but Cissy has persuaded us to get up a burlesque of his own—*Red Riding Hood*. I am to be *Red Riding Hood*!!! I am delighted. I have never acted before; but they say I have only to trip on with a basket. BABY declared he would be a Proud Sister. In vain he was told there were no Proud Sisters in *Red Riding Hood*; he seemed to have set his heart on it so much that Cissy has written one in for him. Now BABY is happy, designing himself a gorgeous frock, and passing hours in front of a looking-glass, trying various patterns against his complexion. All the strength of the piece falls upon Cissy, who plays the *Wolf*, and has given himself any amount of songs and dances, lots of "serious interest," and all the "comic relief." He says it's not an ordinary burlesque, but a mixture of a problem play and a comic opera. Captain MASHINGTON is to play the Mother, so I see a good deal of him. (The LORNE HOPPERS are in Scotland). We had had sixteen rehearsals when LADY TAYMER suddenly horrified us by saying it seemed so much trouble—why not give it up, and if we wanted a little fun, black our faces and pretend to be niggers!! Of course, we would not listen to her. I hear Captain MASHINGTON rehearsing his part every morning, quietly, in the billiard-room. He never can remember the lines

"Good bye, my dear, now mind you're very good,  
And shun the dangers lurking in the wood."

He thinks the mother ought to kiss *Red Riding Hood* before she starts. I think not. We asked Cissy. He says it's optional. . . . Cissy rose with the owl to-day, and said he was not well. A little later he came and told us complacently that he had been looking it up in the Encyclopedia, and found he had "every symptom of acute lead-poisoning." He added that there was nothing to be done.

"I thought there was something wrong with you yesterday," said BABY. "You declined all nourishment between lunch and tea."

"By the way," said Cissy, pretending not to hear, "MASHINGTON really is not quite light enough for the Mother. You should persuade him to go through a course, Miss GLADYS."

"He's just been through a course," I said, "at Hythe."

"My dear lady, I don't mean musketry. He ought to consult CASTLE JONES, the specialist. No soup, no bread, no potatoes—saccharine. What are you allowed?" turning to BABY, who was sitting on a window seat eating *marrons-glacés* out of a paper-bag.

This sight seemed to infuriate our manager. He made a wild dart at BABY, saying, "Oh, look at this; it's fatal, positively fatal!" snatched violently at the bag, secured a chestnut, and calmly walked out of the room eating it and saying it was delicious.

I had just come home from a very nice drive with JACK—I mean Captain MASHINGTON—when I found a letter from ORIEL. He says he is engaged to Miss TOOGOOD. The matter is to be kept a profound secret for the present. . . . He asks me, *for the sake of the past*, to try and get him a stamp of the Straits Settlements, in exchange for a Mauritian. . . . She collects stamps too—it must have been the bond of union. . . . How fickle men are! It's enough to disgust one with human nature. I know I broke it off, but still—

Ever your loving friend, GLADYS.

I wonder if Miss TOOGOOD will have a bangle. I should like to advise her not to have it *rivetted on*. It's such a bother getting them filed off.





MRS. PROWLINA PRY.—“I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE!”

THOUSANDS OF FELLOW-CREATURES FLUNG FROM WORK  
AT THE MERE PEN-STROKE OF A HASTY CENSOR!—  
AN UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE ZEAL MAY SHIRK!  
BUT SENSE MAY NOT, NOR JUSTICE! THEY ARE DENSER

THAN PUNCH IMAGINES, OUR NEW BUMBLE-BAND,  
IF MISTRESS PRY'S DECISION THEY ABIDE BY;  
BUT SHOULD THEY FAIL US, PUNCH THROUGHOUT THE LAND  
WILL WAKE THE PEOPLE PRIDES AND PRIGS ARE TRIED BY!



"BUT OH, IT WAS SUCH AN 'ORRIBLE TAIL!"

### MRS. PROWLINA PRY.

You hope you don't intrude? PROWLINA PRY

You do, you do! In ignorance it may be,  
The rôle of RHADAMANTHUS you would try,  
With scarce the fitness of a bumptious baby.

With folly's headlong haste you would rush in  
Where well-tried wisdom treads with fear and trembling.

Gregarious Silliness would cope with Sin;  
But when geese swarm what comes of such assembling?

Cackle, and cant, and chaos! Needless noise,  
Meddling and mischief and sheer moral muddle!

Reformers must not act like gutter-boys  
Who rake up mud, stir each malodorous puddle.

Life's purlieus are defiled; will it avail  
To grub and rake in reeking slum and by-way.

Until the foul infection loads the gale,  
And pestilence stalks boldly in the high-way?

PROWLINA PRY, your purview is too small;  
Life is not plumbled by microscopic peeping,  
And Nature is too large for nurse's y-thrall.  
The globe is *not* in Mrs. GRUNDY'S keeping.

Clear sense, and not lop-sided sentiment,  
Must front Society's perplexing puzzles;  
Humanity, when roused, has ever rent  
Partington policies of mops and muzzles.

Humanity is a most complex thing,  
Not simple as a gag or feeding-bottle.  
You, lest it stray, would rob it of its wing.  
Lest it feed ill would simply close its throttle.

The Puritanic plan in a new guise!—

A female *Praise-God-Barebones* now would rule us.

We Britons, who have baffled our male *Prys*,  
Are little like to let she-ones befool us.

Unclean! Unclean! 'Twas the old lepers' cry,

You'd silence them and call it—purifying!  
Drive swine possessed of devils from their sty,

And bid them spread infection as they're [flying]  
Did some steep place lead down into the sea

Of dead oblivion and sheer extirpation.  
'Twere well to scourge them thither. What if, free, [nation?]

They carry foul contagion through—a  
Thousands of fellow-creatures flung from work

At the mere pen-stroke of a hasty censor!—  
An unconsidered trifle Zeal may shirk!

But Sense may not, nor Justice! They are denser  
Than *Punch* imagines, our new Bumble-  
If Mistress PRY's decision they abide by;

But *should* they fail us, *Punch* throughout the land  
Will wake the People prudes and prigs are tried by!

Petticoat-government, PROWLINA PRY,  
Of this peculiar sort will scarcely suit us.  
Such cases clear collective sense must try,  
Not a she-DRACO or a lady-BRUTUS.

To sweeten our poor world we all may strive,  
But life's not one long Puritanic Sunday;  
And the great World while manhood is alive,  
Shall not be wholly swayed by Mrs. GRUNDY.

PROWLINA PRY Society's festering ills

Will not be healed by your pragmatic plaster.

Tare-rooting that the growing corn-crop kills  
Was not the plan or counsel of the Master.

You with rash hand would wield the whip of cords

He raised but once in righteous indignation.  
Heed the great lesson that the fact affords,  
And leave our woes to Wisdom's mild purgation.

### TO A VENETIAN POLICEMAN.

[The *guardia municipale* of Venice is now dressed like the London policeman.]

THAT afternoon when first you burst  
Upon my quite bewildered eyes,  
I seemed in London; you are too  
Confusing in that strange disguise.

The very clothes of blue! It's true  
In black kid gloves you are arrayed,  
No truncheon at your side you hide,  
A sword is openly displayed.

That vile black helmet yet you get,  
Most dismal head-dress ever planned.  
In Venice this! Where once doge, dunce,  
Dame, doctor, all were gay and grand.

In that prosaic dress! Oh, bless  
The man, why wear such awful things?  
In Venice long ago, we know,  
The costermongers looked like kings.

Italians love what's new, so you  
Suit buildings all, *de haut en bas*,  
Restored and new—how bad and sad!  
But you're a still worse *novità*.

A peeler pacing here—how queer!  
A copper checking crimes and larks,  
When gleams on lone lagoon the moon!  
A bobby's beat beside St. Mark's!

BY A BIRKENHEAD MAN.—The LEVER, though strong, could not quite lift the Liberal minority into power, but it brought the Conservative majority down to its LEES!

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART XVII.—A BOMB SHELL.

SCENE XXVI.—A Gallery near the Verney Chamber.

TIME—About 10.30 P.M.

*Spurrell (to himself).* I must say it's rather rough luck on that poor devil. I get his dress suit, and all he gets is my booby-trap! (*PHILLIPSON, wearing a holland blouse over her evening toilette, approaches from the other end of the passage; he does not recognise her until the moment of collision.*) EMMA!! It's never you! How do you come to be here?

*Phillipson (to herself).* Then it was my JEM after all! (*Aloud, distantly.*) I'm here in attendance on Lady MAISIE MULL, being her maid. If I was at all curious—which I'm not—I might ask you what you're doing in such a house as this; and in evening dress, if you please!

*Spurr.* I'm in evening dress, EMMA, such as it is (not that I've any right to find fault with it); but I'm in evening dress (*with dignity*) because I've been included in the dinner party here.

*Phill.* You must have been getting on since I knew you. Then you were studying to be a horse-doctor.

*Spurr.* I have got on. I am now a qualified M.R.C.V.S.

*Phill.* And does that qualify you to dine with bishops and countesses and baronets and the gentry, like one of themselves?

*Spurr.* I don't say it does, in itself. It was my *Andromeda* that did the trick, EMMA.

*Phill.* *Andromeda*? They were talking of that downstairs. What's made you take to scribbling, JAMES?

*Spurr.* Scribbling? how do you mean? My handwriting's easy enough to read, as you ought to know very well.

*Phill.* You can't expect me to remember what your writing's like; it's so long since I've seen it!

*Spurr.* Come, I like that! When I wrote twice to say I was sorry we'd fallen out; and never got a word back!

*Phill.* If you'd written to the addresses I gave you abroad—

*Spurr.* Then you *did* write; but none of the letters reached me. I never even knew you'd gone abroad. I wrote to the old place. And so did you, I suppose, not knowing I'd moved my lodgings too, so naturally— But what does it all matter so long as we've met and it's all right between us? Oh, my dear girl, if you only knew how I'd worried myself, thinking you were— Well, all that's over now, isn't it?

[He attempts to embrace her.

*Phill.* (*repulsing him*). Not quite so fast, JAMES. Before I say whether we're to be as we were or not, I want to know a little more about you. You wouldn't be here like this if you hadn't done something to distinguish yourself.

*Spurr.* Well, I don't say I mayn't have got a certain amount of what they call "kudos," owing to *Andromeda*. But what difference does that make?

*Phill.* Tell me, JAMES, is it *you* that's been writing a pink book all over silver outlets?

*Spurr.* Me? Write a book—about outlets—or anything else! EMMA, you don't suppose I've quite come to that! *Andromeda*'s the name of my bull-dog. I took first prize with her; there were portraits of both of us in one of the papers. And the people here were very much taken with the dog, and—and so they asked me to dine with them. That's how it was.

*Phill.* I should have thought, if they asked one of you to dine, it ought to have been the bull-dog.

*Spurr.* Now what's the good of saying extravagant things of that sort? Not that old *Drummy* couldn't be trusted to behave anywhere!

*Phill.* Better than her master, I daresay. I heard of your goings on with some Lady RHODA or other!

*Spurr.* Oh, the girl I sat next to at dinner? Nice chatty sort of girl; seems fond of quadrupeds—

*Phill.* Especially two-legged ones! You see I've been told all about it!

*Spurr.* I assure you I didn't go a step beyond the most ordinary civility. You're not going to be jealous because I promised I'd give her a liniment for one of her dogs, are you?

*Phill.* Liniment! You always were a flirt, JAMES! But I'm not jealous. I've met a very nice-spoken young man while I've been here; he sat next to me at supper, and paid me the most beautiful compliments, and was most polite and attentive—though he hasn't got as far as liniment, at present.

*Spurr.* But, EMMA, you're not going to take up with some other fellow just when we've come together again?

*Phill.* If you call it "coming together," when I'm down in the Housekeeper's Room, and you're up above, carrying on with ladies of title!

*Spurr.* Do you want to drive me frantic? As if I could help being where I am! How could I know you were here?

*Phill.* At all events you know *now*, JAMES. And it's for you to choose between your smart lady-friends and me. If you're fit company for them, you're too grand for one of their maids.

*Spurr.* My dear girl, don't be unreasonable! I'm expected back in the Drawing Room, and I can't throw 'em over now all of a sudden without giving offence. There's the interests of the firm to consider, and it's not for me to take a lower place than I'm given. But it's only for a night or two, and you don't really suppose I wouldn't rather be where you are if I was free to choose—but I'm not, EMMA, that's the worst of it!

*Phill.* Well, go back to the Drawing Room, then; don't keep Lady RHODA waiting for her liniment on my account. I ought to be in my ladies' rooms by this time. Only don't be surprised if, whenever you are free to choose, you find you've come back just too late—that's all! [*She turns to leave him.*]

*Spurr.* (*detaining her*). EMMA, I won't let you go like this! Not before you've told me where I can meet you again here.

*Phill.* There's no place that I know of—except the Housekeeper's Room; and of course you couldn't descend so low as that. . . . JAMES, there's somebody coming! Let go my hand—do you want to lose me my character!

[Steps and voices are heard at the other end of the passage; she frees herself, and escapes.

*Spurr.* (*attempting to follow*). But, EMMA, stop one—She's gone! . . . Confound it, there's

the butler and a page-boy coming! It's no use staying up here any longer. (*To himself, as he goes downstairs.*) It's downright torture—that's what it is! To be tied by the leg in the Drawing-Room, doing the civil to a lot of girls I don't care a blow about; and to know that all the time some blarneying beggar downstairs is doing his best to rob me of my EMMA! Flesh and blood can't stand it; and yet I'm blest if I see any way out of it without offending 'em all round. [*He enters the Chinese Drawing-Room.*]

SCENE XXVII.—The Chinese Drawing Room.

*Miss Spelwoane.* At last, Mr. SPURRELL! We began to think you meant to keep away altogether. Has anybody told you *why* you've been waited for so impatiently?

*Spurr.* (*looking round the circle of chairs apprehensively*). No. Is it family prayers, or what? Er—are they over?

*Miss Spelwo.* No, no; nothing of that. Can't you guess? Mr. SPURRELL, I'm going to be very bold, and ask a great, great favour of you. I don't know why they chose *me* to represent them; I told Lady LULLINGTON I was afraid my entreaties would have no weight; but if you only would—

*Spurr.* (*to himself*). They're at it again! How many more of 'em want a pup! (*Aloud.*) Sorry to be disobliging, but—

*Miss Spelwo.* (*joining her hands in supplication*). Not if I implore



"You might begin with this—such a dear little piece!"

you? Oh, Mr. SPURRELL, I've quite set my heart on hearing you read aloud to us. Are you really cruel enough to refuse?

*Spurr.* Read aloud! Is *that* what you want me to do? But I'm no particular hand at it. I don't know that I've ever read aloud—except a bit out of the paper now and then—since I was a boy at school!

*Lady Canture.* What's that I hear? Mr. SPURRELL professing incapacity to read aloud? Sheer affectation! Come, Mr. SPURRELL, I am much mistaken if you are wanting in the power to thrill all hearts here. Think of us as instruments ready to respond to your touch. Play upon us as you will; but don't be so ungracious as to raise any further obstacles.

*Spurr. (resignedly).* Oh, very well, if I'm required to read, I'm agreeable.

*Lady Cant.* Hush, please, everybody! *(Murmurs of satisfaction.)* Mr. SPURRELL is going to read. My dear Dr. RODNEY, if you *wouldn't* mind just—Lord LUTLINGTON, can you hear where you are? Where are you going to sit, Mr. SPURRELL? In the centre will be best. Will somebody move that lamp a little, so as to give him more light?

*Spurr. (to himself, as he sits down).* I wonder what we're supposed to be playing at! *(Aloud.)* Well, what am I to read, eh?

*Miss Spelw. (placing an open copy of "Andromeda" in his hands with a charming air of deferential dictation).* You might begin with this—such a dear little piece! I'm dying to hear you read it!

*Spurr. (as he takes the book).* I'll do the best I can! *(He looks at the page in dismay.)* Why, look here, it's *Poetry*! I didn't bargain for that. Poetry's altogether out of my line! *(Miss SPELWANE opens her eyes to their fullest extent, and retires a few paces from him: he turns over the leaves backwards until he arrives at the title-page.)* I say, this is rather curious! Who the dickens is CLARION BLAIR? *(The company looks at one another with raised eyebrows and dropped underlips.)* Because I never heard of him; but he seems to have been writing poetry about my bull-dog.

*Miss Spelw. (faintly).* Writing poetry—about your bull-dog!

*Spurr.* Yes, the one you've all been praising up so. If it isn't meant for her, it's what you might call a most surprising coincidence, for here's the old dog's name as plain as it can be—*Andromeda*!

*[Tableau.]*

### "LIVING PICTURES."

THE Downey ones, meaning thereby the photographers W. & D. "of that ilk," have produced some excellent photographic portraits in their fifth series recently published. THE CZAREVICH and The Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., two sporting names well brought

together, and both capital likenesses, though the Baron fancies that THE CZAREVICH has the best of it, for secret and silent as Mr. CHAPLIN is as a politician, yet did he never manage to keep so dark as he is represented in this picture. Here, too, is Mr. CHARLES SANTLEY—"Charles our friend"—looking like a mere boy with "a singing face," where "Nature, smiling, gave the winning grace." Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY, *endimanché*, is too beautiful for words. But the picture of Mrs. BANCROFT, wear-

ing (in addition to a trimmed fur cloak) a wonderful kind of "Fellah! don't-know-yar-fellah!" expression, at once surprised, pained, and hurt, does not at all represent the "little Mrs. B." whom the public knows and loves. "How doth the little busy Mrs. B. delight to bark and bite" might have been under this portrait, and DOWNEY must be more Downey another time, and give us a more characteristic presentment of this lively *comédienne*. The Right Hon. ARTHUR J.

BALFOUR is the best of all. Capital. Just the man: "frosty but kindly." Then there is a first rate portrait of Miss FANNY BROUGH, and after her comes the King of SAXONY!! O ALBERT of Saxony! after Miss FANNY BROUGH!! What'll Queenie CAROLINE say? Perhaps Messrs. DOWNEY, by kind permission of CASSELL & Co., will explain.

BATTLE WITH BACILLI.—Dr. ROUX has been successful against the Diphtheria Bacillus. He can afford to look on at any number of Bacilli and exclaim, "Bah! silly!" Unless he pronounces Latin more *Italiano*, and then he would say "Bah! chilly!" Which would signify that they were lifeless and harmless. "Bravo Roux!"

OUR ALL-ROUND STOCK-EXCHANGERS' COMPANY.

UNPARALLELED PROFITS TO EVERYBODY!

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY PERFORMS IMPOSSIBILITIES!!

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY ARE SQUARE DEALERS!!!

TRY OUR NEW G STOCK.

THE G IS A REGULAR GALLOPER.

THE G CAN CANTER;

BUT THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY CAN'T CANT.

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY ARE SHEKEL-SCOOPERS.

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY must be TRIED at once.

THE SENTENCE will be HARD CASH FOR LIFE WITHOUT ANY LABOUR.

THE G STOCK FOR BREAKFAST.

THE G STOCK FOR BILIOUS HEADACHES.

THE G STOCK FOR BEANFEASTS.

THE NEW G STOCK FOR THE NEW G WO-MAN.

BY OUR COVER SYSTEM we have never yet drawn blank. Surprise profits are made by all Investors who trust us with their balances, so that a swinging amount always stands to their credit. We have never yet received a check. Our Customers come to Order, but they never go to Law. In June, 1893, we received information about Grand Post Defs. and Tympanum Prefs., and a Bull-dozing Operation was decided on. As a consequence we were able to present all Subscribers with a £50 dumb-bell apiece, which has made them strong enough to move a Market.

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY'S PEBBLE-BEECHED POPULAR HOAX DEAL. Everyone should therefore

PLANK DOWN HIS MONEY

and  
THROW HIS SCRUPLES OVER-BOARD.

BY OUR NEW PURCHASE SYSTEM all

COMMISSIONS ARE ABOLISHED.

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY DEALS IN LARGE BLOCKS.

THE ALL ROUND COMPANY BLOCK-HEADS THE LIST.

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY TELLS YOU

HOW TO WATCH A STOCK

and  
HOW TO STRIKE A TIME-BARGAIN.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE G STOCK BUY B STOCK.

THE BUSY B BUZZES!

HUSH A-BUY B STOCK!!

LAST YEAR we recommended all bonneted widows to buy B's. The result is that they now wear poke-bonnets, and own pigs. They are also in clover.

H STOCK FOR EVER!!!

THE H CANNOT DROP.

H STOCK FOR AMPSTEAD!

H STOCK FOR IGHGATE!

H STOCK FOR OLOWAY!

H STOCK FOR HISLINGTON!

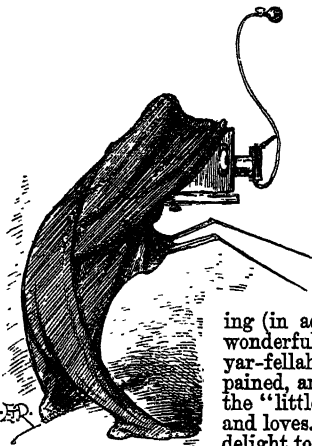
H STOCK FOR THE OUSE!

Customers who deal with THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY  
HAVE NEVER FAILED TWICE.

WE CAN SHOW YOU HOW YOU'RE DONE

ON APPLICATION TO

OUR ALL-ROUND STOCK-EXCHANGERS' COMPANY,  
ENGLAND.



"I'm coming to take you!"





### AWKWARDLY EXPRESSED.

(A Cozy Corner in a Country House.)

Hostess. "THIS IS GOOD OF YOU, MAJOR GREY! WHEN I WROTE I NEVER EXPECTED FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU WOULD COME!"

### "WINDING 'EM UP."

"[If he believed that the majority of the Liberal-Unionist party, or indeed any considerable section of them, held the opinion which was expressed by this writer in the *Times*, he, for one, would at once resign the responsible position which he held, and would claim to take up a more independent position, because he was certain that their efforts would be fruitless, and that they would not succeed in defeating the policy of Home Rule if they were to accept the negative position which had been suggested to them.]—*Mr. Chamberlain at Durham.*]

*Showman Joe soliloquiseeth:—*

WAXWORKS indeed! Hah! I've took over the management of 'em, and I suppose, as *Misther Thleary* said, I must "make the beht of 'em, not the wurtht." But I'm a bit tired of the job—sometimes.

Wish I could feel *Mrs. Jarley's* pride in the whole bag o' tricks! 'Ave to *purtend* to, of course. Can't cry creaky waxworks any more than you can stinking fish. But a more rusty, sluggish, wheezy, wobbly, jerky, uncertain, stick-fast, stodgy, unwillin' lot o' wax figgers I never did— Well, there, it tries a conscience of injy-rubber to crack 'em up and patter of 'em into poppylarity, blowed if it don't!

Kim up, Dook! Dashed if 'e don't look as if 'e fancied hisself the Sleepin' Beauty, and wanted to forty-wink it for another centry. Look at the flabby flop of 'im! Jest as though 'e wouldn't move if 'is nose was a meltin'. Large as life, and twice as nateral? Wy, a kid's Guy Fox on the fifth o' November 'ud give 'im hods, and lick 'is 'ead orf—heasy! Bin a-ileing 'is works this ever so long, and still 'e moves as if 'is wittles wos sand-paper, and 'is drink witrol. Kim up!

As to the Markis, well, 'e's a bit older, but dashed if 'e don't move livelier—when 'e is on the shift. At the present moment 'e, utter confloption is a cycle-sprinter to 'im. As if a pair o' niddity-noddities in "negative" positions was likely to fetch 'em in front in these days! Yah!

Should like to keep the Old Show a-runnin', too,—leastways until I can start a bran-new one of my very own. Won't run to it yet, I'm afraid. Oh, to boss a big booth-full all to myself! I'd show 'em! This Combination Show—old stock-in-trade of one company, and cast-offs from another—ain't the best o' business arter all. But I must keep 'em together as a going concern till I can run a star company of my own choosing. 'Ere, and us that ile-can again! Talk about rust and rickets!

Curting about to be rung up? Then I must get 'em in working horder somehow! 'Ang this Dook! Can't git anythink nateral out of 'im—cept a yawn. That 'e does as like as life. Kim up old

nose-o'-wax and don't nod yerself into nothingness! 'Ow much more ile do yer rusty old innards want to stop their clogging and creaking?

Proprietors beginning to pull long faces at my pace? 'Int that I'll shake the machinery to smithereens by too much haction? Well, I am blowed! Wy, they'd slow down a sick snail, and 'andicap a old tortus, they would! Tell yer wot it is, if they don't give me a free 'and at the crank I shall turn the whole thing up, so there! Some nameless, nidnoddy, negative old crocks 'ave bin a-earwiggig 'em, that's wot's the matter. But I give 'em the straight tip, if they lend a ear to them slow-going stick-in-the-muds, I shall jest resign my resposnerble persition, and take up a hinde-pendent one—jine the Opposition Show, or p'raps start one o' my own, and then where will they be, I wonder?

*Cling-cling!* Curting rising? Well, 'ere goes once more then! (*Winding hard and addressing audience.*) "Ladies and gen'l'men! The Himperial and Royal Grand Unionist Combination Waxworks Show is about to start for the season! Largest and most life-like set o' wax figgers ever exhibited to a hadmiring public! As I wind you will perceive hummistakeable signs of hanimation in 'is Grace the Noble Dook; arter wich, with your kyind permission, I shall take a turn at the Illustrious Markis!!!"

### WHERE ARE YOU GOING, REVOLTING MAID?

(New Song to an Old Tune, for the New Woman.)

[The *Quarterly Review* says that man will not marry the New Woman, which must be the final blow to her ambition.]

"WHERE are you going, Revolting Maid?"

"As far as I may, fair Sir," she said.

"Shall I go with you, Revolting Maid?"

"You may follow—behind me, Sir!" she said.

"What is your object, Revolting Maid?"

"*Emancipation*, Sir!" she said.

"Will you marry, Revolting Maid?"

"Perhaps—on my own terms, Sir!" she said.

"And what may those terms be, Revolting Maid?"

"Absolute Liberty, Sir!" she said.

"Then I shan't wed you, Revolting Maid!"

"Did anyone ask you, Sir?" she said.

TITLE FOR NEW LONDON JAPANESE JOURNAL (WEEKLY).—"The Happy Dispatch," edited by HARI KARI."



“WINDING 'EM UP.”

SHOWMAN JOE. “LADIES AND GEN'L'MEN, 'IS GRACE THE DOCK WILL SHORTLY BEGIN TO SHOW SIGNS OF HANIMATION—HAFTER WHICH, WITH YOUR KIND PERMISSION, I WILL PERCEED TO TAKE A TURN AT THE MARKIS!”



## THE SONG OF THE LEADERS.

WHEN the much-enduring Dockers,  
In the city of the Smoke-Cloud,  
By the banks of the Tems-Ri-Va,  
Struck to gain a larger stipend,  
Lead them on did BURNSIWATHA.

And the ruler of these matters,  
Who is called the Bry-Tish-Pu-Blyck,  
Took the side of dock-gate casuals,  
Of the somewhat lordly stevedore,  
And informed the proud Dy-Reck-Tas  
That they soon must yield to reason;  
Gave its sympathy in gallons,  
Gave its coin to make a strike-fund;  
So the proud Dy-Reck-Tas yielded.

But when many moons had vanished,  
Came the rather wild KEIR-HAR-DI,  
Came TOM-MANN the earnest minded,  
Talked of "Independent Labour,"  
Soundly rated BURNSIWATHA  
And all useful Labour-Members.

Then the strong man, BURNSIWATHA,  
Hurled their language back with interest,  
With the breathing of his nostrils,  
With the tempest of his anger,  
Hurled it back on his assailants.  
Said TOM-MANN was feather-headed,  
Said the rather wild KEIR-HAR-DI  
Was no better than a "bounder."

And the Independent Lab'ers,  
Not to be outdone in scolding,  
Scandalised poor BURNSIWATHA,  
Said they thought him quite conceited,  
Called him "Boss," likewise "Bulldozing."

And the Bry-Tish-Pu-Blyck wondered  
At the manners of these leaders,  
At the Unionists' disunion.  
"Go, my sons," it said, "instantly,  
Go back to your homes and people;  
Slay all ravening labour-sweaters,  
All the Kum-Panies, the giants,  
All the serpents, the Emp-Loias;  
But, for goodness' sake have done with  
Petty piques and jealous slangings;  
Or, next time you ask for coppers  
For the holy cause of Labour,  
You will find these coppers wanting!"



STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

THE CHICK-A-LEARY COCHIN.

## BAYARD AND BOBBY.

OH, ROBERT, in our hours of ease  
Butt of those outworn pleasantries,  
Not less with pride thy praise we hear  
Hymned in another hemisphere,  
When BAYARD, chivalrously graphic,  
Tells how you regulate the traffic.  
Firm as a statue on its plinth  
'Midst the vertiginous labyrinth  
Of circus, street and bridge you stand,  
And rule the storm with calm, un-  
armed hand.

Rarely our soldiers of the law  
Do Themis' awful truncheon draw,  
Their Orphic whistle subdwe can  
All save the crew of HOOLIGAN.  
Though western JONATHAN prefer  
A force not vainly *clavier*,  
Yet BAYARD, taught in English ways,  
That suaver regiment must praise  
That trusts to moral weight and nerve  
And keeps the bludgeon in reserve.  
Stalwart and patient 'midst the strife  
Of all our seething city life,  
When pageants twice or thrice a year  
Throw the whole Empire out of gear,  
Then, stolid symbol of good sense,  
A wonder-worker, *sans* pretence,  
Fulfill'st authority's decrees,  
With thy familiar "Stand back,  
please!"

And rather by that sober charm  
Than by the might of brawny arm,  
The many-headed own thy sway;  
They laugh, they jostle, and obey.  
Worthy thy deeds of loftier rhyme,  
Than topic-song or pantomime.  
Not quite sublime, but on the border,  
Type of our British law and order,  
Thy figure shall be graved upon  
The frieze of some new Parthenon,  
Wherein by glyptic art portray'd  
Reigns the ideal parlour-maid,  
Thy dauntless soul's domestic lure  
Trim, natty, roguish, and demure,  
Waiting the age's unborn LAYARD  
To illustrate the praise of BAYARD.

QUERY IN THE COUNTRY.—New  
agricultural version of an ancient  
cockney slang phrase—"Has your  
farmer sold his mangel?"

ADVICE TO ANY DRAMATIC AUTHOR  
WHO HAS WRITTEN A LENGTHY PIECE.  
—"Cut, and run."

## THE TALE OF A VOTE.

BEDAD, 'twas meself was as plaised as could be  
When they tould me the vote had bin given to me.  
"St. Pathrick," ses Oi, "Oi'm a gentleman too,  
An' Oi'll doine ivry day off a grand Oirish stew."

The words was scarce seen slippin' off of me tongue  
When who but the Colonel comes walkin' along!  
"Begorrah, 'tis callin' he's ather, the bhoy,  
Oi'm a gentleman now wid a vingeance," ses Oi.

The Colonel come in wid an affable air,  
An' he sat down quite natteral-loike in a chair.  
"So, RORY," ses he, "'tis a vote ye've got now?"  
"That's thrue though ye ses it," ses Oi, wid a bow.

"Deloighted!" ses he, "'tis meself that is g'ad,  
For shure ye're disarvin' it, RORY me lad.  
An' how are ye goin' to use it?" ses he,  
"Ye could scarcely do better than give it to me."

Oi stared at the Colonel, amazed wid surprise.  
"What! Give it away, Sorr?—Me vote, Sorr?" Oi cries.  
"D'y'e think that Oi've waited ontill Oi am gray,  
An' now Oi'm jist goin' to give it away?"

The Colonel he chuckled, an "RORY," ses he,  
But "No, Sorr," Oi answers, "ye don't diddle me."

Thin he hum'd an' he haw'd, an' he started agin,  
But he'd met wid his equal in RORY O'FLYNN.

Thin the smoile died away, an' a frown come instead,  
But for all that he tould me, Oi jist shook me head,  
An' he gnawed his moustache, an' he cursed an' he swore,  
But the more that he argued, Oi shook it the more.

Thin he called me a dolt an' an ignorant fool,  
An' he said that Oi ought to go back to the school,  
An' he flew in a rage an' wint black in the face,  
An' he flung in a hullabaloo from the place.

Bedad, Oi was startled. Him beggin' me vote,  
An' he'd three of his own too!—The gradiness o't!  
Ye could scarcely belave it unless it was thrue,  
An' him sittin' oop for a gentleman too!

Was it betther he thought he could use it than Oi?  
Begorrah, Oi'll show he's mistaken, me bhoy.  
Oi'll hang it oop over me mantlepae shelf,  
For now that Oi've got it, Oi'll kape it meself.

THE ZUYDER ZEE.—"Wha' be the Zider Zee?" repeated a  
Devonian farmer. "Why, I always thought as the Zee of Exeter  
were the Zider Zee. Ain't it pratty well in the middle o' Zider  
Country?"



### IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. I.—PROPOSED HAIR-DRESSING ROOM.

"A series of alterations has, during the recess, been in active progress within the Houses of Parliament," &c. . . . "Space will be set apart to provide dressing-room accommodation and a hair-dressing saloon."—*Times*, *Wednesday, October 17*.



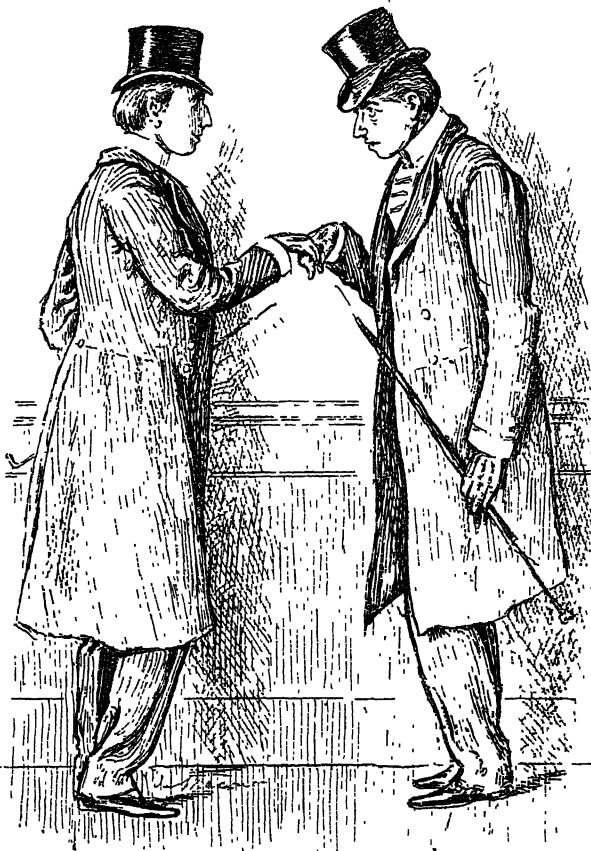
MAYENNAISE VERSUS  
MAYONNAISE.

(Vide last Number of "Punch.")

DEAR *Punch*, your praise  
Of Mayonnaise  
Is certainly most telling:  
But don't it seem  
That such a theme  
Deserves the proper spelling?  
I sometimes look  
At a cookery book  
By A. DUMAS, the younger;  
And find he says  
That Mayennaise  
(A certain cure for hunger)  
Should be spelt so;  
Not with an o,  
But like Mayenne, that city,  
Whose siege's fame  
Supplied the name  
Mis-spelt now; more 's the pity  
Maybe D's right,  
Although it might  
Be just a yarn he's telling.  
So hope your bard  
Won't be too hard  
And simply "D" my spelling.

'TOTHER WAY ABOUT.—Mr. LE GALLIENNE says, epigrammatically, that "Beauty is the smile on the face of Power." Humph! Gallant Mr. *Punch* prefers to put it the other way, and say "Power is the smile on the face of Beauty!" Surely that is equally true. But it's a poor rule (or paradox) that won't work both ways.

MOTTO MOST PRACTICAL FOR ALL WHO ARE COMPELLED TO TRAVEL CONSTANTLY IN OUR METROPOLITAN PUBLIC CONVEYANCES.—"In Omnibus Caritas."



## OUR DECADENTS.

*Algy.* "WHAT'S THE MATTER, ARCHIE? YOU'RE NOT LOOKING WELL!"

*Archie.* "YOU WOULDN'T LOOK WELL, IF YOU'D BEEN SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA EVERY AFTERNOON FOR A WEEK!"

VERSE AND CHORAL  
SUMMING-UP

[Of a recently protracted discussion in the *Times* on "Anglican Orders," set to the air of what was once upon a time a popular song, entitled *Billy Barlow*.]

OF my re-appearance,  
My friends, don't complain,  
I've turned up before,  
I shall turn up again!  
We are where we were  
When we started, and so  
For awhile bid good-bye  
To your WILLIAM BARLOW.  
O dear! Lackaday oh!  
What a puzzling old party  
was  
Bishop BARLOW!

Two "General"  
Favourites.

THE one, Sir BOB REID, Q.C., M.P., "to be Attorney-General"; the other, FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., "to be Solicitor-General." REID and Right. Commercial value, one "Bob" and a "Frank," i.e. One-and-twopence the pair.

FUTURE FAME.—Mr. T. E. ELLIS, M.P., "speaking at Colwyn Bay" (unkind of him, this, for what has Colwyn Bay done to him? Why not address Colwyn Bay personally instead of "speaking at" C. B.), spoke at the same time "at" the House of Lords. "Were the wishes of the people to be continually thwarted by an hereditary and irresponsible Chamber?" That's the style! Twopence coloured. Henceforth Mr. T. E. ELLIS, from being Nobody in particular, will now be known as "Somebody ELLIS."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Now that," quoth the Baron emphatically, as he deposed *My Lady Rotha* in favour of the next novelty, whatever it might be, "that is a romance after my own heart. Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN, author of *A Gentleman of France* and *Under the Red Robe*, has not as yet,



"He saw the greatest quail before him."

romancers, it may be safely said that, from Chapter XXVI. to Chapter XXIX. inclusive, the situations are as exciting as any ever invented by RIDER HAGGARD, LOUIS B. STEPHENSON, or JULES VERNE; "which" the Baron freely admits, "is saying a good deal,—*Treasure Island* always excepted."

The Baron anticipates "Next please," with pleasure, but at the same time he would draw the attention of the prolific author to the ancient proverb "*festina lente*," which is not at variance with his exclaiming "On! STANLEY (WEYMAN) on!" and these are "the last words" (for the present on *this* subject) of the

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## POSSIBLE DEVELOPMENTS.

[On hearing that an Archdeacon had withdrawn from the School-Board Controversy because he found himself opposed to his Bishop.]

THE Archdeacon is "sorry he spoke." Not that he has changed his opinion—oh dear no! far from that. But the Bishop thinks otherwise, so the Archdeacon retires as gracefully as may be from the controversy. He is, he explains, as it were, the Bishop's "oculus"—the man to whom the Bishop can proudly point, and say "All my eye!" This theory of subordination of thought to one's superior highly suggestive. For instance, who will be surprised to read the following highly authentic document, now made public for the first time.

To the Editor of the *Once a-Month Review*.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to my article "Is Horse-racing Justifiable?" I desire to make known that while I still strongly adhere to my views therein expressed as to the wickedness of the turf, I shall, for the reason I am about to mention, take no further active part in the controversy. I find that the PRIME MINISTER is the owner of some racehorses (a fact previously unknown to me), and as I am his "dextera," if it is not presumptuous to say so, it would clearly be unbecoming on my part to take up any antagonistic position. However much I may regret having to take this course, I am sure you will agree with me that it is the only one which is open to me.  
Yours faithfully, W-LL-AM V-RN-N H-RC-URT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Last Sunday evening I fully intended going to church. I put on my most attractive bonnet, and an absolutely bewitching jacket, when I discovered that JIM (he's my husband, you know) did not intend to go out. As I had read a little while before the new archidiaconal theory of obedience, that of course prevented my going out. Clearly as I am JIM's "better-half" I couldn't go anywhere that he didn't go. Please, Mr. *Punch*, was I right? Or can it be that the archdeacon was wrong?

Yours very perplexed,

ETHEL DINMERE.

## A PHALSE NOTE ON GEORGE THE FOURTH.

(A Brown Study in a Yellow Book.)

NAY, but it is useless to protest. Much bosh and bauble-tit and pop-limbo has been talked about GEORGE THE FOURTH. THACKERAY denounced him in his charming style (we never find THACKERAY searching for the *mot juste* as for a wisp of hay in a packet of



By Mortarthurio Whiskersley.

needles), but in verideed he was not sufficiently merciful to the last gentleman in Europe. We must not judge a prince too harshly. How many temptations he had with all the wits and flutterpates and malaperts gyring and gimbling round him! GEORGE was a sportsman. He would spend the morning with his valet (who was a hero to him), assuming gorgeous apparel, and tricking himself, with brush and pigment, into more charm. He was implected with a passion for the pleasures of the wardrobe, and had a Royal memory for old coats. Then he would saunter into WHITE's for ale and tittle-tattle, and drive a friend into the country, stopping on the way for *curtesy* visits at the taverns; I mean, swearing if the ale was not good. He had his troubles. Queen CAROLINE was a mimsy, out-moded woman, a sly serio, who gadded hither and thither shrieking for the unbecoming. Mrs. PHOX ensorcelled GEORGE with her beautiful, silly phace, shadowed with vermeil tint and trimly pencilled. There was no discernment between her soul and surface; she was mere, *insouciant*, with a rare dulcedo.

GEORGE collected locks of hair and what not, and what *not*. He gave in his bright flamboyance a passing renaissance to Society. But the Victorian era came soon, and angels rushed in where fools had not feared to tread, and hung the land with reps, and drove Artifice phorth, and set MARTIN TUPPER on a throne of mahogany to rule over them.

In the tangled accrescency of GEORGE's degradingolade—in fact when he was dyeing—he thought he had led the charge of Waterloo! Tristfully he would describe the scene, referring to the Duke of WELLINGTON for corroboration. An unfortunate slip, for it is

well known the old soldier was never there himself.

It is brillig, and from my window at the Métropole, Brighton, I see the trite lawns and cheeky minarets of the Pavilion. I can see the rooms crusted with ormolu, the fauns foisted on the ceiling, the ripping rident goddesses on the walls. Once I phanced I saw a swaying phigure, and a wine-red phace. . . .

P.S.—I like to phancy the watchful evil phaces of my Criticks as they read this article. Phair men, but infelix, they will lavish their anger in epigramme. Not that I care a little tittle about adverse remarks kicked from a gutter into a garret! But! But let them not outgripe too soon, but rather dance and be glad, and trip the cockawhoop. For! For, slithy toves as they are, they will read it with tears and desiderium, unless I do as did ARTEMUS of shameful memory, and in jolliness and glad indulgence whisper to them—  
THIS IS A GOAK!

## THE LAY OF THE VIGILANT.

I'VE a natural eye for evil,  
And folly I love to shoot,  
And to prod for a latent weevil  
In the wholesomest-looking root.

My ipse dixit must always fix it—  
The song, the dance, the cup;  
And my back gets stiffer the more you differ  
From the standard that I set up.

I went to the "halls" crusading,  
And I found what I meant to find.  
I had said they were all degrading,  
And I never alter my mind.

In virtue strong I gazed at the throng  
Of smoking chatters and grinners;  
With a righteous frown my soul looked down  
On the publicans and the sinners.

Loftily, proudly, lonely  
I bore what I had to bear,  
For I knew that I was the only  
Respectable Person there!

That the others were not respectable  
Was easy and plain to see,  
For they frankly found delectable  
What didn't appeal to me.

Yet none of the revellers stonily,  
Or scornfully seem'd to stare,  
They took no note of the only  
Respectable Person there.

My vigilant virtue perchance may hurt you  
By putting constructions worse on  
The pose or picture that draws no strictures  
From the non-respectable person.

But my earliest vigilance waked  
To look askance at the nude,  
As another name for naked,  
And therefore distinctly rude.

From an icy peak of stupendous cheek  
On an alien world I glare,  
And never feel lonely, although I'm the only  
Respectable Person there!

WONDERFUL FEAT OF STRENGTH.—The strong man supporting four men on a chair is nothing in comparison with an *entire train* "held up" by four men! This was reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette* last Saturday as having occurred to a "Texas Pacific train." The armed robbers went off with 20,000 dollars. Nice "Pacific" train to travel by!

HEIRLOOMS.—Mr. Punch congratulates Mr. and Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE, and their Olive Branch little Miss TREE, on the valuable *souvenirs* of their Balmoral performance presented them by HER MAJESTY, which, from all others, will distinguish this particular "Family TREE."

## MORBIDEZZA.

MORBID fleshliness is mark  
Of the modern (sham) Art-lover.  
Vulgar seems the soaring lark,  
Music (and meat) are in the plover.  
Painters once made pink the flesh  
Of their Titianesque creations;  
Caught in Sham's sepulchral mesh  
Art now raves of *Green Carnations*!

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

At Lugano.—Geographically this seems to be Italy. But people remind one always of the artificial frontier which makes it Switzerland. What's that matter?

Get up early. Ha! there it is. Cloudless sky! And such a blue! Ultramarine at a guinea the thimbleful. Hurry down to enjoy its beauty as long as possible. Fortunate I did so, for by ten o'clock it has all vanished. Go up a hill. View from top would be fairly clear for Helvellyn. But for Italy! Amiable and chatty Italian reminds me that I am not in Italy. Ah, of course not. Will get there as soon as I can. Meanwhile mope in hotel, for it is now raining steadily. Not a magnificent mountain downpour, with thunder and lightning, howling of wind, crashing of elements, alarms and excursions, and that sort of thing; only a quiet, steady rain, which would be disliked even in Ambleside. But in Ambleside there would be a fire. Here I sit in a draughty, chilly corridor, with some melancholy Germans, all of us wearing overcoats indoors. They remind me that I am not in Italy. Anyone could see that.

At Paltanza.—Here on Lago Maggiore there must really be the ROWBOTHAM effects. My room looks over the lake. "*La vista è bellissima*," says the waiter in the evening. Hooray! Now to forget the gloom of Switzerland and England. Wake early. Misty morning. Good sign of fine weather probably. Into bed again. Wake again. Only half-past seven. Still misty. Into bed again. Wake once more. Still misty. Evidently quite early. Hullo! still half-past seven. Watch stopped. Ring. "*Sì, Signore*," says the chambermaid, in the mixed dialect which she has invented for foreigners, "*il est dieci heures*." Ten! By Jove! With that fog? She assures me it will clear away, "*se non oggi, domani*." *Bellissima vista* looks exactly like Derwentwater in rain. Grey water, grey sky, grey mountains, wreathed in grey mist. It does not clear to-day, so it may to-morrow.

Next day even worse. Fog greyer, and rain with it. Mud everywhere. Notice a practical German tourist with three umbrellas strapped on his knapsack. Wise man! He knows this climate, and also the advantage of a change of clothes, or of umbrellas. So useful to have a morning umbrella, an afternoon umbrella, and a sort of evening-dress umbrella to bring down to the *table d'hôte*. When tired of gazing at the mist, I read a three days old *Times*, preserved in the reading-room. Hullo! what is that sound? A piano-organ! Heavens! To think that I should have travelled hundreds of miles from London to hear the grinding of an organ while I read the *Times* in a fog! Why, in Kensington Gardens I could have done as much. A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST.



## PUNCH TO THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

LAW is not Pan; but "BOB" 's a man,  
To make us sure indeed.  
Themis will play airs bright and gay,  
Armed with this "vocal RED"!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



"Now I'm furnished," hummed the Baron. "Now I'm furnished"—with several books for my journey, and—"Tickets, please," broke in the inspector. "Just when I was comfortable," growled the Baron; "but no matter. And now for the *Pen and Pencil Sketches*."

The father of Mr. STACY MARKS predestined him for the coach-building business. Providence, interposing, made him a painter, and the gaiety of nations has been increased by the possession of some storks. In *Pen and Pencil Sketches* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) he has given the world some reminiscences of a career justly crowned by the laurels of the Royal Academy. The work is in two volumes, and my Baronite says would have been more than twice as good had it been in one. The first volume is charming, with its chat about LEIGH's studio and the men met there; of CHARLES KEENE and the delightful cruise off Gravesend in the *William and Mary*; of merry days with the St. John's Wood clique; of nights at ARTHUR LEWIS's; and of days with FRED WALKER. When the flood of memory runs dry, and there still remains a second volume to be produced, Mr. MARKS grows desperate, and shovels in anything he finds handy in the pigeon-holes of his desk. Thus the pleased reader finds reprinted articles that appeared in the *Spectator* thirty years ago, when Mr. MARKS was art critic to that respectable journal. Also there is a description of BAMPTON, which once thrilled the readers of the *Tiverton Gazette*. This gives to the second volume something of the smell of an apple store-room. But the first is good enough to atone for the burden of the second. By a happy coincidence, whilst Mr. DU MAURIER in *Trilby* has made all the world in love with *Little Billee*, he appears under his own name in many of Mr. MARKS' pages, and is always the same charming, simple-minded, sensitive man of genius. It is pleasant to read how our Mr. AGNEW—"WILLIAM" the wise call him—gave the young painter his first substantial lift. WALKER had painted a picture he called "*Spring*," a young girl gathering primroses in a wood. Yielding to the advice of his friends, he put on it a price the amount of which abashed him. Mr. AGNEW saw the picture, recognised its merit, and wrote a cheque for the full amount asked. When the young artist heard of his good fortune he burst into tears, and gasping out "I must go and tell my mother," rushed from the place. Of the original sketches with which the volumes are enriched are some pen-and-ink drawings by FRED WALKER, which reveal in a new light the painter of "*The Almshouse*." Amongst many good stories, Mr. MARKS tells how he was addressed by a clergyman, who, believing from his name that he was a Jew, invited him to look in at his church and be converted.



"Little Billee."

and tell my mother," rushed from the place. Of the original sketches with which the volumes are enriched are some pen-and-ink drawings by FRED WALKER, which reveal in a new light the painter of "*The Almshouse*." Amongst many good stories, Mr. MARKS tells how he was addressed by a clergyman, who, believing from his name that he was a Jew, invited him to look in at his church and be converted.

"MARCO's" reply conclusively proved his possession of a Christian spirit.

SINCE SAMUEL WARREN wrote his *Diary of a Late Physician*,—to which, as the Baron supposes, allusion is made in p. 200 of this book, where the narrator says, "Thus it happens that the ablest chronicler of their (i.e. medical men's) experiences in our literature was a lawyer,"—no more interesting, and occasionally sensational, stories have appeared than those written by Mr. CONAN DOYLE, and published by METHUEN & Co. in a single volume, under the title of *Round the Red Lamp*. One of these, *A Straggler of '15*, has been recently developed into a one act dramatic sketch for Mr. IRVING, who, in the part of the ancient veteran "lagging superfluous," is reported to have achieved a remarkable success. For pathos, *A Physiologist's Wife* is as perfect in style as it is original in design; of those who want to take something strong before going to bed, the Baron can confidently recommend *The Case of Lady Sanno*; while for those of the inferior sex whom Providence has blessed with nerves, the Baron prescribes to be taken, the last thing at night, with a favourite pipe and a tumbler of the reader's special "wanity," the story of *Lot No. 249*; "lights full up," as the stage directions say, the door locked, and the room previously searched, in order to be quite sure that no practical joker is in hiding behind screen, curtains, or under table, who might think it humorous to pop out when you are deep in the story, and "give you fits."

In the *Yellow Book*, No. 3, let me praise Mr. DOWSON's "*Apple Blossoms in Brittany*"; a charming unfinished picture. You must guess what the fruit may possibly be from the blossom. Also very good is HENRY HARLAND'S "*When I am a King*."



"A Late Physician."

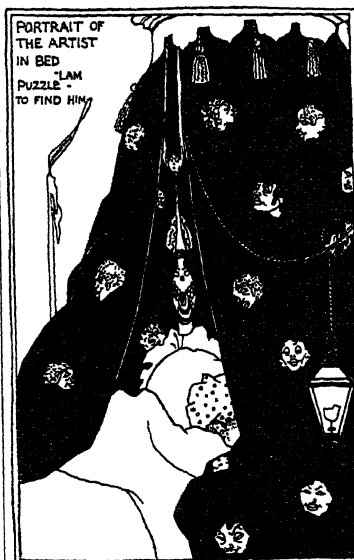


"Reading Lot No. 249."

## AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

V.—LILITH LIBIFERA.

(After Rossetti.)



UNDER a canopy dark-hued as—well,  
Consult the Bilious Book, page 51—  
Lies pallid WHISKERSLEY's presentment, done  
By WHISKERSLEY's own weird unearthly spell.  
His is that Lady known as JEZEABEL  
Or LILITH, Eden's woman-scorpion,  
LIBIFERA, that is, that takes the bun,  
BORGIA, VIVIEN, Cussed Damosel.

Hers are the bulging lips that fairly break  
The pumpkin's heart; and hers the eyes that shame  
The wanton ape that culls the cocoa-nuts.  
Even such the yellow-bellied toads that slake  
Nocturnally their amorous-ardent flame  
In the wan waste of weary water-butts.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL HIBERNIAN-IBERIAN MEDDLE AND MUDDLE.—Lord HALIFAX writes to the Cardinal Archbishop of TOLEDO to protest against the appointment of an Anglo-Iberian bishop to Spain made by the Archbishop of DUBLIN & Co.; and his English Eminence Cardinal VAUGHAN writes to Spanish Eminence to protest against the protest of Lord HALIFAX. Of which the sum is that all the parties to the case are evidently, for the time being, Protestants!

### ORIGIN OF THE BLUSH-ROSE.

I ASKED the Queen of Flowers  
Why the blush-rose blushed so red,  
Through the sun-rays and the showers,  
And so bowed its modest head.  
And fair Flora whispered  
"Hush!  
It would hurt the rose to hear!—  
The beginning of that blush  
Was not love, or shame, or fear.  
All the pretty fairy fancies [song,  
That you find in poet's  
And encounter in romances,  
Are entirely false and wrong.  
That flush so fair and fleeting  
Means not passion, pride or pity;  
But hot memories of the meeting  
Of a Vigilance Committee!"

MRS. CHANT-I-CLEAR THE MUSIC HALLS.—So the verdict of the L. C. C. was against the Empire. This, of course, does not prove that the Members of the Council are amenable to *Chantage*. On this occasion Mrs. CHANT made them sing to her tune. But the tune will not be popular.

A CRUEL POET.—Father Time is the offender when he begins to write lines on your face.



### "ADVICE GRATIS."

Betsy Trotwood (Mrs. London City) to Mr. Dick (Mr. H-w-s). "NOW HERE YOU SEE SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S CHILD, AND THE QUESTION I PUT TO YOU IS, WHAT SHALL I DO WITH HIM? COME, I WANT SOME VERY SOUND ADVICE."

THE CONTEMPLATION OF OLD ST. PAUL'S SEEMED TO INSPIRE HIM WITH A SUDDEN IDEA, AND HE REPLIED BRISKLY, "I SHOULD WASH HIM!"

"MR. H-W-S," SAID MRS. LONDON CITY, "SETS US ALL RIGHT. WE'LL FILL THE FIRE-ENGINE WITH SOAP-AND-WATER!"—"David Copperfield," adapted.

### A HOPELESS QUEST.

MY mind a perfect blank  
I've made,  
Upon a disc I've fixed  
my eyes.  
I hoped, by mesmerism's aid,  
To probe stupendous mysteries.  
Hour after hour in solitude  
I thus have spent, but,  
to be frank,  
There was no magic trance  
ensued.  
My mind remained a perfect blank.  
To séances if I repair,  
"A hostile influence"  
they detect.  
The spirits, of my presence  
ware,  
Their customary rites  
neglect.  
A few faint raps, and they  
have flown,  
With all their perfumes,  
notes, and flowers.  
The mediums on my entrance  
frown—  
I am not blest with occult powers!

PERFECT.—The *Daily Telegraph*, in a short notice of a present made to a Mr. OSLER for assisting the police, mentions the unavoidable absence on this interesting occasion of "Chief Inspector BELTON,"—which is a good name suggestive of staff attached to "belt on,"—and of "Mr. Superintendent FERRÉTT"—than which no better name was ever found, out of a burlesque novel, for a clever detective.

### TWO WAYS OF AUDITING.

#### I.—THE OLD WAY.

SCENE.—A Chamber in a Civic Building. The Town Clerk and the Auditor discovered at a table covered with papers.

Clerk. Then I believe that you are entirely satisfied with the accounts?

Auditor. Oh, perfectly. (After a pause.) There is one item I wanted to ask about—I've no doubt you'll be able to explain it satisfactorily—it's this "£25 for ginger-beer to the Mayor and Council on the occasion of opening the new Cemetery." Does not—er—that sum represent a rather large number of bottles?

Clerk (in an off-hand way). Well, we put down ginger-beer, you know, as it looks better, and there's a rather strong temperance party in the borough. Of course, it was really champagne—"extra sec," too, you bet!

Auditor. Oh, of course. I merely mentioned the matter for the sake of form. And the "£15 for cigars"—that was an expenditure incurred at the same time, I conclude?

Clerk (carelessly). Oh, yes. Y'see, one of the Councillors is the leading tobacconist in the place.

Auditor (relieved). Ah, that accounts for it. Then these "models of the Crematorium in gold and jewels, as brooches for the wives of the Councillors"—I see they come to £105 in all.

Clerk (sternly). You don't object to the brooches, I presume?

Auditor (anxiously). Oh, not at all. Not in the least. A most—er—praiseworthy method of spending the ratepayers' money.

Clerk. Quite so. Our Mayor's our leading jeweller, you know. So, as you've put "Examined and Approved," shall we go in to lunch? For a "cold collation on the occasion of the audit" our Council always allows £10. It'll be rather a good feed.

[Exeunt into banqueting apartment.]

#### II.—THE NEW WAY.

Auditor. Oh, what larks!

[Subsides into a chair, and takes two minutes to recover from his fit of merriment.]

Clerk (surprised). I really fail to see where the joke comes in.

Auditor. Oh, don't you know? I'm one of the new class of comic auditors—"made in Manchester." What tickles me is this item of £17 for gold match-boxes for lighting the cigars of the Mayor and Aldermen on the occasion of the visit to the Sewage Farm. There's persiflage, if you like!

Clerk (smiling). I'm glad you take so humorous a view of the matter. Of course you allow that expenditure?

Auditor. Allow it! Not for worlds. Then—(with difficulty restraining another outburst of mirth)—how about "£27 for oysters and Chablis" after the visit?

Clerk. The Council naturally required some refreshment at the end of the journey—quite a quarter of a mile, in their own carriages—and oysters were rather dear just then—a little out of season.

Auditor (after a guffaw). Capital! "Out of season"—out of reason, too, I should say. Of course I must surcharge the oysters and Chablis. Really, I'm enjoying myself immensely!

Clerk (gloomily). I hope the Council will feel equal enjoyment at your report. Do you mean seriously—

Auditor. Seriously! Not a bit of it. I tell you I'm a comic character. And what better practical joke can one play than suddenly to come down on public officials with an audit disallowing all their little personal luxuries? Afraid I must strike out these items of "Visits to Olympia by Corporation to inspect the lighting arrangements," and "Ditto at Empire and Alhambra Theatres." No doubt the Aldermen will be glad to pay for them themselves. Now I think the business is finished. Lunch? No, thanks. A screaming joke like this is lunch enough for me.

[Crams handkerchief in mouth, and exit.]

CANT v. CANT.

If "want of decency is want of sense,"  
So want of sense may very likely lead  
To want of decency. The poor pretence  
Of interested vice sense will not heed.  
A satyr's satire is but sorry stuff;  
Anti-Cant's canting is most sickening fudge.  
Belial, who backs his trade with bounce and bluff,  
Wins not a case where wisdom is the judge.  
Protests against the prying of the prude  
Are not to help the profitably lewd.

THE POLITE GUIDE TO THE CIVIL SERVICE.

(By an Affable Philosopher and Courteous Friend.)

HOW TO ENTER THE CIVIL SERVICE.

IN the good old days of yore there was little trouble in obtaining admission to the Civil Service. All that was necessary was a slight knowledge of a Cabinet Minister, and a smattering of schooling. The latter might be obtained at Eton, Winchester, Rugby, Westminster, or Harrow. The acquaintance of the Minister, of course, had to be made by your father. You were too young to have attracted the attention of so important a personage. Suppose you had reached the mature age of eighteen, and had given up the round jackets and collars of boyhood, and had assumed "stick-ups" and "cutaways," your father would probably ask you "What you intended to do next?"

"No, my dear fellow," would be the paternal reply to a suggestion about Trinity or Christ Church. "I am afraid I can't manage either. You see, your two elder brothers went to the University, but then we could find *them* family livings. It would be useless to let you read for the Bar, because we haven't any of us married into a single firm of Solicitors; and in these hard times I really can't afford to buy you a commission."

You would notice *sotto voce* that when ways and means were being discussed, times were always hard.

"I suppose you could be a doctor if you pleased; but walking the hospitals is not a particularly pleasant occupation. Then there is another opening—why not try the Civil Service?"

You would rather freshen up at this. You would have read in a comic paper, that never will be nameless, that Government clerks were like the fountains in Trafalgar Square (old style), "because they played from ten to four."

"Well, yes," you would return. "I don't think I should mind that so much. It would be rather fun to go to Paris as an *attaché*."

"I'm afraid I couldn't quite manage that, my dear boy," your fond parent would respond. "They don't pay *attachés* at first, and so you would have to be satisfied with the War Office or the Admiralty instead of the Foreign Office."

"All right, Pater," you would say, and leave the matter in the hands of the elder generation.

Then your father would write to any Cabinet Minister of his acquaintance about things in general and nothing in particular, and would add a "P.S." asking for a nomination. In due course a reply would come granting the sweet boon. A test examination would follow of a perfunctory character, and an intimation of your appointment would be the sequel. Then you would take up your daily residence in Pall Mall or Whitehall for twenty or thirty years and then retire as a Knight or a C.B. Thus was done in the comparatively long ago. But now-a-days another plan has to be adopted.

Instead of entering the Civil Service as a junior join it as a senior. As a preliminary you must get into the House. This is simpler than having to cram and then stand the racket of a competitive examination. Any one under certain conditions can enter Parliament, but the Civil Service Commissioners bar the entrance to the Government offices with equally certain regulations. For the sake of argument let me assume that you are in the House. You have stood for Slocum-on-the-Marsh, and have persuaded the Slocum-on-the-Marshers to elect you. As an M.P. you are duly qualified to accept any appointment under the Crown when the Government ask you. The best plan is to think of an office and then add one to it—yourself.

"Why not the Public Squander Department?" you ask yourself. To which you reply with a second question, "Why not?"

Yes, the P. S. D. is not half bad. But how to get into it. Well, why not take up Milestones? All the world knows that the Public Squander Department are responsible for all the Milestones not under the superintendence of the county authorities. Go for the Milestones.

Begin with a question. Learn that the Milestones in the Old Bath Road are in many cases illegible. Request the Secretary of



A REALIST IN FICTION.

"I SAW A RABBIT RUN THROUGH THAT HEDGE!"

"NO, DEAR. IT WAS IMAGINATION!"

"ARE IMAGINATIONS WHITE BEHIND?"

the Public Squander Department to inform you when the inscription of such and such a Milestone was last restored? The official will fence the query. Probably his Private Secretary, considering you a new man, will have failed to furnish the necessary information. You must expect a little retardation at the first set-off.

And here let me point out for your future guidance the importance of having a private secretary thoroughly up to his work. Had your answer been possessed of the proper sort of assistant you would have been discovered, respectfully button-holed, and perforce satisfied. You would never have had the heart to put your question about the Milestones. But the particular Private Secretary of your answerer being *not* up to his work you get snubbed.

But don't be discouraged; stick to your Milestones.

Bombard "the Right Hon. Gentleman opposite" with questions. Ask him for particulars about the Milestones in the Old Kent Road and on Salisbury Plain. If he requests notice, give him notice. By degrees you will find that you are becoming an institution. Milestones are your specialty. When the House is sitting demand particulars. When the House is up, write to the papers. Move for returns about Milestones. Go down to Slocum-on-the-Marsh and read papers on Milestones. If possible, be made a F.S.A. on the strength of your knowledge of Milestones. So identify yourself with Milestones that when your name is casually mentioned anywhere, let it be common form for some one to say, "Of course, the chap who looks after the Milestones."

Wait patiently until your side move over from the Opposition to the Government benches. Then will come your opportunity. You will have sat upon a Milestone Commission. You have been very instrumental in getting Milestones polished. You have caused Milestones to be multiplied. All these services must be recognised. And they will.

You will find yourself offered the Secretaryship of the Public Squander Department—to take care of the Milestones. Accept it. You will now have become a Civil Servant. On some future occasion I may suggest how you may successfully perform your duties in your new position.

DEFINITION.—A London Square is the Paradise of Perambulators.



## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART XVIII.—THE LAST STRAW.

SCENE XXVII. (continued).—*The Chinese Drawing Room.* SPURRELL'S ingenious remark upon the coincidence of the title of the volume in his hand with the name of his bull-dog has produced a painful silence, which no one has sufficient presence of mind to break for several seconds.

Miss Spelwaane (to herself). Not CLARION BLAIR! Not even a poet! I—I could slap him!

Pulliner (to himself). Poor dear VIVIEN! But if people will insist on patting a strange poet, they mustn't be surprised if they get a nasty bite!

Lady Maisie (to herself). He didn't write *Andromeda*! Then he hasn't got my letter after all! And I've been such a brute to the poor dear man! How lucky I said nothing about it to GERALD!

Captain Thicknesse (to himself). So he ain't the bard!... Now I see why MAISIE'S been behavin' so oddly all the evenin'; she spotted him, and didn't like to speak out. Tried to give me a hint, though. Well, I shall stay out my leave now!

Lady Rhoda (to herself). I thought all along he seemed too good a sort for a poet!

Archie (to himself). It's all very well; but how about that skit he went up to write on us? He must be a poet of sorts.

Mrs. Brooke-Chatteris (to herself). This is fearfully puzzling. What made him say that about "Lady Grisoline"?

The Bishop (to himself). A crushing blow for the Countess; but not unsalutary. I am distinctly conscious of feeling more kindly disposed to that young man. Now why? [He ponders.]

Lady Lullington (to herself). I thought this young man was going to read us some of his poetry; it's too tiresome of him to stop to tell us about his bull-dog. As if anybody cared what he called it!

Lord Lullington (to himself). Uncommonly awkward, this! If I could catch LAURA'S eye—but I suppose it would hardly be decent to go just yet.

Lady Culverin (to herself). Can ROHESIA have known this? What possible object could she have had in—And oh, dear, how disgusted RUPERT will be!

Sir Rupert (to himself). Seems a decent young chap enough! Too bad of ROHESIA to let him in for this. I don't care a straw what he is—he's none the worse for not being a poet.

Lady Cantire (to herself). What is he maundering about? It's utterly inconceivable that I should have made any mistake. It's only too clear what the cause is—Claret!

Spurrell (aloud, good-humouredly). Too bad of you to try and spoof me like this before everybody, Miss SPELWANE! I don't know whose idea it was to play me such a trick, but—

Miss Spelwa. (indistinctly). Please understand that nobody here had the least intention of playing a trick upon you!

Spurr. Well, if you say so, of course— But it looked rather like it, asking me to read when I've about as much poetry in me as—as a pot hat! Still, if I'm wanted to read aloud, I shall be happy to oblige—

Lady Culc. (hastily). Indeed, indeed, Mr. SPURRELL, we couldn't think of troubling you under the circumstances! (In desperation.) VIVIEN, my dear, won't you sing something?

[The company echo the request with unusual eagerness.]

Spurr. (to himself, during Miss SPELWANE'S song). Wonder what's put them off being read to all of a sudden. (As his eye happens to rest on the binding of the volume on his knee.) Hullo! This cover's pink, with silver things, not unlike outlets, on it! Didn't EMMA ask me—? By George, if it's that! I may get down to the Housekeeper's Room, after all! As soon as ever this squalling stops I'll find out; I can't go on like this! (Miss SPELWANE leaves the piano; everybody plunges feverishly into conversation on the first subject—other than poetry or dogs—that presents itself, until Lord and Lady LULLINGTON set a welcome example of departure.) Better

wait till these county nobs have cleared, I suppose—there goes the last of 'em—now for it!... (He pulls himself together, and approaches his host and hostess.) Hem, Sir RUPERT, and your ladyship, it's occurred to me that it's just barely possible you may have got it into your heads that I was something in the poetical way.

Sir Rup. (to himself). Not this poor young chap's fault; must let him down as easily as possible! (Aloud.) Not at all—not at all! Ha—assure you we quite understand; no necessity to say another word about it.

Spurr. (to himself). Just my luck! They quite understand! No Housekeeper's Room for me this journey! (Aloud.) Of course I knew the Countess, there, and Lady MAISIE, were fully aware all along— (To Lady MAISIE, as stifled exclamations reach his ear.) You were, weren't you?

Lady Maisie (hastily). Yes, yes, Mr. SPURRELL. Of course! It's all perfectly right!

Spurr. (to the others). You see, I should never have thought of coming in as a visitor if it hadn't been for the Countess; she would have it that it was all right, and that I needn't be afraid I shouldn't be welcome.

Lady Culc. To be sure—any friend of my sister-in-law's—

Lady Cant. ALBINIA, I have refrained from speech as long as possible; but this is really too much! You don't suppose I should have introduced Mr. SPURRELL here unless I had had the strongest reasons for knowing, however he may be pleased to mystify us now, that he, and nobody else, is the author of *Andromeda*! And I, for one, absolutely decline to believe in this preposterous story of his about a bull-dog.

Spurr. But your ladyship must have known! Why, you as good as asked me on the way here to put you down for a bull-pup!

Lady Cant. Never, never! A bull-pup is the last creature I should ever dream of coveting. You were obliging enough to ask me to accept a presentation copy of your verses.

Spurr. Was I? I don't exactly see how I could have been, considering I never made a rhyme in my life!

Sir Rup. There, there, ROHESIA, it was your mistake; but as we are indebted to it for the pleasure of making Mr. SPURRELL'S acquaintance—

Lady Cant. I am not in the habit of making mistakes, RUPERT. I don't know what you and ALBINIA and MAISIE may know that I am in ignorance of, but, since you seem to have been aware from the first that Mr. SPURRELL was not the poet you had invited here to meet me, will you kindly explain what has become of the real author?

Sir Rup. My dear ROHESIA, I don't know and I don't care!

Lady Cant. There you are wrong, RUPERT, because it's obvious that if he is not Mr. SPURRELL, his absence has to be accounted for in some way.

Spurr. By Jove, I believe I can put you on the track. I shouldn't wonder if he's the party these dress clothes of mine belong to! I daresay you may have noticed they don't look as if they were made for me?

Lady Cant. (closing her eyes). Pray let us avoid any sartorial discussions! We are waiting to hear about this person.

Spurr. Well, I found I'd got on his things by mistake, and I went up as soon as I could after dessert to my room to take 'em off, and there he was, with a waste-paper basket on his head—

Lady Cant. A waste-paper basket on his head! And pray what should he have that for?

Spurr. He said he wouldn't take it off till he saw me. And I never saw anyone in such a mess with ink and flour as he was!

Lady Cant. Ink and flour, indeed! This rignarole gets more ridiculous every moment! You can't seriously expect anyone here to believe it!

[ARCHIE discreetly retires to the smoking-room.]  
Spurr. Well, I rather think somebody must have fixed up a booby trap for me, you know, and he happened to go in first and get the benefit of it. And he was riled, very naturally, thinking I'd done it, but after we'd had a little talk together, he calmed down and said I might keep his clothes, which I thought uncommonly good—



"Albinia, I think I will go to bed!"

natured of him, you know. By the way, he gave me his card. Here it is, if your ladyship would like to see it.

*He hands it to Lady CULVERIN.*  
*Lady Cult.* "Mr. UNDERSHELL!" ... ROHESIA, that is CLARION BLAIR! I knew it was something ending in "ell." (To SPURRELL.) And you say Mr. UNDERSHELL is here—in this house?

*Spurr.* Not now. He's gone by this time.

*The Others (in dismay).* Gone!

*Spurr.* He said he was leaving at once. If he'd only told me how it was, I'd have—

*Lady Cant.* I don't believe a single word of all this! If Mr. SPURRELL is not CLARION BLAIR, let him explain how he came to be coming down to Wyvern this afternoon!

*[Partial reaction in company.]*

*Spurr.* If your ladyship doesn't really know, you had better ask Sir RUPERT; he'll tell you it's all right.

*Lady Cant.* Then perhaps you will be good enough to enlighten us, RUPERT?

*Sir Rup. (driven into a corner).* Why, 'pon my word, I'm bound to say that I'm just as much in the dark as anybody else, if it comes to that!

*Spurr. (eagerly).* But you wired me to come, Sir! About a horse of yours! I've been wondering all the evening when you'd tell me I could go round and have a look at him. I'm here instead of Mr. SPAVIN—now do you understand, Sir RUPERT? I'm the Vet.

*[Suppressed sensation.]*

*Sir Rup. (to himself).* This is devilish awkward! Don't quite know what to do. *(Aloud.)* To—to be sure you are! Of course! That's it, ROHESIA! Mr. SPURRELL came down to see a horse, and we shall be very glad to have the benefit of his opinion by-and-by.

*[He claps him amicably on the shoulder.]*

*Lady Cant. (in a sepulchral tone).* ALBINIA, I think I will go to bed.

*[She withdraws.]*

*Sir Rup. (to himself).* There'll be no harm in letting him stay, now he is here. If ROHESIA objects, she's got nobody but herself to blame for it!

*Spurr. (to himself).* They won't want to keep me upstairs much longer after this! *(TREDWELL enters, and seems to have something of importance to communicate to Sir RUPERT in private.)* I wonder what the dooce is up now!

## TO LETTINA.

*(By a Profound Thinker.)*

I DON'T know why, but fifty times a day,  
To you my thoughts persistently will fly,  
You come to me, and, coming, come to stay—  
I don't know why.

Sometimes I catch myself inclined to try  
From heart and mind to banish you away.  
I always fail. If you are not too shy,  
Just write a line to tell me that I may  
Think fondly of you. Then in future I  
Shall think of you, and never want to say  
I don't know why.

## THE NEW CANDIDATE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I trust you will give me the hospitality of your columns (and thus save me the cost of extensive advertising) to announce that I intend to offer myself as a candidate for all the eleven divisions at the forthcoming School Board Election. I do this for several reasons. In the first place, as I have no more chance in any one place more than in any other, I feel it quite impossible to make any choice. Besides, to be elected at the top of eleven polls would be an unique distinction, second only to being defeated at the bottom of eleven. In the next place, as I can find no other persons who will come forward on my platform, I am bound to offer myself everywhere. My views are extensive, not to say peculiar. On the religious question, I agree with everything that has been said by everybody. I hope in this way to avoid incurring odium theologicum of any kind. I am in favour of no one paying rates unless he has children actually at a Board School. I am told that this will not secure for me the Labour Vote, but it ought, at any rate, to rally to my side all the "intelligent and respectable." On all other points I believe I am well fitted to sit on the London School Board. I understand that at its meetings oysters and Chablis are sometimes the order of the day. If I am returned, my main object, I avow it frankly, will be to make them the standing order. Soliciting the vote of every patriotic citizen, I am,

Yours up-to-(being-a-candi-)date,  
WOTROL ARK.

October 27.



## "HE'S HAPPY NOW."

*["A CONSTANT READER'S" favourite craze is now being discussed in all the papers.]*

"I AM SO GLAD THIS SUBJECT IS BEING THOROUGHLY VENTILATED. IT MUST BE DOING SO MUCH GOOD AMONG THE YOUNG."

## MAYENNAISE v. MAYONNAISE: A REJOINDER.

MY poor Mayonnaise, they have sullied your fame!  
They would alter your spelling, my sweet Mayonnaise.  
The younger DUMAS has e-mended your name  
And sent you forth "o"-less the rest of your days.

So this man of romances—this writer of plays—  
Who has woven full many a plot in his time—  
Would force us to spell you henceforth Mayennaise.  
Nay! *this* is a plot little short of a crime!

'Twill make not an atom of difference to me.  
The younger DUMAS may discourse as he will;  
He's welcome, with *Weller*, to "spell with a 'wee'"—  
To me and the world you are Mayonnaise still.

He says, at the time when the city Mayenne  
Was besieged by an army and riddled with shot,  
Your charms were acknowledged and praised by the men.  
*Was that army not led by Sir Thomas de Rot?*

Say, Queen of the Sauces, which vow'll shall it be?  
Will you yield up the name your admirers bestow?  
Pronounce—while your lover is down on an "E"—  
Is it that which you choose? Is it yes? or a "NO"?

\*\*\* This correspondence must now cease.—Ed.

"WHERE IS HE?"—With diamond robberies and darksome murders, of which the perpetrators are still at large, we are all crying out for a real genuine "SHERLOCK HOLMES." We, WATSONS, are waiting for him to step forward and drag various dark mysteries into the light of day. Cheerfully shall the coming HOLMES be saluted with Mr. BROOKFIELD'S refrain, "O SHERLOCK, you wonderful man!"



### SOCIAL AGONIES.

*Hostess.* "I HEARD YOU MET MY COUSIN, MAUD LESLIE, AT THE GIBSONS AT DINNER, MR. WILKINSON, AND THAT YOU WERE CHARMED WITH HER!"

*Mr. Wilkinson.* "CHARMED WITH HER? I SHOULD THINK SO! WHO WOULDN'T BE? WHY, I'VE ABSOLUTELY FORGOTTEN WHO THE LADY WAS I TOOK INTO DINNER, AND WHO SAT ON MY OTHER SIDE!"

*Lady Visitor.* "I'M AFRAID IT HAPPENED TO BE ME, MR. WILKINSON!"

### "AN AWKWARD CUSTOMER."

*AIR—"The Bold Poacher."*

WHEN I was bound by Party ties to play the bold Premier,  
I shouldered of my gun, my lads, and started void of fear;  
With my trusty lurcher at my heels, to whom the sport is dear,  
For he's game for fight by day or night at the season of the year!

As I and my bold comrade were after bird or hare,  
The gamekeeper was watching us; for him we did not care.  
For we were on our ground, my boys, grounds free to tye or peer;  
And they're my delight by day or night at the season of the year!

As I and my bold comrade were in the Peers' Preserve,  
We heard the keeper's footsteps, but we did not halt or swerve.  
But I whistled—to keep up my pluck—a song to sportsmen dear:  
"Oh it's my delight on a shiny night, in the season of the year!"

The Gamekeeper popped through the copse, and faced us with a frown;

He's got a black-a-vised stern phiz, and a coat o' velvet brown.  
He says "Hillo, Sir! *Poaching?*" I retorts, "Oh, don't you fear!  
A gent may poach his own preserves at the season of the year!"

He says, "You ought to be ashamed to set so bad example  
A sportsman true won't join the crew who trespass, trap, and trample.

A dirty bird fouls its own nest!" he adds, with a sour sneer.  
"Swells should not poach by day or night in the season of the year."

Says I, "You sneer, but I'm your peer, my Sol. The people sent me!  
Stare like an owl, or sneer and scowl, you know you can't prevent me!  
These here Preserves want breaking up, Monopoly's pitch to queer  
Is our delight by day or night, in the season of the year."

"A-poaching on one's own preserves scarce poaching seems at all.  
My foot is on my native—copse! The old Game Laws must fall.  
The 'Peers' Preserves' the people will throw open—or else clear,  
And you'll have to fight for your old old right at the season of the year.

"You ask me if I like the job? That's neither here nor there!  
I'm simply bound to do it, and I really don't much care.  
If Peers will claim the best o' the game, and strive the rest to queer,  
We'll take our right, by day or night, at the season of the year!"

### LOCAL COLOUR.

MR. ASQUITH was reported the other day to have said that the Government was spoken of as having been accused of refusing so-called amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill in "*peacock temper*." The *Daily News*, in referring to this, suggests that "*peacock temper*" was a misprint for "*pique*, or temper." But surely this is not so. Mr. ASQUITH evidently has given in his adhesion to the new system of "*colour adjectives*." This opens great possibilities to the future. Radicals will denounce the "*scarlet scandals of the purple-clad peers*." Tories will wax eloquent on "*the pink miasma of revolutionary Radicalism*." No one will know what it all means, but that is part of the programme. Even if this colour scheme will not work, there is still a justification for the Asquithian phrase. Everybody has heard of a "*foul slander*." Why not a "*peacock temper*"?

### A Case of Parallelism.

(Extracts from the Report of a recent Conference.)

"DR. STANLEY BOYD advocated the use of milk and lentil soup." "MRS. STANLEY BOYD thought that all such novels as *The Heavenly Twins*, *The Manxman*, and *The Wages of Sin*, should be tabooed."

SIR PETER.—A well-written letter in the *Times* last week puts what may be called "*The Hard Case of Sir PETER EDLIN*"—and, indeed, he must be pretty well case-hardened at the Middlesex Sessions by this time—clearly and forcibly before the public. SIR PETER EDLIN, it seems, has been doing treble the amount of work for a two-third's salary. This should be righted, and the Judge at the Middlesex Sessions should be independent of the would-be ubiquitous L. C. C. Such is the opinion of this Correspondent to the *Times*, and it is doubtless the opinion of a fair and just majority. As *Joseph Surface* observes in *The School for Scandal*, "Well, it will give SIR PETER great satisfaction to hear this."

ONLY NATURAL.—A shareholder at a recent company meeting complained, with some amount of feeling, that he found it next to impossible to obtain a "*good penny bun*." Can it be that so many people have "*taken the bun*" that there are none left?



“AN AWKWARD CUSTOMER.”

GAMEKEEPER S-L-S-B-RY. “HALLO! YOUNG FELLOW! POACHING?”

THE “YOUNG FELLOW” R-S-B-RY. “IF I *AM* POACHING, I’M ON MY OWN PRESERVES.”





## THE LINKS.

'Tis a brilliant autumn day,  
And the breeze has blown away  
All the clouds that lowered gray,

So methinks,  
As I've half an hour to spare,  
I will go and take the air,  
While the weather still is fair,  
On the Links.

I admire the splendid view,  
The delicious azure hue  
Of the ocean and—when, *whew!*  
With a crack,  
Lo! there drops a little ball  
Which elects to break its fall  
By alighting on the small  
Of my back.

In the distance some one cries  
Some remark about my eyes,  
None too pleasant, I surmise,  
From the tone;  
So away my steps I turn  
Till a figure I discern,  
Who is mouching by the burn  
All alone.

He has lost a new "Eclipse,"  
And a little word that slips  
From his sulky-looking lips  
Tells me true  
That, besides the missing ball,  
Which is gone beyond recall,  
He has lost—what's worst of all—  
Temper too.

I conclude it will be best  
If I leave him unaddressed,  
Such a melancholy quest  
To pursue;  
And I pass to where I spy  
Clouds of sand uprising high  
Till they all but hide the sky  
From the view.

They proceed, I understand,  
From a bunker full of sand,  
Where a golfer, club in hand,  
Freely swears  
As he hacks with all his might,  
Till his countenance is quite  
As vermilion as the bright  
Coat he wears.

I observe him for a while  
With a highly-tickled smile,  
For it is the queerest style  
Ever seen:



## STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

THE STORK AS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

He is very short and stout,  
And he knocks the ball about,  
But he never gets it out  
On the green.

Still I watch him chop and hack,  
Till I hear a sudden crack,  
And the club-head makes a track  
In the light—  
There's a startled cry of "FORE!"  
As it flies, and all is o'er!—  
I remember nothing more  
Till to-night,

When I find myself in bed  
With a lump upon my head  
Like a penny loaf of bread;  
And methinks,  
For the future I'll take care,  
When I want a little air,  
That I won't go anywhere  
Near the Links.

THE DILEMMA OF THE  
HEADLESS SPECTRE.

I've always done my best to  
please,  
Then wherefore do they scoff?  
A headless ghost, in days like  
these,  
Is very badly off.

Some say, for MYERS we ought  
to go,  
And some for Mr. STEAD.  
I really can't profess to know,  
For I have lost my head.

They come and ask me for a key  
To life's dark prison cell.  
Oh, what's the use of asking me?  
However can I tell?

I do not understand the speech  
Of all these learned men.  
Wildly I wave my hand at each,  
Again and yet again.

I feel that I have stayed too late,  
And yet I can't move on.  
I'm utterly inadequate,  
Because my head is gone.

I wish I were I don't know what.  
I wish that I were dead.  
*I don't know if I am or not,*  
For I have lost my head!

## INS AND OUTS.

"CRICKET was a far superior game to golf or tennis," said Lord KNUTSFORD to the members of the Victoria Park Cricket Association; and he went on to tell a story of the first introduction of cricket to Tonga, one of the Pacific Islands. Everybody took up the game so heartily that State affairs were allowed to slide altogether, and at last the King of Tonga had to lay down rules as to the times when the game might be indulged in. "Even then the Prime Minister was with difficulty prevented from bowling during forbidden hours." For Tonga read Westminster—where a good deal of *tongue*—ah!—goes on—and we get a result something like this:—

"After the usual luncheon interval, the Leader of the Opposition and the ex-Umpire-General faced the delivery of the First Commissioner of Stumps and the Scorin' Secretary. The punishment inflicted by the former on the bowling led to a Cabinet crisis, ending in the Secretary of State resigning his office and the leather to the Lord High Wicket-keep. The result of this change was soon apparent, for the Leader of the Opposition was clean bowled by a quotation from *Hansard*, and his place

was taken by a prominent member from below the Opposition Gangway.

"As the score still mounted, the Ministry decided to apply the Closure to the game, an effort which was resisted by the whole force of the Opposition, armed with pads and wickets. During the all-night innings which ensued the Prime Minister retired hurt, and the Ministry were finally driven into the Pavilion, where they expressed a decided intention, in consequence of the underhand bowling of their opponents, of at once appealing to the country. The Committee of Lords' has placed its veto on these disorderly proceedings, and 'Down with the Lords' is likely to be the Ministerial rallying-cry during the forthcoming Election.

A LITERARY DISCOVERY.—It has been hitherto thought that only two "G. O. M.'s" existed, the one, *par excellence*, being *The G. O. M.*, and the other, the Right Hon. G. O. MORGAN. But there is a third, and he is GE-O M(EREDITH). No more at present.

TITLE FOR A TEMPERANCE TALE.—Under the Red Nose!

## THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

No novels now, but novelettes;  
Cigars give place to cigarettes.  
Titanic "suns" to twinkling "stars,"  
Pictures to sketches, "pomes" to "pars";  
Bonnets to things like housemaids' caps,  
Banquets to tit-bits, books to scraps,  
And three-volume novels to "short stories."  
Gibbon-like length and epic glories,  
Like mammoths and cave-bears, are gone,  
Earth brings not back the mastodon;  
The microbe takes its place. They kill us  
Not by a giant, but bacillus.  
Monsters, huge dragons, Laidly Worms,  
We fear no more, 'tis unseen "germs"  
That floor us in our life's full pride.  
We want a "Jack the Germicide,"  
And not the Giant Killer now.  
Behemoth and the big bow-wow  
Are gone; for aught not smart and little  
We do not care one jot or tittle!

FAMILIAR LATIN QUOTATION (adapted for the use of *Empire*, *Alhambra*, and *Music Halls* generally).—"Spectaculum veniunt; venit inspector; out tipsy."



IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

II.—IMPROVED KITCHEN ARRANGEMENTS.

## BEAUTIES OF BOLOGNA.

Nor those, along the route prescribed  
To see them in a hurry,  
Church, palace, gallery, described  
By worthy Mr. MURRAY.

Nor those detailed as well by whom  
But BAEDER, the German;  
The choir, the nave, the font, the tomb,  
The pulpit for the sermon.

No tourist traps which tire you out,  
A never-ending worry;  
Most interesting things, no doubt,  
Described by Mr. MURRAY.

Nor yet, O gastronomic mind—  
In cookery a boss, sage  
In recipes—you will not find,  
I mean Bologna sausage.

Not beauties, which, perhaps, you class  
With your own special curry;  
Not beauties, which we must not pass  
If led by Mr. MURRAY.

I sing—alas, how very ill!—  
Those beauties of the city,  
The praise of whose dark eyes might fill  
A much more worthy ditty.

O, Ladies of Bologna, who  
The coldest heart might flurry,  
I much prefer to study you  
Than BAEDER or MURRAY!

Those guide-book sights no longer please;  
Three hours still, *tre ore*,  
I have to lounge and look at these  
*Bellissime signore*.

Then slow express—South Western goes  
Much faster into Surrey—  
Will take me off to other shows  
Described by Mr. MURRAY.

But still, *Signore*, there will be,  
By your sweet faces smitten,  
One Englishman who came to see  
What BAEDER has written.

Let BAEDER then see the lot  
In frantic hurry-scurry.  
I've found some beauties which are not  
Described by Mr. MURRAY.

## CLIO AT SALCOMBE.

(Funeral of James Anthony Froude.)

SCARCE Clio's self, calm-soul'd historic Muse,  
Praise to her fiery votary may refuse,  
Though lacking somewhat the judicial poise  
Of clear mind unperturbed by faction's noise,  
And creed's fanatic clamour, valued most  
But her who heads the grave recording host.  
His vivid pictures live; his virile touch  
(Though oft of the too little or too much  
Ardently heedless in his passionate flow  
Of words that wake and thoughts that warmly glow),

Quickens the past, and moves the patriot heart  
Of British manhood. His the stylist's part,  
The partisan's impressiveness. He missed  
The highest height, clear, cloudless, morning-kissed.  
But long will he be dear to those who love  
The picturings that charm, the words that move;  
And the grave Muse may well let fall a tear,  
And lay her tribute laurel on his bier.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.—To the PROWLINA PRYS and their allies, the Visiting Injustices, may be addressed the ancient charge made against certain spies, "Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land have ye come."



## A SKETCH AT PADDINGTON.

THE REVEREND MOTLEY, WHO MAKES ONE OF A RIVER-PARTY, FANCIES HE MET A GLANCE OF RECOGNITION FROM THE EYE OF HIS SOMEWHAT AUSTERE BISHOP, AND FEELS A TRIFLE UNCOMFORTABLE.

## PAT THE PATRIOT.

(His reflection after reading of the *Boa-bolting* incident at the Zoo.)

ST. PATRICK had a potent fist,  
And was a saint right clever,  
When he gave the snakes and toads a twist  
And bothered them for ever.  
But oh! here's a better plan than PAT's!  
'Twould have saved the saint much bother  
Had he trated the snakes like Kilkenny cats,  
And made them swallow each other.  
And even now 'twould save much row  
In the shplit-up Oirish Parthy, [revolt,  
Could McCARTHY's "bolt" end REDMOND's  
Or REDMOND swallow McCARTHY!

SPORTING.—ARRY is delighted to hear that there is a two-year-old running named 'Arietet. "It's spelt Ariette I know," he says, "but that's just French cussedness."

## TO A WOULD-BE DESPOT.

"COULD I but rule!" with emphasis you say;  
Then, doubtless, evil would be swept away.  
How to begin, of course, is your affair,  
Such practical arrangements are your care;  
Our task would be no more than to obey!  
Injustice then would speedily decay,  
Merit, and only merit, then would pay;  
Which means, perhaps, I'd be a millionaire  
Could I but rule!

Well, many kings have lived and reigned their day;  
I rather doubt if your despotic sway  
Would quite fulfil the objects of your prayer;  
Many have tried, and ended in despair,  
And you, perhaps—But still you answer "Nay,  
Could I but rule!"

THE REAL "SUN OF YORK."—FRANK LOCKWOOD, Solicitor-General.

## THE ART OF NAVAL PLATITUDE.

MR. PUNCH.—Dear Sir,—As an able-bodied seaman and expert on the marine serpent and other such questions of the hour, I have been very properly asked for my opinion on the late collisions in the far East. Lest my utterances should be misrepresented by journals unaccustomed to deal with refinements of maritime phraseology, I send you a correct report of my interview.

"What deduction," began the reporter from the recesses of a deck-chair that had figured at Trafalgar, "do you make with regard to the future of naval warfare from the engagements of which we have lately read such distracting accounts?"



"My leading deduction," I replied, "is that it is difficult beforehand to conjecture which side is going to win, and impossible afterwards to discover which has actually won. History, however, and a long course of technical experience, alike convince me that, given equal courage and skill on both sides, vessels equally well equipped and armoured and of precisely similar shape, tonnage, and fighting power, victory may be expected, in many cases out of a few more, to fall to the party that is numerically the stronger of the two. You are, perhaps, with me on this point?"

"I confess," he replied, "that you throw for me a new and lurid light on a question always difficult for the lay mind to grapple with. But tell me of the torpedo and its mission."

"The deadliness," I said, "of this modern weapon of naval warfare is to be fully appreciated by such alone as have been its unhappy victims. In the incredibly short space of time between the moment of impact and the decease of those who are, as an immediate result, blown to indistinguishable atoms, no reliable evidence has, in the nature of things, been taken down from the lips of the people best qualified to submit it."

"Disconnected fragments of speech, chiefly of a profane character, constitute the sole testimony upon which we have to base our conclusions. But we may safely affirm that one of the most, if not the most, important detail in the manipulation of this projectile is the aim. Wrongly directed it is comparatively innocuous. In the unavoidable hurry and confusion of the moment, when the attention of the operator is diverted by the reiterated play of missiles upon his person, possibly a prey at the very time to insufferable nausea, it is almost impossible to guarantee the missile from aberration. You will pardon my technicalities?"

"I thank you," he replied, "and I follow you. But in what way do you account for the success of the Japanese with these submarine weapons?"

"Peruse the reports," I answered, "and draw your own deductions. 'On the morning of the 18th' (the morrow of the battle) 'the Japanese flotilla of torpedo-boats returned to the Yalu and leisurely destroyed with torpedoes several stranded Chinese vessels.'"

"Here we have the best conceivable endorsement of my views. That which in the excitement of the fray they were impotent to achieve, this, with fitting leisure, unhampered by the annoyance of hostile opposition, and with the object rigidly fixed, as in a vice, they effected with unqualified and unquestioned success."

Dazzled by my reflections he proceeded to put a fresh conundrum to me. "What say you," he asked, "to the resources of China? I see that the Dowager Empress has sent three millions of taels to the forces."

"The tael," I explained, "is excellent eating. I perceive no immediate reason for the evacuation of Peking as far as the supply of game is concerned. This, however, is a side issue, and not strictly nautical in its bearing."

"To proceed at once, and in conclusion, to the matter of our own naval supremacy" (for I saw this inevitable question already framed on his lips), "I will give you in a word the accumulated wisdom of long years of naval intuition. My motto is 'Always win!'"

Once let the enemy, however inferior, win, and for the time being you are beaten. We are—and here I rely not only on my own observation, but on the testimony of countless myriads of my species—we are an insular nation. Further, our commerce is largely dependent on our merchandise. It was not till I had realised to the full these two momentous and crucial facts that I arrived at the

conclusion which I have already imparted to you, and now venture to repeat—'Always win!' You bear me out, I imagine?"

"I bear myself," he affably replied; thus concluding an interview in the course of which there had been no manner of hitch except the usual nautical one at the moment of his coming aboard; and that was due not to the absence of braces, but to respect for my position as an Admiralty Crichton.

There, Mr. Punch, you are welcome to make any use you will of a statement that contains practically and tactically the final word on the future of naval warfare.

Crede, dear Sir,

Yours unusually

EXPERTO.

## A NEW DEPARTURE.

IN pursuance of a recent correspondence in the *Times*, it has been decided to safeguard the rights and legalise the status of interviewees by the formation of an influential association. Mr. Punch has been accorded an advance proof of the prospectus.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF HELPLESS AND DESERVING INTERVIEWEES.

(Founded Oct. 24, 1894.)

Chief Offices: Utopia. Operating Room and Infirmary: Harrow Weald.

## COUNCIL.

The MIKADO (President); Sir JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B. (Vice-President); BARNABY BAMPTON BOO, Esq., of the *Bab Ballads*; BORRIA BUNGALÉE BOO, ditto, King; Mrs. BOO; REGINALD BUNTHORNE, Esq., *Fleshy Poet*; The Lord Bishop of RUM-TI-FOO; Sir EDWARD CORCORAN, K.C.B.; Capt. R.N.; Lord MOUNT ARARAT; Lord TOLLUBLE; POOH BAH, Esq., of the Japan Society; Mdles. PEER-BO, PITT SING, and YUMYUM, of the Savoy Theatre.

Solicitors: Messrs. KOKO & Co. Jester: Mr. JACK POINT. Jailer and Chucker-out: Mr. WILL SHADBOLT.

## OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

(1.) To develop the new calling of Professional Interviewee. (2.) To provide the newspaper-reading public with amusement. (3.) To supply eminent humorists and others with enjoyable, rational, and profitable employment. (4.) And, incidentally, to encourage retiring and diffident lady interviewers.

## RULES.

1. That all persons shall be eligible for membership of the Society, with the following exceptions:—Infants in arms; Their Descendants and other Relatives within the Prohibited Degrees; Parties who are balmy on the Crumpe; H. M.'s guests at Portland, Newgate, and Broadmoor; JABEZ; Persons who have written a book; Persons who haven't; Mrs. PROWLINA PRY; also all the pragmatic and prudish nonentities who have pranced in prurient print over the unsavoury question lately discussed *ad nauseam* in the columns of the *D. I.*

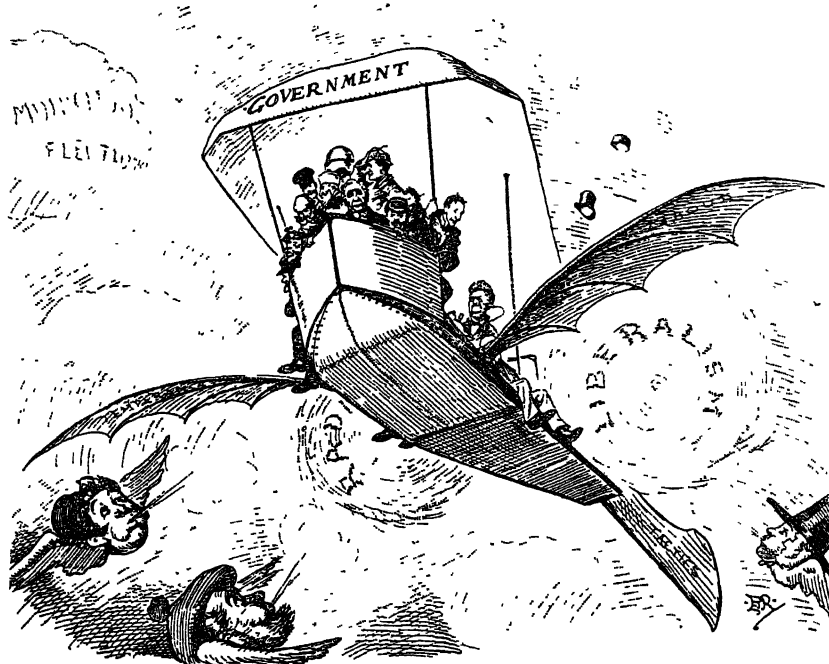
2. That if the interview be conducted by one of the male sex, the Society's chucker-out, jester, and solicitors shall always be present.

3. That the following scale of fees, payable by the Interviewer to the Interviewee, be adopted:—

	£	s.	d.
Mere Nobody	0	0	2
Nobody Else	0	2	6
Mr. WH-STU-R, over a recent Grievance	0	6	8
Minister, of Cabinet Rank	1	1	0
Gaiety Girl, of the Front Rank	1	1	1
Cabman, of any Rank	1	1	2
Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, on Things in General	2	2	0
Ditto, on the Empire Question	3	3	0
Any leading Burglar, Pickpocket, or Company Promoter, with discount for cash	4	4	0
Pugilist, including services of Policeman and Surgeon	5	5	0
G. O. M., if you can get at him	10	10	0
Eminent Humorist, when irritated	21	0	0
Ditto, if a Lady, and pretty (these are scarce)	50	0	0
Anybody who hasn't yet been Interviewed (these are scarcer)	100	0	0

4. That the Society be immediately dissolved, in view of pending litigation.





THE PARLIAMENTARY FLYING MACHINE.

Maccim—"KEEP IT UP!"

## THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

I.—FONS ET ORIGO MALL.

SNUGLY nestling in a cosy corner of Blankshire—that county which at different times and places has travelled all over England—our village pursues the even tenor of its way. To be accurate, I should say *did* pursue, before the events that have recently happened—events in which it would be absurd modesty not to confess I have played a prominent part. Now we are as full of excitement as aforesaid we were given over to monotony. *Nous avons—No! J'ai changé tout cela.*

It came about in this way. I have always till the 25th of September (a chronicler should always be up to dates) been entirely free from any ambition to excel in public. After a successful life I have settled down with my wife and family to the repose of a truly rural existence. "You should come down and live in the country," I am never tired of telling my friends. "Good air, beautiful milk, and, best of all, fresh eggs." I don't know why, but you are always expected to praise the country eggs. So I always make a point of doing it.

Up to September the 25th, accordingly, I extolled the eggs of the country and lived my simple, unpretending life. On that day I read an article in the paper on the Parish Councils Act. I read that now for the first time the people in the villages would taste the sweets of local self-government. The change from fresh eggs struck my fancy, up to that time singularly dormant. I read on, dashing all unknowing to my fate. "It is the duty," I saw, "of every man of education, experience, and leisure in the village who has the welfare of his country at heart to study the Act, and to make it his business that his fellow-parishioners shall know what the Act does, and how the greatest advan-

tage can be obtained from its working." Then my evil genius prompted me to undertake the task myself. I was educated—did I not get a poll degree at Cambridge, approved even by Mr. CHARLES WHIBLEY as a test of culture? I had experience—had I not shone as a financial light in the City for full twenty years? I had leisure—for had I anything in the world to do? Obviously the occasion had come, and I—yes I—was the man to rise to it.

I bought twenty-nine works dealing with the Act. I studied them diligently section by section, clause by clause, line by line. I referred to all the Acts mentioned. I investigated all the Acts repealed. At the end of it all I felt like a collection of conundrums. But I was not to be denied. One evening, as I was walking through the village, I met ROBERT HEDGER, "Black Bob," as he is always called. He is a farm hand, and for some reason looked upon as a leader of men in the village. I saw my chance, and promptly took it.

"Good evening, Bob," I said. "I've been wanting to have a bit of a talk with you about this Parish Councils Act."

"Well, Sir, and what about that?" Of course he spoke in dialect, but the dialect dialogues are almost played out, so I translate into quite ordinary English. It's easier to understand, and quite as interesting.

"What about it?" said I, with well-simulated surprise. Then I launched into a glowing account of what it would effect. I waxed poetic. The agricultural labourer would come home at night from his work proud in the consciousness of being a citizen. He would breathe a different air; the very fire in his cottage would burn brighter because a Parish Council had been established in his midst. I finished (it was a distinct anticlimax) by saying that I had been carefully studying the Act.

Two days later Black Bob and two of his mates called at my house—a deputation to

ask me to speak at a meeting, to explain the Act. I pleaded modesty, and, saying I would ne'er consent, consented. It was a vain thing to have done, and the effects have been startling. But that meeting must have a chapter to itself.

## ROBERT'S SOLLEM ADWISE.

I CAN'T on aith think what is the matter with me lately. I seems to have lost all my good sperrits, and am as quiet and as mopish as if I was out of a sitation, which in course I am not, and am not at all likely to be. My wife bothers me by constant inquiries about the comin change on the 9th, but she ort to no, as I noes, that the cumming new LORD MARE is jest the same good, kind, afabel Gent as the noble Gent as is a going afore him, and who ewery body loved and respected, and who allers showed me ewery posserbel kindness. I aint not at all sure as them wunderful Gents as calls theirselves County Count-sellers, and is allers a throwing their ill-natured jeers at the grand old City, hasn't sumthink to do with it. I'm told as they has aeshally ordered one of our most poplar Theaters to be shut up, becoz the actors and actresses is so werry atraactive that they draws a wonderful contrast between them and the sollem Gents as is allers a interfering in some way or other where they are least wanted.

One of their most wonderful and most conceited fads is a longing desire to have charge of our nobel City Perlice, which, as ewery body knos, is the pride of the hole Metrolpyus.

One of the new LORD MARE's private gennelmen has told me, in the werry strictest confidens, that they have all agreed together, LORD MARE, Sherryfs, Halldermen, Liverymen, and setterer, to have the most brilliantest Show as has bin seen in the old City since the time of DICK WITTINGTON of ewarlasting memory! if its only for the purpose of driving the County Count-sellers, as they calls theirselves, stark staring mad with enwy! And so estonished is the Queen's Government themselves by what they hears on the subject of the glorious approaching Dinner, that they has aeshally ordered the werry primest of all their Cabinet lot, inlooding the Prime Minister hisself, and the Lord Chanceseller, and my Lord SPINSTER, and setterer and setterer, not only to accept the LORD MARE's per-lite invitation, but to take care to be in good time, and not to keep the nobel company waiting as old Mr. GLEDSTONE used to do in days gorn by.

By-the-by, the present LORD MARE, jest to show his ermazin libberality, aeshally arsked jest a few of the County Count-sellers to his larst great bankwet larst week, and werry much they seemed to injoy theirselves, and I must say, behaved like reel gennelmen, tho' sum of the speeches, speshally them by Lord HAILSBERY and Mr. RICHER, must have been rayther staggerers for them to bear.

ROBERT.

PROSIT.—Best wishes to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE for the success of the new piece at the Haymarket. Whatever may be the result, he, personally, is in for a "Wynn."







### "THE CHALLENGE."

*Sir Lucius O' Trigger (the Irish Party).* "THEN SURE YOU KNOW WHAT IS TO BE DONE!"  
*Bob Acres (L-rd R-s-b-ry).* "WHAT! FIGHT HIM! . . . ODDS FLINTS, PANS AND TRIGGERS! I'LL CHALLENGE HIM DIRECTLY!"

# "THE CHALLENGE."

"Of course, you may get the House of Lords to surrender as you get a fortress to surrender, by making it clear that it is encompassed and besieged beyond all hope of deliverance; but that in itself is not an easy task with the garrison that I have described as sure to defend it. . . . We fling down the gauntlet. It is for you to back us up."—*Lord Rosebery at Bradford.*

Bob Acres : : : Lord R-s-B-ry.  
Sir Lucius O'Trigger : : : Irish Party.

Sir Lucius. Then sure you know what is to be done?  
Acres. What! fight him?

Sir Lucius. Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else? . . . I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world.

Acres. Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius!—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him and not know it! . . . Your words are a grenadier's match to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were—a kind of courage as I may say.—Odds flints, pans and triggers! I'll challenge him directly!—*The Rivals.*

## Fighting Bob's Afterthoughts.

Odds bombs and torpedoes! An oath, like a whistle,  
Will keep up the courage—Dutch courage at least!  
I feel like a hero of grandeur and gristle  
Who goes to the fight as men go to a feast.  
Sir Lucius has wrought me to 't—fire-eater furious.  
Odds bullets and blades, how he'll bristle and whisk!  
Yes, courage is catching. And yet—it is curious,  
He urges the task without weighing the risk.

That's just like O'TRIGGER, a swaggering swigger  
Of fiery potheen which gets into his head!  
At patience and caution he'll swear or he'll snigger,  
His only resources steel, powder and lead.  
He thinks he has managed the business most cleverly,  
Bull-making bully of Blunderbuss Hall;  
But zounds. That big burly and black-bearded—BEVER-  
LEY,

Is not a foe to pooh pooh! Not at all!

Odds jigs and tabors! Such bellicose neighbours  
Are horribly awkward; they will force one's hand,  
A chap who unceasingly brags and belabours  
Is valued, no doubt, in a Donnybrook band;  
But swelling Drawcansir demeanour won't answer  
On this side the Channel so well as on that.  
O'TRIGGER's a mixture of Scorpion and Cancer,  
And BULL is less sweet on that blend than is PAT.

It's just a tremendous, big, bothersome business,—  
That's what it is! But I'm in for it now.  
I feel a dizziness. O'TRIGGER's fizziness  
Leads all his friends into mischief and row.  
Still, I'm committed; and much to be pitied,  
As clearly they'd see if they had any nous.  
But odds popguns and peashooters! shall I be twitted  
With caution extreme, and the pluck of a mouse?

No, that will not do. I my courage must muster.  
Whatever the odds, FIGHTING BOB must show fight!  
So here goes a buster, though bluster and fluster  
Are not in my line; yet "indite, Sirs, indite!"  
I'll begin with a—swear-word and end with defiance!  
Odds daggers and darts, how I'll hector and frown!  
My friends on my valour may now place reliance,  
The challenge is sent, Sirs, the gauntlet is down!!!

## THE SCHOOL-BOARD APPLE-PIE.

(Adapted for the Board School Infant Classes.)

A (SCHOOL-BOARD) Apple-Pie; B (uilt it); C (ircular) cut it up; D (IGGLE) directed it; E (xpenses) eat it up; F (ORSTER) fought for it; G (LADSTONE) got it through; H (ostility) hampered it; I (ntolerance) injured it; J (ealousies) jangled about it; K (indness) kindled at it; L (obb) lightened its costs; M (oney) met them; N (oodles) talked nonsense about it; O (pinion) oscillated concerning it; P (rogressives) prodded it; Q (uidnunes) querulously questioned and quizzed it; R (ILEX) raised religious rumpus about it, while R (atepayers) ruefully regarded him; S (ecularism) sneered at it; T (eachers) toiled for it; V (ituperation) vexed it; W (isdom) wondered at it; and X, Y, Z—well, "Wise-heads" are few, and "X" is an unknown quantity.



## POSITIVELY OSTENTATIOUS.

Mr. Phunkstick (quite put out). "TALK ABOUT AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION, INDEED! DON'T BELIEVE IN IT! NEVER SAW FENCES KEPT IN SUCH DISGUSTINGLY GOOD ORDER IN MY LIFE!"

## VAGABOND VERSES.

WITHIN the Square we both abide,  
An artist I, an heiress you,  
My studio like my work is skied,  
'Tis sitting-room and studio too.  
Your chimney-pots I can desery,  
I look across the leafy Square.  
I think of you, I wonder why  
Your uncle is a millionaire!  
I've pictured you in chalks and oils,  
I like you best in misty grey,  
Your nameless charm my pencil  
spoils,  
Yet strives for ever to portray.  
By day I turn you to the wall  
Lest idle gazers should surprise;  
But when night gathers I recall,  
I look into your dreaming eyes.

So many things I cared about,  
And now they all have fallen flat,  
While I, Bohemian out and out,  
Have been to buy a better hat,  
In lieu of one of dusky green  
Upon my coat paint splashes shine.  
Endeavouring to get it clean  
I've rubbed it hard with turpen-  
tine

Till my head ached, my heart was  
faint,  
And I was utterly undone,  
I cannot rub away the paint,  
I can't afford another one.  
They have a murky yellow shade,  
My collars once so white; and  
frail,  
And at the wristbands sadly frayed  
My solitary swallow-tail!

That dinner-party where we met!  
We seemed to meet like friends of  
old,  
And both to utterly forget  
The bitter barrier of gold.

Oh, by your eyes, your wistful mien,  
I know for wealth you do not care,  
I know you wish you had not been  
Related to a millionaire!

The starlit night is deepening,  
Hushed are the footsteps of the  
folk,  
My window open wide I fling,  
And one enchanted pipe I smoke,  
And on the misty vapour blue,  
Across the Square my fancies float;  
And oh, so near, so near to you,  
And oh, so bitterly remote!

I talk to you of many things,  
My pipe I unaware refill,  
I wonder if our thoughts have wings,  
I wonder, are you waking still?  
And should I, if your house took  
fire,  
Have time to hurry to your aid,  
To rescue you from peril dire,  
Before swooped down the Fire  
Brigade.

There has sprung up a pleasant  
breeze  
After the day's dustladen air,  
And it is blowing in the trees  
Within the garden in the Square.  
Oh, gentle wind—I may not speak,  
Wind from the West, I may not  
tell.  
Across the Square my lady seek,  
And bid her dream I love her well!

POLITE POLICE IN EGYPT.—The  
Anglo-Egyptian Police are to be con-  
verted into a civil force. Will Police  
Professors of Politeness be sent over  
from England to give lectures on  
civility?

MOTTO FOR ANY AUTHORS WRITING  
PLAYS FOR THE GARRICK THEATRE.  
—"Keep your HARE on!"

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART XIX.—UNEARNED INCREMENT.

## SCENE XXVII. (continued).—The Chinese Drawing Room.

*Sir Rupert* (to TREDWELL). Well, what is it?*Tredwell* (in an undertone). With reference to the party, Sir RUPERT, as represents himself to have come down to see the 'orse, I—*Sir Rup.* (aloud). You mean Mr. SPURRELL? It's all right. Mr. SPURRELL will see the horse to-morrow. (TREDWELL *disguises his utter bewilderment*.) By the way, we expected a Mr.— What did you say the name was, my dear?... UNDERSHELL? To be sure, a Mr. UNDERSHELL, to have been here in time for dinner. Do you know why he has been unable to come before this?*Tred.* (to himself). Do I know? Oh, Lor! (Aloud.) I—I believe he *have* arrived, Sir RUPERT.*Sir Rup.* So I understand from Mr. SPURRELL. Is he here still?*Tred.* He is, Sir RUPERT. I—I considered it my dooty not to allow him to leave the house, not feeling—*Sir Rup.* Quite right, TREDWELL. I should have been most seriously annoyed if I had found that a guest we were all anxiously expecting had left the Court, owing to some fancied— Where is he now?*Tred.* (faintly). In—in the Verney Chamber. Leastways—*Sir Rup.* Ah. (He glances at SPURRELL.) Then where—? But that can be arranged. Go up and explain to Mr. UNDERSHELL that we have only this moment heard of his arrival; say we understand that he has been obliged to come by a later train, and that we shall be delighted to see him, just as he is.*Spurrell* (to himself). He was worth looking at just as he *was*, when I saw him!*Tred.* Very good, Sir RUPERT. (To himself, as he departs.) If I'm not precious careful over this job, it may cost me my situation!*Spurr.* Sir RUPERT, I've been thinking that, after what's occurred, it would probably be more satisfactory to all parties if I shifted my quarters, and—took my meals in the Housekeeper's Room. [Lady MAISIE and Lady RHODA utter inarticulate protests.]*Sir Rup.* My dear Sir, not on any account—couldn't hear of it! My wife, I'm sure, will say the same.*Lady Culverin* (with an effort). I hope Mr. SPURRELL will continue to be our guest precisely as before—that is, if he will forgive us for putting him into another room—*Spurr.* (to himself). It's no use; I can't get rid of 'em; they stick to me like a lot of highly-bred burrs! (Aloud, in despair.) Your ladyship is very good, but— Well, the fact is, I've only just found out that a young lady I've long been deeply attached to is in this very house. She's a Miss EMMA PHILLIPSON—maid, so I understand, to Lady MAISIE—and, without for one moment wishing to draw any comparisons, or to seem ungrateful for all the friendliness I've received, I really and truly would feel myself more comfortable in a circle where I could enjoy rather more of my EMMA's society!*Sir Rup.* (immensely relieved). Perfectly natural! and—hum—sorry as we are to lose you, Mr. SPURRELL, we—ah—mustn't be inconsiderate enough to keep you here a moment longer. I daresay you will find the young lady in the Housekeeper's Room—anyone will tell you where it is.... Good-night to you, then; and, remember, we shall expect to see you in the field on Tuesday.*Lady Maisie.* Good-night, Mr. SPURRELL, and—and I'm so very glad—about EMMA, you know. I hope you will both be very happy.

[She shakes hands warmly.]

*Lady Rhoda.* So do I. And mind you don't forget about that liniment, you know.*Captain Thicknesse* (to himself). MAISIE don't care a hang! And I was ass enough to fancy— But there, that's all over now!

## SCENE XXVIII.—The Verney Chamber.

*Undershell* (in the dressing-room, to himself). I wonder how long I've been locked up here—it seems hours! I almost hope they've forgotten me altogether.... Someone has come in.... If it should be Sir RUPERT!! Great Heavens, what a situation to be found in by one's host!... Perhaps it's only that fellow SPURRELL; if so, there's a chance. (The door is unlocked by TREDWELL, who has lighted the candles on the dressing-table.) It's the butler again. Well, I shall soon know the worst! (He steps out, blinking, with as much dignity as possible.) Perhaps you will kindly inform me why I have been subjected to this indignity?*Tred.* (in perturbation). I think Mr. UNDERSHELL, Sir, in common fairness, you'll admit as you've mainly yourself to thank for any mistakes that have occurred; for which I 'asten to express my pussional regret.*Und.* So long as you realise that you have made a mistake, I am willing to overlook it, on condition that you help me to get away from this place without your master and mistress's knowledge.*Tred.* It's too late, Sir. They know you're 'ere!*Und.* They know! Then there's no time to be lost. I must leave this moment!*Tred.* No, Sir, excuse me; but you can't hardly do that *now*. I was to say that Sir RUPERT and the ladies would be glad to see you in the Droring Room himmediate.*Und.* Man alive! do you imagine anything would induce me to meet them now, after the humiliations I have been compelled to suffer under this roof?*Tred.* If you would prefer anything that has taken place in the Room, Sir, or in the stables to be 'ushed up—*Und.* Prefer it! If it were only possible! But they know—they know! What's the use of talking like that?*Tred.* (to himself). I know where I am now! (Aloud.) They know nothink up to the present, Mr. UNDERSHELL, nor yet I see no occasion why they should—leastwise from any of *Us*.*Und.* But they know I'm here; how am I to account for all the time—?*Tred.* Excuse me, Sir. I thought of that, and it occurred to me as it might be more agreeable to your feelings, Sir, if I conveyed an impression that you had only just arrived—'aving missed your train, Sir.*Und.* (overjoyed). How am I to thank you? that was really most discreet of you—most considerate!*Tred.* I am truly rejoiced to hear you say so, Sir. And I'll take care nothing leaks out. And if you'll be kind enough to follow me to the Droring Room, the ladies are waiting to see you.*Und.* (to himself). I may actually meet Lady MAISIE MULL after all! (Aloud, recollecting his condition.)

"I'm so very glad—about Emma, you know!"

But I can't go down like this. I'm in such a horrible mess!

*Tred.* I really don't perceive it, Sir; there's a little white on your coat-collar behind. Allow me—there, it's off now. (He gives him a hand-glass.) If you'd like to see for yourself.*Und.* (to himself as he looks). A little pallor, that's all. I am more presentable than I could have hoped. (Aloud.) Have the kindness to take me to Lady CULVERIN at once.

## SCENE XXIX.—The Chinese Drawing Room.

A few minutes later.

*Sir Rup.* (to UNDERSHELL, after the introductions have been gone through). And so you missed the 4.55 and had to come on by the 7.30, which stops everywhere, eh?*Und.* It—it certainly does stop at most stations.*Sir Rup.* And how did you get on to Wyvern—been here long?*Und.* N-not particularly long.*Sir Rup.* Fact is, you see, we made a mistake. Very ridiculous, but we've been taking that young fellow, Mr. SPURRELL, for you all this time; so we never thought of inquiring whether you'd come or not. It was only just now he told us how he'd met you in the Verney Chamber, and the very handsome way, if you will allow me to say so, in which you had tried to efface yourself.

*Und. (to himself).* I didn't expect him to take *that* view of it! (*Aloud.*) I—I felt I had no alternative.

[Lady MAISIE regards him with admiration.  
*Sir Rup.* You did an uncommon fine thing, Sir, and I'm afraid you received treatment on your arrival which you had every right to resent.

*Und. (to himself).* I hoped he didn't know about the Housekeeper's Room! (*Aloud.*) Please say no more about it, Sir RUPERT. I know now that you were entirely innocent of any—

*Sir Rup. (horried).* Good Gad! you didn't suppose I had any hand in fixing up that booby trap, or whatever it was, did you? Young fellows will get bear-fighting and playing idiotic tricks on one another, and you seem to have been the victim—that's how it was. Have you had anything to eat since you came? If not—

*Und. (hastily).* Thank you, I—I have dined. (*To himself.*) So he doesn't know where, after all! I will spare him *that*.

*Sir Rup.* Got some food at Shuntingbridge, eh? Afraid they gave you a wretched dinner?

*Und.* Quite the reverse, I assure you. (*To himself.*) Considering that it came from his own table!

*Lady Maisie (in an undertone, to Captain THICKNESSE).* GERALD, you remember what I said some time ago—about poetry and poets?

*Capt. Thick.* Perfectly. And I thought you were quite right.

*Lady Maisie.* I was quite *wrong*. I didn't know what I was talking about. I do now. Good night. (*She crosses to UNDERSHELL.*) Good night, Mr. BLAIR, I'm so very glad we have met—at last!

[*She goes.*  
*Und. (to himself, rapturously).* She's not freckled; she's not even sandy. She's lovely! And, by some unhopd for good fortune, all this has only raised me in her eyes. I am more than compensated!

*Capt. Thick. (to himself).* I may just as well get back to Aldershot to-morrow—*now*. I'll go and prepare Lady C.'s mind, in case. It's hard luck; just when everything seemed goin' right! I'd give somethin' to have the other bard back, I know. It's no earthly use my tryin' to stand against *this* one!

## FEMINA DUX FACTI.

*The Tumulus, Parliament Hill, Nov. 5.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Do not confuse me with a boa-constrictor story. Cursed be he that disturbs my *bona fides*; and the above is my real address.

True, the ancient Romans knew me as the Old Pretendress, but let that pass. What I want to know is this. Will *nothing* check the energy of the L. C. C.?—nothing allay their fever for expurgation? I am not a Promenader. I only ask to lie still. Nor a Living Picture either, and have not been for more than eighteen centuries. Talk of Roman noses! Why their eagle was a chicken compared with the London Carrion Crows! Such a power of scent!

It is Guy Fawkes day, and I hear talk of blowing up the Lords. But surely one must draw the line somewhere this side of an insidious exhumation of the Monarchy!

After all, if they do get at my bones, the real marrow of me has transmigrated into the New Woman. Sir, there *were* New Women in my day. We invented everything. I see the *Daily Telegraph* says they have found a pellet. That reminds me that after the death of my late husband, PRASUTAGUS, King of the Icenii (not to be confused with the PLOECENT of about the same period), I was subjected to the most revolting barbarity at the hands of the Veterans (their name was legionary), and I was obliged to invent a pellet-proof corset.

Then, again, we held all the commissions in the army. How does TACITUS report my famous speech to the Queen Consort's Own Regiment of Pioneers (new style)? "*Vincendum illa acie vel cadendum esse. Id mulieri destinatum. Viverent viri et servirent.*" Let the men live on in slavery! What a prophetic utterance!

By the way, not many Emancipated Women of the present day could speak better Latin than that. Indeed, we took all the University degrees. I myself was an honorary *felo de se*.

Don't tell me that I am prehistoric, and that TACITUS was a forger of the fourteenth century. No testimony is sacred now-a-days, not even the most profane!

I conclude with a passage from Madame SARAH GRAY, which I think comes in rather well.

Beneath this storied hump there lies concealed  
A heart once pregnant with a Righteous Plan,  
Hands that the rod of Empire used to wield,  
And whacked to ecstasy the human Man.

Dear Mr. Punch, may you live for ever; or, failing that, may no rude spoiler mar your "animated bust." Excuse these disjointed remarks, but I am writing in a barrow.

Yours, in the spirit,

BOADICEA.

P.S.—I have thought of a proverb. New Women should be put into new *tumuli*.

## A GAY WIDOW COURTED.

NOTHING could be better than the acting all round in the new three-act play at the Court. It is distinctly first-rate, and those who want a hearty laugh should proceed to the Court to enjoy it. And yet there is also serious relief, as there should be—light and shade. First there is Miss LOTTIE VENNE, who shows us that she can mingle pathos with comedy, temper smiles with tears. She is as



bright as sunshine in the comic scenes, and when she has to say good-bye to her newly-married daughter, she glides from peals of merriment into sobs of sorrow that are intensely touching because they are intensely natural. Then Mr. HAWTREY, in a part that fits him down to the ground (in the Stalls) and up to the ceiling (in the Gallery), is greatly amusing. And he, too, has his more mournful moments. People accustomed to seeing this accomplished actor in butterfly touch-and-go parts would scarcely credit him with the power of becoming pathetically unmanned. And yet so it is. Mr. HAWTREY, indignant at a false accusation emanating from his wife, commences a letter full of angry reproaches, addressed to her solicitors, and gradually forgets everything in his despairing appeal for the love he craves but which he fears he has lost. Nothing better than this has been seen for a long time in a London theatre. Then Mr. GILBERT HARE (inheritor of his father's cleverness) causes roars of laughter by his comical sketch of a man with a cold. But here, again, the mirth is tempered with sympathy. The echo of the "ha, ha, ha," in spite of its inappropriateness, is "Poor fellow!" Mr. THORNE, too, is good, and so is Mr. RUGHTON, and so is everyone concerned.

## FINISHING TOUCHES.

[“Canon FURSE said he believed no man's education was complete who did not attend public meetings.”—*Daily News.*]

My classics were not shaky, nor my mathematics weak,  
My great linguistic fluency enabled me to speak  
In half-a-dozen languages with quite surprising skill,  
And yet—I always felt it—there was something lacking still.

But, though profoundly conscious of a lingering defect,  
The cause of imperfection I was puzzled to detect,  
But Canon FURSE explains it; for I sorrow to relate,  
I shunned all public meetings, which accounted for my state.

Well, over chances past and gone, 'twere idle to shed tears,  
I'm striving now to rectify the fault of former years,  
And every afternoon and night I rush from street to street,  
Endeavouring to make my education more “complete.”

Where Anti-Vivisectionists their armaments encamp,  
Where Democrats democratise, and stage-reformers ramp,  
Where fervent Ulstermen point out that MORLEY is a fool,  
Where Parnellites insist upon the beauty of Home Rule;

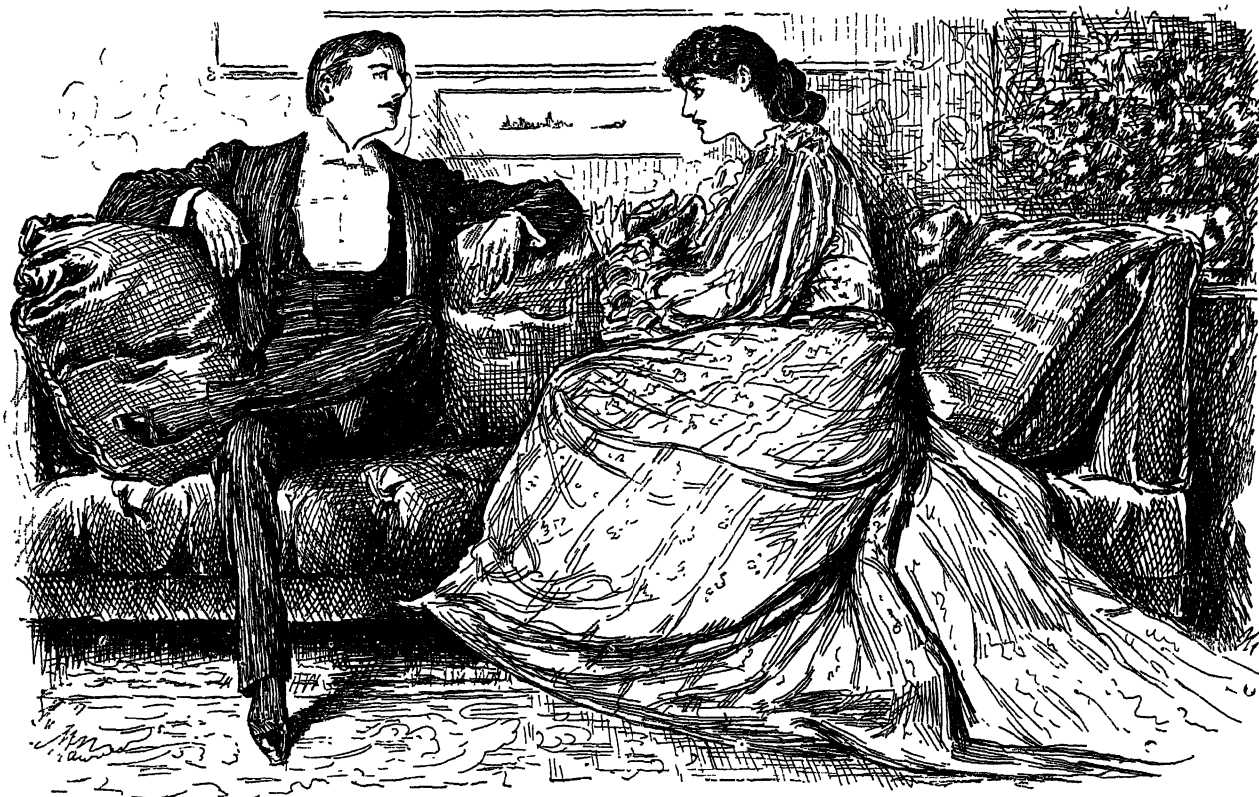
Where lecturers with lanterns make the vice of drinking clear;  
Where publicans prove amply that our only hope is beer,—  
To each and all of these I come, a champion of the cause,  
And sit imbibing wisdom, and I join in the applause;

I join in the applause, and—yes! The Anti-Smoking cranks  
Invited me, not long ago, to move a vote of thanks!  
Ah, happy, happy moment, when I stood, composed but proud,  
And looked at Mr. Chairman, and the hushed, expectant crowd!

Yes, Canon FURSE, I thank you for your warning so discreet;  
Indeed, our education now is wholly incomplete  
Unless we meet and “sympathise,” “insist on,” and “deplore,”  
And listen to the prattling Prig, the Faddist, and the Bore!



HOME FOR ADVERTISERS.—“Puffin Island.” Of course this is only for those who find themselves in “many straits.”



## DRAWING-ROOM INANITIES.

He. "I LIVE IN HILL STREET. WHERE DO YOU LIVE?" She. "I LIVE IN HILL STREET, TOO."  
 He (greatly delighted to find they have something in common). "REALLY!" (After a moment's hesitation.) "ANY PARTICULAR NUMBER?"

## THE CHIEF MOURNER.

"—Past  
 To where beyond these voices there is Peace."  
 TENNYSON'S "Guinevere."

PEACE! Lo! her hand is on thine heart at last.  
 No boding echoes of the battle-blast,  
 Whose hated sound thy earthly slumbers broke,  
 Shall break the rest whereunto thou hast past.

Earth's mightiest autocrat, and yet a man  
 Unwitched by War's wrath-stirring rataplan!  
 A phantom haunted thee from the red snows  
 Where with the blood of legions Plevna ran.

Where War took on its deadliest, dreadfulest guise,  
 The love of Peace possessed thee. Those closed eyes  
 Frowned back Bellona's long solicitings.  
 Peace smiles on them, though lid on lid now lies.

Peace smiles in love, and weeps in true lament,  
 Mourner for one who, worn and trouble-bent,  
 Yet with firm hand held fast the Janus gates,  
 A despot's aid to the dove-carrier lent.

Therefore the hearts of freemen to thee warmed  
 Great Autocrat, because the strong man armed,  
 And irresponsible, kept sheathed the sword,—  
 By Glory's glittering lure unmoved, uncharmed.

In uncheered isolation, fear-beset,  
 Who shall divine what longing, what regret,  
 Ached in the heart within that Titan frame,  
 How oft with anguish those stern eyes were wet?

Pinnaced in thy peril-compassed post,  
 With Terror like a grey and boding ghost  
 Haunted continually, of what avail  
 The boundless realm, the huge embattled host?—

Of what avail to solace, gladden, bless?  
 From wife's endearment or from child's caress  
 Starting dread-shaken, Power sees danger lurk,  
 In Peace more menacing than in War's fierce press.

But this man spurned not Peace in fear, nor shock  
 In his allegiance to her; but would brook  
 The fierce revilings of her angry foes  
 Rather than face her with unfriendly look.

"Otus and Ephialtes held the chain" \*  
 That bound the mighty Mars. So through his reign  
 He helped to hold the god in "fetters bound,"  
 The fierce false god who raged and roared in vain.

So Peace beside his bed chief mourner stands,  
 The Great White Tsar late lord of limitless lands,—  
 And on that broad brave breast, now still in death,  
 Lays her own olive-branch with reverent hands.

\* Iliad, B. V., 478.

WHAT HIS LORDSHIP MUST HAVE SAID.—A juryman in a recent case objected to a private soldier, who is a public servant, being described as "one of the lower classes." The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE explained that the witness had said "rough classes," not "lower," adding his dictum that "patent leather boots do not make a man first class." This remark was *à propos de bottes*; and what the Chief meant to say was evidently that "patent leather boots were not to be considered as a patent of nobility." When FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., Attorney-General, heard of it, he wept as for another good chance gone for ever.

CAUGHT PUNNING.—In some of the theatrical items for the week we see it announced that a certain playwright is at work on a comic opera which has for its subject *Manon Lescaut*. "If it is to be a travestie," observed "W. A.," the World's Archer, who makes a shot at a pun whenever the chance is given him, "then its title should of course be '*Manon Bur-Lescaut*.'"

"REFORM IN CONVEYANCING."—Certainly, a reform much needed. Let us have some new Hansoms which are not "bone-shakers" and whose windows will not act as so many guillotines. Some improved growlers (they have been a bit better recently), drawn by less dilapidated horses, would be a welcome addition.





## THE CHIEF MOURNER.

“— PAST  
TO WHERE BEYOND THESE VOICES THERE IS PEACE.”—TENNYSON.



# THE DECADENT GUYS.

(A Colour-Study in Green Carnations.)

THEY were sitting close together in their characteristic attitudes; the knees slightly limp, and the arms hanging loosely by their sides; Lord RAGGIE TATTERSALL in the peculiar kind of portable chair he most affected; FUSTIAN FLITTERS in a luxurious sort of handbarrow. The lemon-tinted November light of a back street in a London slum floated lovingly on their collapsed forms, and on the great mass of weary cabbage-stalks that lay dreaming themselves daintily to death in the gutter at their feet.

They were both dressed very much alike, in loosely-fitting, fantastically patched coats. Lord RAGGIE was wearing a straw hat, with the crown reticently suggested rather than expressed, which suited his complexion very well, emphasising, as it did, the white weariness of his smooth face, with the bright spot of red that had appeared on each cheek, and the vacant fretfulness of his hollow eyes; he held his head slightly on one side, and seemed very tired. FUSTIAN FLITTERS had adopted the regulation chimney-pot hat, beautiful with the iridescent sheen of decay; he was taller, bulgier, and bulkier than his friend, and allowed his heavy chin to droop languidly forward. Both wore white cotton gloves, broken boots, and rather small magenta cauliflowers in their button-holes.

"My dear RAGGIE," said Mr. FLITTERS, in a gently elaborate voice, and with a gracious wave of his plump straw-distended white fingers towards his companion's chair; "you are looking very well this afternoon. You would be perfectly charming in a red wig and a cocked-hat, and a checked ulster with purple and green shadows in the folds. You would wear it beautifully, floating negligently over your shoulders. But you are wonderfully complete as you are!"

"That is so true!" acquiesced RAGGIE, with perfect complacency. "I am very beautiful. And you, FUSTIAN, you are so energetically inert. Are you going to blow up to-night? You are so brilliant when you blow up."

"I have not decided either way. I never do. It will depend upon how I feel in the bonfire. I let it come if it will. The true *impromptu* is invariably premeditated."

"Isn't that rather self-contradictory?" said RAGGIE, with his pretty quick smile.

"Of course it is. Does not consistency solely consist in contradicting oneself? But I suppose I am a trifle *décousu*."

"You are. Indeed, we are both what those absurd clothes-dealing Philistines would call 'threadbare'—you and I."

"I hope so, most sincerely. There is something so hopelessly middle-class about wearing perfectly new clothes. It always reminds me of that ridiculous Nature, who will persist in putting all her poor little trees into brand-new suits of hideous non-arsenical green every spring. As if withered leaves, or even nudity itself, would not really be infinitely more decent! I detest a coat that is what the world calls a 'fit'!"

"Clothes that fit," observed Lord RAGGIE, gravely, "are the natural penalty for possessing that dreadful deformity, a good figure. Only exploded mediocrities like TUPPER and BUNN and SHAKESPEARE ought to have figures."

"Had SHAKESPEARE a figure? I thought it was only a bust."

"We shall have our little bust by and by, I suppose," said RAGGIE, pensively. "I wonder *when*. I feel in the mood to sally forth and paint the night with strange scarlet, slashed with silver and gold, while our young votaries—beautiful pink boys in paper hats—let off marvellous pale epigrammatic crackers and purple paradoxical squibs in our honour."

"See, RAGGIE, here come our youthful disciples! Do they not look deliciously innocent and enthusiastic? I wish, though, we could contrive to imbue them with something of our own lovely limpness—they are so atrociously lively and active."

"That will come, FUSTIAN," said Lord RAGGIE, indulgently.

"We must give them time. Already they have copied our distinctive costume, caught our very features and colouring. Some day, FUSTIAN, some day they will adopt our mystic emblem—the symbol that is such a true symbol in possessing no meaning whatever—the Magenta Cauliflower! And then—and then—"

"—It will be time for Us to drop it," continued Mr. FUSTIAN FLITTERS, with his peculiar smile of insurmountable obviousness.

"Beautiful rose-coloured children!" murmured Lord RAGGIE, dreamily; "how sad to think that they will all grow up and degenerate into pork-butchers, and generals, and bishops, and absurdly futile persons of that sort! But listen; it is so sweet of them—they are going to sing an exquisite little catch I composed expressly for them, a sort of mellifluously raucous chant with no tune in particular. That is where it is so wonderful. True melody is always quite tuneless!"

One by one the shrill, passionate young voices chimed in, until the very lamp-posts throbbed and rang with the words, and they seemed to wander away, away among the sleeping pageant of the chimney-pots, away to the burnished golden globes of the struggling pawnbroker.

"Please ter remember. The Fifth o' November. For Gun Powder Plot. Ter blow up the King and 'is Porliment. Shall never. Be. Forgot! 'Oller, Boys, 'Oller!"

Lord RAGGIE, with his head bent, listened with a smile parting the scarlet thread of his lips, a smile in his pretty hollow eyes. "I wonder



"My dear Raggie, you are looking very well this afternoon."

why people should be exhorted to remember such a prosaic and commonplace crime as that," he meditated aloud: "a crime, too, that had not even the vulgar merit of being a success!"

"Only failures ever do succeed, really," said FUSTIAN, leaning largely over his barrow. "How deliciously they are joggling us! Don't you like having your innermost shavings stimulated, RAGGIE?"

"There is only one stimulating thing in the world," was the languid answer; "and that is a soporific. But see, FUSTIAN, here comes one of those unconsciously absurd persons they call policemen. How stiffly he holds himself. Why is there something so irresistibly ludicrous about every creature that possesses a spine? Perhaps because to be vertebrate is to be normal, and the normal is necessarily such a hideous monstrosity. How what are recalled warped distorted figures. The only real Adonis nowadays is a

Guy." And the shrill voices of the young choristers, detaching themselves one by one from the melodic fabric in which they were enmeshed, grew fainter and fainter still—until they slipped at last into silence.

"FUSTIAN, did you notice? Our rose-white adherents have abandoned us. They have run away—'done a guy,' as vulgarians express it."

"They have done *two*," said Mr. FLITTERS correctively; "which only proves the absolute sincerity of their devotion. Is not the whole art of fidelity comprised in knowing exactly when to betray?"

"How original you are to-day, FUSTIAN! But what is this crude blue copper going to do with you and me? Can we be going to become notorious—*really* notorious—at last?"

"I devoutly trust not. Notoriety is now merely a synonym for respectable obscurity. But he certainly appears to be engaged in what a serious humourist would call 'running us in.'"

"How pedantic of him! Then shan't we be allowed to explode at all this evening?"

"It seems not. They think we are dangerous. How can one tell? Perhaps we are. Give me a light, RAGGIE, and I will be brilliant for you alone. Come, the young Shoeblack bends to his brush, and the pale-faced Coster watches him in his pearly kicksies; the shadows on the mussels in the fish-stall are violet, and the vendor of halfpenny ices is washing the spaces of his tumblers with primrose and with crimson. Let me be brilliant, dear boy, or I feel that I shall burst for sheer vacuity, and pass away, as so many of us have passed, with all my combustibles still in me!"

And with gentle resignation, as martyrs whose apotheosis is merely postponed, Lord RAGGIE and FUSTIAN FLITTERS allowed themselves to be slowly moved on by the rude hand of an unsympathetic Peeler.



PREHISTORIC LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

## THE POLITE GUIDE TO THE CIVIL SERVICE.

(By an Affable Philosopher and  
Courteous Friend.)

## THE CHOICE OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY.

HAVING explained the mode of entering the service of the Crown by becoming the Secretary of the Public Squander Department, I now proceed to consider the best manner in which you should comport yourself in that position. The moment it is known that you have accepted the appointment you will receive a deluge of letters recommending various aspiring young gentlemen for the post of Private Secretary. Of course the notes must be civilly answered, but on no account pledge yourself to any one of the writers. And here I may give what may be termed the golden rule of the service, "always be polite to the individual in particular, and contemptuous to the public in general." The tradition of many generations of officials has been to regard outsiders as enemies. There may be small jealousies in a Government Department, but every man in the place will stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellow to repel the attacks of non-civilians. And the word "attack" has many meanings. Practically, everything is an attack. If an outsider asks a question, the query is an attack. If an outsider complains, the grievance is an attack. If an outsider begs a favour, the petition is an attack. If you bear this well in mind, you cannot go wrong. Adopt it as your creed, and you may be sure that you will become immediately an ideal head of a Government Department.

Say that you have accepted your appointment, and are prepared to take up at once the duties appertaining to your new position. No doubt during your "attacks" upon the Milestones you will have come across several of the officials of the Public Squander Department. So when you arrive in the hall of your new bureau you will be recognised at once by most of the messengers. You will be conducted with deference to your new quarters. You will find them very comfortable. Any number of easy-chairs. Large writing-desk. Several handsome tables. Rich carpet, rug to match, and a coal-scuttle with the departmental cypher. On the walls, maps and some armour. The latter, no doubt, has come from the Tower, or Holyrood, or Dublin Castle. Most probably one of your predecessors has given an official dinner in your room, and the armour is the result of the importunity of his Private Secretary.

"I say, TENTERFORE," your predecessor has observed, "don't you think these walls are a bit bare? Don't you think you could get them done up a bit?"

"Certainly, Sir," TENTERFORE has replied, and the result of his energy has been the trophies you see around you. TENTERFORE has applied to the people at the Tower, or Holyrood, or Dublin Castle, and got up quite a collection of quaint old arms. They have been duly received by the Public Squander Department, and retained. It is a rule of the bureau that anything that has been once accepted shall be kept for ever. That is to say, if it can be clearly proved that the things retained can be useful somewhere else. You look round with satisfaction, and then greet with effusion the chief clerk. He has been waiting to receive you. As you do not know the ropes, it is advisable to be civil to every one. Later on, when you have a talented assistant to prompt you, you can allow your cordiality to cool. However, at this moment it is better to be extremely polite to all the world, and (if you know her) his wife. The chief clerk is delighted to exchange expressions of mutual respect and common good-



## HOW OPINION IS FORMED.

He. "HAVE YOU READ THAT BRASTLY BOOK *THE MAUVE PRONY*, BY LADY MIDDLESEX?"  
She. "YFS. I RATHER LIKED IT." He. "SO DID I."

will. He will put in something neat about the Milestones as a concession to your labours in that direction.

"My dear Sir," you will reply with a smile, "don't bother yourself about *them*. I can keep *them* quite safe. We have nothing to fear from *them*."

The face of the chief clerk will beam. He will see that you are one of them. Milestones for the future are to be defended, not attacked. He will accept you as an illustrious bureaucratic recruit. He will see that you are ready to stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of the office. Could anything be better?

Then for about the thirtieth time you will be asked if you have selected a private secretary, and the chief clerk will suggest his own particular nominee. With much cordiality you will receive the proposal, but keep the

matter open. You must remember that upon the appointment your future success depends. Moreover, it is a nice little piece of patronage which you may as well retain for yourself.

When you have selected your private secretary it will be time to get into harness, and of this operation I hope to treat on some future occasion.

"No Fees!"—The new seats in the Drury Lane pit "by an ingenious arrangement," says Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, in the *Daily Telegraph*, "tip up" of their own accord the instant they are vacated." Then, evidently, the system of "fees to attendants" is not abolished at T.R. Drury Lane. In theatres where it is abolished no "tipping up" could possibly be permitted.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



*Gleams of Memory; with Some Reflections*, is the happy title of Mr. JAMES PAYN's last book, published by SMITH AND ELDER. The wit of the title flashes through every page of the single volume. Within its modest limits of space will be found not only some of the best stories of the day, but stories the best told. Not a superfluous word spoils the gems, which have been ruthlessly taken out of their setting and spread widecast through the circulation of many newspapers reviewing the work. My Baronite, fortunately, has not space at his disposal to join in this act of flat, though seductive, burglary. He advises everyone to go to the book itself. The reader will find himself enjoying the rare privilege of intimacy with a cultured mind, and a heart so kindly that temptation to say smart things at the expense of others, which underlies the possession of overflowing humour, is resisted, apparently without effort. Like the German Emperor or Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Mr. PAYN probably "could be very nasty if he liked." He doesn't like, and is therefore himself liked all the better.

That little tale entitled *The Black Patch*, by GERTRUDE CLAY KER-SEYMER, introduces to the public a rather novel character in the person of a Miss Clara Beauchamp an amateur female detective, to whom SHERLOCK HOLMES, when he chooses to "come out of his ambush," (for no one believes he fell over that precipice and was killed about a year ago,) ought at once to propose. It would be an excellent firm. CLARA would make our HOLMES happy, and a certain advertising medicine provider bearing the same name as the heroine of this sporting story would have another big chance of increasing his "boardings." The Baron, skilled as he is in plots, owns to having been now and again puzzled over this one which clever CLARA the Clearer soon makes apparent to everybody. The story is a working out of the description of twins, how "each is so like both that you can't tell 't'other from which." But mind you, not ordinary biped twins—oh dear no—they are. . . . No. . . . the Baron respects a lady's secret, and recommends the inquisitive to get the book and penetrate the mystery.

To all those who like a mystery, and who gratefully remember FLORENCE WARDEN's *House on the Marsh*, let the Baron recommend *A Perfect Fool*, by the same authoress. Dickensian students will be struck by the fact of a "Mr. Dick" being kept on the premises. He is a caged Dickie, poor chap; but, like his ancestor the original Mr. Dick, he sets everybody right at last. The Baron dare not say more, lest he should let the Dickie out of the cage. The only disappointment, to old-fashioned novel-readers, at least, who love justice to be done, and the villain to receive worse than he has given, is in the moral of the tale; yet in these decadent Yellow Asterical and Green Carnational days it is as good as can be wished. FLORENCE WARDEN is neither priggish nor Church-Wardenish; and so, when the scoundrel— But here, again, the Baron must put his finger to his lips, and ask you to read the story; when, and not till then, he may imagine whether you do not agree with him, "*Mystère!*"

Curiosity has ever been a weakness of human nature, and that seems to be the only reason why so many make themselves uncomfortable by taking journeys to the Pole. Imitating NANSSEN, GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N., sends his hero *To Greenland and the Pole*, which he reaches after much "skilöbning" (the book must be read to grasp its meaning), and receiving a chilly but polite welcome, with the arrogance of an Englishman breaks the cold silence by singing the "*National Anthem*," when of course the Pole is thawed at once!

Writes a Baroness Junior, "Those little boys and girls who delight in fairy lore will find a charming story of magical adventures in *Maurice; or, the Red Jar*, by the Countess of JERSEY, or more appropriately Countess of JARSEY. It is fantastically illustrated by ROSIE M. M. PITMAN, and published by MACMILLAN & Co., and shows how unpleasant a jar can be in a family. And yet has not the poet finely said, 'A thing of beauty is a Jar for ever!'"

The Baron is anxiously expecting the appearance from The Leadenhall Press of Mr. TUEB'S *Chap-book*. Of course, all "the Chappies" from "Chap 1" to "Last Chap" are on the look out for it. The Baron fancies it will be a perfect fac-simile, and if not perfect, the merciful critic who is merciful to his author will say with the poet POPE

"*Th' er is human,*"

which is a most pope-ular quotation; while as to the latter half of the line "to forgive, divine"—that, in a measure, is one of the unstrained prerogatives of the BENEFICENT BARON DE B.-W.

## A SLIGHT ADAPTATION.

(Suggested by the recent Debate (Ladies only) at the Pioneers Club on the Shortcomings of the Male Sex.)

Nova mulier vociferatur more Whitmanico.



COME my modern women,  
Follow me this evening, get your numbers  
ready,  
Have you got your latchkeys? have you your  
members' axes?  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

To the club in Bruton Street  
We must march my darlings, one and all a  
great ensemble,  
We the strenuous lady champions, all ex-  
tremely up to date,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O you girls, West-End girls,  
O you young revolting daughters, full of  
manly pride and manners,  
Plain I see you West-End girls (no reflection  
on your features!).  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Have our lords and masters halted?  
Do they humbly take a back-seat, wearied out with  
Madame SARAH GRAND?  
We take up the dual garments, and the eyeglass and  
the cycle,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

From North Hampstead, from South Tooting,  
From far Peckham, from the suburbs and the shires  
we come,  
All the dress of comrades noting, bonnets, fashions  
criticising,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

We primeval fetters loosing,  
We our husbands taming, vexing we and worrying  
Mrs. GRUNDY,  
We our own lives freely living, we as bachelor-girls  
residing,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!



Literary dames are we,  
Singers, speakers, temperance readers,  
artists we and journalists,  
Here and there a festive actress (generally  
to be found in our smoking-room),  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Raise the mighty mistress President,  
Waving high the delicate President, over  
all the Lady President (bend your  
heads all),  
Raise the warlike Mrs. M-ss-NGB-D, stern  
impassive Mrs. M-ss-NGB-D,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

This sort of thing goes on for about twenty more verses, for which readers are kindly referred to the original in *Leaves of Grass*. It really applies without any further adaptation.

## A "MAN IN ARMOUR" TO THE MULTITUDE.

On Lord Mayor's Day.

REMEMBER, remember, the Ninth  
of November!  
A civic procession you've got!  
I know no reason why L. C. C.  
treason [pot.  
Should send the old custom to  
There is a great glamour about  
men in armour,  
Will London turn out all a-pant  
At sound of the bugle to stare at  
McDOUGALL,  
Or hear Mrs. ORMISTON CRANT?  
Though city crowds hurtle to  
welcome the turtle,  
And shout at the Mayor and  
the mace;

What Council Committee will  
choke up the City  
With mobs and a smile on each  
face? [drama.  
The old "panorama" 's a popular  
An alderman may be a glutton;  
But multitudes jog after MAGOG  
and GOG [HUTTON.  
Who don't care a button for  
So remember, remember, the  
Ninth of November!  
A holiday glorious you've got;  
But "unification" will rob the  
whole nation  
Of one good old spree—which  
is rot!



## A FITTING OPPORTUNITY.

*Comfortable Citizen (to Irish Beggar, who has asked for an old Coat).*  
 "BUT WHAT USE WOULD MY THINGS BE TO YOU? YOU'RE SUCH A SCARE-CROW, AND I'M SO STOUT!"  
*Irish Beggar.* "AH, YER HONOUR, BUT IT'S YOURSELF THAT HAS PLENTY OF SPARE CLOTHES!"

## TO MOLLY.

(BY Q. H. GLADSTONIUS FLACCUS, JUNIOR.)

SWEET maid, your name I dream of incessantly,  
 For, like your voice, it sounds very pleasantly,  
*Molli et canora voce dulcis,*  
*Nomine dulcis es usque molli.*

It has a charming old-fashioned smack to it,  
 Beau BRUMMELL'S age—it carries one back to it,  
 Powder and patch, and rustic maiden,  
 Name with the scent of the hayfields laden.

Then English maid was sweet as a maid may be,  
 This age has changed her, made her less staid, may be,  
 'Mongst other follies now it's taught her  
 How to become a "revolting daughter."

Poor blind revolting daughter! I pity her—  
 You're just as clever, probably prettier.  
 In sweet content maid's sphere adorning,  
 Yellow-Asterical problems scorning.

May these be "*fandi molliæ tempora*,"  
 Your smile can make me proud as an emperor,  
 But swift my cares, should you be frowning,  
 I'll in deep waters (and strong) be drowning!

Accept my ode! Don't "think it too odious,"  
 Sweet maid in name and voice so melodious,  
*Molli et canora voce dulcis,*  
*Nomine dulcis es usque molli.*

CLEARLY NOT THE LEADER OF THE FLOCK.—Of course, the reverend gentleman cannot be considered as a shepherd as long as his name is *Head-lam*.

## LETTERS TO A DÉBUTANTE.

DEAREST GLADYS,—You have made immense progress since you first came out. Still, you will be all the better for an occasional hint from your more sophisticated friend. Your brief engagement to the serious young stamp-collector was—whatever may be said against it—at least, an experience, and I don't at all disapprove of Cissy, and BABY BEAUMONT, and the other clever boys, but—why call Captain MASHINGTON "JACK"? That wonderful tennis-player, Mrs. LORNE HOPPER has merely, tacitly, *lent* him to you, she will soon be in London again, and then, shooting and theatricals over, "JACK" will also go back to the city of mist and fog. You will be obliged to return him, whether "with thanks" or not. He is definitely charming, but charmingly indefinite, and, in fact, he is playing with you as you and ORIEL played with each other, as Miss TOOGOOD is now playing with ORIEL, and as someone (let us hope) will, some day, play with Miss TOOGOOD. Of course, as long as you both know it's a game and "play the rules" it's all right.

I enjoyed your letter telling me how "splendidly" the theatricals went off, and that "everyone said it was a great success." My dear child, you are delightful—quite refreshing; and have kept, in all its early bloom, your astonishing talent for believing that people mean, literally, what they say. How on earth can you, or any of the other performers, know whether it was a success or not? Of course everyone *said* it was. Quite so; who would be rude enough to say it was a failure? The more atrocious the performance, the more praise it would get. Guests *invariably* flatter amateurs to their faces; and, on the other hand, however admirable it may have been, they *never* fail to abuse it to everyone else. I don't know whether it's jealousy, or simply irritation at being obliged to sit still (generally in the dark), and look on while others are showing off and enjoying themselves; but I *do* know that they criticise severely, without exception, all amateur entertainments. As I am your most intimate friend, of course people think it safe to disparage you to me, and I have had various accounts. All the men agreed that it was "awful rot," and the women that it was quite absurd, very dull, and as long as the Cromwell Road; that our dear Cissy was quite too ridiculously conceited as a manager, attempting effects, suitable only for Drury Lane, on a tiny drawing-room stage; for instance, those dreadful stone steps, on which you were to "trip down," and over which you tripped up. You see, my informant caught you tripping!

Cissy, poor incompetent darling, made, it seems, touching attempts to be "topical," and "up to date," by allusions of the tritest and lamest description to the Empire, the Czar, and dynamite, and by wearing a huge green carnation. The whole thing completely missed fire, I am told; and was the usual tedious exhibition of complacent young vanity. You're too sensible to be offended, dear, especially as I can no more form a judgment from *their* description than from yours—knowing you all to be prejudiced. However, I quite believe you looked sweet in your pretty costume, and I wish I had been there to see the fun.

Last night, at dinner, I met your old admirer, Mr. GOLDBEITER. He told me he wanted to be married, and asked me "to look out for a nice wife for him." I am afraid the sort of man who says that lives to be an old bachelor. I could have looked after him better, but that on my other side was a person in whom I take great interest; that is to say, someone I have only just met. The LYON TAYMERS would like him. He is a writer, perfectly "new"; and at present the cause of great disputes as to who discovered him. He is beautiful, of course young, and will be very agreeable when he has settled on his pose; at present, he's a little undecided about it.

Not having read a line of his, or even knowing he was an author, I began with my usual formula, "I am *so* interested in your work, Mr. DE TROUVAILLE" (he's French by descent). He was a little doubtful of me at first, but I think we shall become friends. He said nothing about having met me in a previous existence, did not ask if I believed in instantaneous sympathy, and omitted to inquire which was *not* my day at home. So, you see, he is not quite like everyone else. Before the end of dinner, he had spoken, very respectfully, but not unfavourably, of my eyes, and he is going to send me his book, *Enchantment*. He belongs to the new literary school they call "Sensitivists." I wonder what it means! Good-bye, dear.

Ever your loving

MARJORIE.

"NULLIS MEDICABILIS HERBIS." &c.—A youthful author suffering from a violent attack of the critics.



### A POLITICAL CONFERENCE.

"GLADSTONIUS PARVAM REM HORATIANAM COMPOSITONIS SUÆ AD ROSEBERII RECITANS."

# A POLITICAL CONFERENCE.

SCENE—The interior of a classic Country Villa. Present—An aged, illustrious, but retired, Statesman and Leader, engaged now in thrumming a lyre. To him enter his youthful successor, with certain scrolls.

*Senex (eagerly).* My dear PRIMULA! So glad you have come! The very man I wished to see. Be seated.

*Juvenis (depositing scrolls).* A thousand thanks. Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear GLADSTONIUS.

*Senex (cheerily).* Never better, thank the gods!—and the ocularius!

[*Twangles nimbly.*  
*Juvenis.* Ah! CINCINNATUS, in retirement, pleased himself with the plough; your recreation was wont to be the axe or the banjo; now I perceive it is the—harp!

*Senex (sharply).* Not at all, PRIMULA, not at all. This is not a harp!

[*Plays and sings.*  
Poscimur. Si quid vacui sub umbra  
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum  
Vivat et plures, age, die Latinum,  
Barbite, carmen.

O decus Phœbi et dapibus supremi  
Grata testudo Jovis, O laborum  
Dulce lenimen mihi cunque salve  
Rite vocanti.

*Juvenis (astounded).* Charming, I'm sure!  
*Senex (beaming).* Think so? I fear you flatter.

*Juvenis.* Not at all. You may say, with your new favourite—

"Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres,  
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

*Senex (modestly).* Very pretty! But I fear the ever-youthful Muses may disdain an Old Man's belated wooing.

*Juvenis (shily).* Even a Grand Old Man's?

*Senex (shuddering).* Nay, no more of that, an' you love me. By the way, I wanted to consult you on a little musical matter.

*Juvenis (dubiously).* Ah! Concerning yon Hibernian Harp, I presume?

*Senex (impatiently).* Dear me, no! The Hibernian Harp be—jangled. As, indeed, it is, and unstrung into the bargain.

*Juvenis (relieved).* Why, have you then, like the other Minstrel Boy, "torn its chords asunder"?

*Senex.* Well, no, not that exactly. I fear its native thrummers will spare others that trouble. But—ahem!—it is the Horatian Lyre that interests me at present.

*Juvenis.* I see:—

"Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri  
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?

Quem deum? Cujus recinet jocosa  
Nomen imago,

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris  
Aut super Pindo gelidove in Hæmo?"

*Senex (musingly).* Hum! I have not yet tried the Tibia—the shrill pipe—but I may.

*Juvenis.* Doubtless; and you are quite equal to it.

*Senex (drily).* Thanks! But I've no wish, my dear PRIMULA, "to play the rôle of elderly Narcissus." At present my part is only that of Echo—to the Venusian's vibrant voice.

[*Muses.*  
*Juvenis (taking advantage of the opportunity).* Well, my dear GLADSTONIUS, there are one or two little matters upon which I want to take your opinion. For example, CÆCILIUS—

*Senex (quickly).* "CÆCILIUS, who provoked the populace to such a degree, that CICERO could hardly restrain them from doing him violence." Do you want me to play the part of CICERO?



## A GOOD GUESS.

First 'Arry (who has been reading City Article). "I SAY, WHAT 'S 'BRIGHTON A'S' MEAN!"  
Second 'Arry (of a Sporting turn). "'BRIGHTON 'ARBIEERS,' I S'POSE."

*Juvenis (taken aback).* Well—ahem!—hardly that, perhaps. But—

*Senex (interrupting him).* My dear PRIMULA, as I have already said in response to an appeal from a friend of the modern ORBILIUS (not like HORACE's pedagogue, "Plagosus," though), "After a contentious life of fifty-two years, I am naturally anxious to spend the remainder of my days in freedom from controversy."

*Juvenis.* Oh! Quite so—of course. But ahem!—the people are a little pressing—

*Senex.* Eh? To hurtful measures? What says AUGUSTUS's "pleasant mannikin" again, a propos?

Justum et tenacem propositi virum  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni,  
Mente quatit solida neque Auster,

Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,  
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis;  
Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

*Juvenis.* Doubtless. One such as yourself, "retired from business," like your beloved

HORACE on his Sabine farm.

"Ille potens sui  
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem  
Dixisse Vixi;"

But of me it cannot—yet—be said—  
"He, master of himself, in mirth may live  
Who saith, 'I rest well pleased with former  
days.'"

*Senex.* Hah! Sir JOHN BRAUMONT's version. Not so bad, but might be improved, I think. By the way, why should not you and I do the "Satires"—together?

*Juvenis.* Charmed, I am sure. Just now, however, I fear I'm a little too busy.

*Senex.* Pooh! Only occupies one's odd moments, and is as easy as shaving, or shaping a new Constitution. For example, I'll give you an impromptu version—call it adaptation if you like—of the first "Ad Mæcenatem":

"Mæcenatæ stavis edite regibus."

*Juvenis.* Oh! thanks, so much! Only—  
*Senex.* It won't take ten minutes. Listen!

[*Tunes up and sings.*

AD ROSEBERIAM.  
PRIMULA, from old Scotia sprung!  
My chos'n successor, though so young!



### WONDERFUL WHAT AN ADJECTIVE WILL DO.

*Brown (newly married—to Jones, whom he entertained a few evenings previously). "WELL, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF US, OLD BOY, EH?"*  
*Jones. "OH, PRETTY FLAT. ER—AWFULLY PRETTY FLAT!"*

You, 'midst Olympian dust delight  
 To whirl the chariot's rapid flight.  
 I'll watch your glowing axles roll  
 Nicely around the close-grazed goal.  
 You hold the palm of wondrous worth  
 Which late I wore upon the earth:  
 The Commons, now, sole crown desire,  
 And to un-veto'd power aspire.  
 You'll have enough to rule the deep  
 And Gaul placate, and Libya keep.  
 I'm now a swain who loves his toil,  
 To tune his pipe, and tend his soil.  
 Not Asia's wealth tempts me to sail  
 O'er faction's deep, and brave the gale.  
 Some say, though now, in love with ease,  
 I shun the storms of party seas;  
 That soon I'll summon the old crew,  
 And rig our shattered bark anew.  
 Too much I love this ancient wine,  
 Pressed from the old Venusian's vine!  
 Lo my free limbs at leisure laid!  
 The old instruments that once I played,  
 The harp, the banjo, hung aloft!

Hibernian airs, though sweet and soft,  
 And Ethiopian minstrelsy,  
 No longer have much charm for me.  
 Now I prefer the Lydian lyre,  
 And of bland HORACE never tire.  
 You youngsters like a martial life—  
 The trumpet-challenge and the strife;  
 With ardour seek the tented plain.  
 Your "gauntlet's down"! Good may  
 you gain!  
 For me, another line I choose,  
 And, late in life, I court the Muse,  
 Unmindful of Bellona's charms,  
 And the old stir of War's alarm.  
 Ah! once in full tilt I had borne  
 Against CÆCILUS full of scorn;  
 But Music now seems more divine!  
 With ivy-wreaths my temples shine.  
 Far from the world's tumultuous throng,  
 The nymphs seduce me with their song;  
 Here in cool grove I'm going to dwell,  
 Like HORACE, with "the sounding shell."  
 I feel a wish—sweet leisure's fruit—

To tootle on Euterpe's lute;  
 With Polyhymnia I desire  
 To twangle on the Lesbian lyre.  
 If, late, to lyric fame I rise,  
 My brow indeed shall strike the skies."

There! What think you of that—for an impromptu?

*Juvenis (rousing himself). Oh, excellent—most excellent! How do you do it? And now, my dear GLADSTONIUS, with your kind permission, we will go—*

*Senex (promptly). To dinner! Exactly, my dear PRIMULA.*

Nunc is bibendum, nunc pede libero  
 Pulsanda tellus, nunc Sallaribus,  
 Ornare pulvinar deorum  
 Tempus erat, dapibus, sodales.

Come along, my boy!!!

*[Skips away, followed slowly by his guest.]*

### FASHION AND FELONY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Magistrates are beginning, not a moment too soon, to protest against the ridiculous pockets in ladies' dresses, which afford such a temptation to the felonious classes! I should like to draw attention to an invention of my own which, I think, quite meets the difficulty. It is called the "Patent Unpickable Electrical Safety Pneumatic Combination Purse-Pocket," and it does not matter in the least in what part of the dress this pocket is placed. No sooner is the thief's hand in contact with the purse than a powerful voltaic circuit is at once formed, and by the principle of capillary attraction, coupled with that of molecular magnetisation, the hand is firmly imprisoned. Scientific readers will readily understand how this happens. In his efforts to release his hand the thief touches a button, when an electrical search light of five thousand candle-power is at once thrown around, a policeman's rattle of a peculiarly intense tone is set going, several land torpedoes discharge simultaneously from all sides of the dress, while the voice of a deceased judge issuing from a concealed phonograph pronounces a sentence of seven years' penal servitude on the now conscience-stricken depredator.

Yours, EDISON JUNIOR.

### John Walter.

BORN 1818. DIED NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

*["The unique characteristic of Mr. WALTER'S life was his relation to The Times."—Obituary Notice in the Times Newspaper.]*

THIRD of the name, and worthy heir  
 To the Great Journal's power—and care,  
 He, too, has passed, and left a void  
 None else can fill. A life employed  
 In arduous duty to that page  
 Which holds the history of an age,  
 Is sound State-service, and demands  
 Acclaim from British hearts and hands.  
 A sober, serious Englishman,  
 Steadfast of purpose, firm of plan,  
 He held his great inheritance  
 With strong clean hands, with cool clear  
 glance.

Unmoved by the hot moment, blown  
 By no chance wind, he held his own  
 Determined course, despite disface  
 From lips whose praise he held as shame.  
 Or right or wrong, his high intent,  
 Shaken by no weak sentiment,  
 To many souls was manifest;  
 And now he passes to his rest  
*Punch* lays his laurel on the bier  
 Of one whom sorrow shook, not fear;  
 Whose record o'er earth's realms and climes  
 Lives in those words "He was *The Times*!"



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"A DEPUTY-ASSISTANT of the Baron has been perusing with great contentment *The Catch of the County*, by Mrs. EDWARD KENNARD,



a lady who is already responsible for *The Hunting Girl*; *Wedded to Sport*, and a number of other romances dear to the heart of those who follow the hounds. The deputy-assistant reports that he was delighted with the newest of the authoress's novels, and found the three volumes rather too short than too long. Now that London is in the midst of November and its fogs, those who dwell near the frosted-silvery Thames can take a real pleasure in stories of the country. To sum up, *The Catch of the County* must (to adopt the slang of the moment) have "caught on."

A fact that must be as satisfactory to Mrs. KENNARD as to her readers. And when both supply and demand are pleased, Messrs. F. V. WHITE & Co., the publishers, must also (like *Cox and Box*) be "satisfied."

A Baronitess writes: "Gaily-bound Christmas books have been facing me for some time, and, with an insinuating look, seem to say, 'Turn over a new leaf.' We do; many new leaves."

BLACKIE AND SON could be called first favourites in the boys' field of literature. They make a good start with *Wulf the Saxon* and *In the Heart of the Rockies*, both by G. A. HENTY. They are both capital specimens of the Hentyprising hero.

*In Press-Gang Days*. By EDWARD PICKERING. A story, not a newspaper romance, though it is a new edition of the type of the wicked uncle, who makes use of "the liberty of the Press" to have his nephew bound—as if he were a book worth preserving—and taken off to sea. This proceeding made an impression on our good brave youth, who, after fighting with NELSON, learnt that "an Englishman should do his duty," escapes a French prison, and returns to "give what for" to his uncle.

Most interesting and practical is *The Whist Table*, edited by PORTLAND, especially to those whose only idea of the game is after the style of the man in *Happy Thoughts* who knows that the scoring had something to do with a candlestick and half-a-crown. In this book they will find a helping hand which gives the "c'rect" card to play. Both these books, published by JOHN HOGG, are pig-culinary good.

"A powerful finish," quoth the Baron, leaning upon the chair-arm, and, like the soldier in the old ballad, wiping away a tear which he had most unwillingly shed over the last chapter of *Children of Circumstance*, "a very powerful finish. There is some comedy, too, in the story (which, I regret to say, is spun out into three volumes)—rather Meredithian perhaps, but still forming some relief to the sicknesses, illnesses and deaths—there are certainly three victims of IOTA's steel and one doubtful—of which the narrative has more than its fair share." Of the comedy portion, the courtship of *Jim and Rica* is excellent. But where other novels err in superfluity of description and lack of dialogue, the fault of this one is just the other way, and the dialogues may be, not "skipped," but bounded over. Nothing of the earlier portion, nor the powerful final chapter of this story can be missed: as for the intermediate stage, when the intelligent and experienced novel-reader has once grasped the characters, he can drop in on them now and then, in a friendly way, and see how they are getting on.

The Baron congratulates Messrs. MACMILLAN on a charming little book called *Coridon's Songs*, which are not all songs sung by that youthful Angler-Saxon whose parent was IZAAK WALTON, but also songs by GAY, FIELDING, and Anonymi. To these worthy Master AUSTIN DOBSON hath written a mighty learned and withal entertaining preface, the gems of the book being the illustrations, done by HUGH THOMSON in his best style, "wherewith," quotes the incorrigible Baron, "I am Hughely pleased." 'Tis an excellent Christmas present, as, "if I may be permitted to say so," quoth the Baron, *sotto voce*, "to those whom Providence hath blest with friends and relatives expecting gifts in the coming 'festive season,' is also a certain single volume entitled *Under the Rose*, an illustrated work, not altogether unknown, as a serial, in *Mr. Punch's* pages, and highly recommended by

THE JUDICIOUS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS."

RUS IN URBE.—Fancy there being a "Rural Dean of St. George's, Hanover Square"! His name was mentioned one day last week in the *Times* "Ecclesiastical Intelligence." It is the Rev. J. STORRS. Not "Army and Navy STORRS," nor "General STORRS," but "Ecclesiastical STORRS."

HAPPY APPLICATION.—Our Squire has a shooting party every Saturday to stay till Monday, and longer if they can. He calls it "The Saturday and Monday Pops."

## GISMONDA.

(To Mr. Punch.)

DEAR MISTER.—To you, who are a so great lover of the theatre, english and french, I send my impressions of the first of the new drama of Mister SARDOU. It is to you of to spread them in the country of the immortal SHAKESPIR. Allow that I render my homages to this name so illustrious, me who have essayed since so long time to speak and to write the language of that great author. And see there, in fine I can do it!

It wants me some words for to praise the put in scene of this new drama at the theatre of Mistress SARAH BERNHARDT. *Gismonda*! It is magnificent! It is superb! It is a dream! Ah! if your SHAKESPIR could see this luxury of decorations, this all together so glorious! Him who had but a curtain and an etiquette! And MOLIÈRE? And RACINE? Could they make to fabricate of such edifices, of such trees, of such furniture? They had not these—how say you in english—"proprieties," which belong to the proprietor? Yes, I think that I have heard the phrase, "offend against the proprieties." We never offend against them in the theatres of Paris; they are always as it should be. But here, at the Renaissance, Mistress BERNHARDT has done still more. Each scenery is a picture of the most admirables, a veritable blow of the eye.

I go to give you of them a short description. The first picture is the Acropolis, under the domination of the Florentines at the end of the fourteenth century. What perfume of poetry antique! What costumes! That has the air of an account of BOCCACCIO, of a picture of BOTTICELLI. One sees there the figures of ANGELICO, the colours of VERONESE. It is an ALMA-TEDDAMA of the middle age. And when Mistress BERNHARDT and her following, all resplendent of costume, are assembled upon the scene, one can see realised a group from the *Decameron*. And the second picture, and the third, and the fourth? Can I say more of them? They are superb. In the fourth there is a cypress high of six yards, there, alone, at the middle of the scene. One says he is natural. That may be. In any case he is marvellous. But the fifth picture, it is sublime! One cannot more! It is the last word of the modern theatre! It wants me the words, it wants me the place for to speak of it. SHAKESPIR alone would have could to render justice to this picture so ravishing.

As to the action of the piece, you will desire to know something. Frankly I tell you I observed it not. In the middle of this luxury of decorations there wander here and there some persons, dressed at the mode the most beautiful, who speak in effect not too shortly. There are veritable discourses—how say you "*conférences*"?—on florentine history, of the most interesting, but a little long. The brave Frenchmans pronounce the italian names in good patriots. They imitate not the accent of our perfidious neighbours of the Triple Alliance. Ah no! They say them as in french. And what names! *Acciajuoli*! It is like a sneeze. And Mistress BERNHARDT is gentle, caressing, passionate, contemptuous, and terrible turn to turn; she murmurs softly, and at the fine she screams. And Mister GUITYR is severe and menacing; he speaks at low voice, and at the fine he shouts. But after all what is that that is that that? One thinks not to it. The decorations, the costumes! See there that which one regards, that which one applauds, that which one shall forget never!

Be willing to agree the assurance of my high consideration.

STRAPONTIN.

## MAYEN-AISY-NOW!

MISTHER PUNCH, SORR.—Frinchmen are that consaited they think no one can invint anything but themselves. It's as well known as the story of Mulligan's leather breeches that the first Earl of MAYO invinted Mayernase sauce (ah! bother the spellin' now), and called it after himself and his eldest son, Lord NAAS; faix, there ye have it, Mayonaas; and isn't it called Paddy Bourke's butther to this day all over County Kildare; and many a bite of could salmon have I ate wid that same; and don't believe, Sorr, thim that tell you it's onw wholesome, for, if you'll get the laste sup of the crathur wid it, it's just as harmless as new milk from the cow; and shure it's meself that ought to know, bein' cook to a lady that has the best blood of ould Ireland in her body; and her husband—God help him, poor man!—is an Englishman; but we can't be all perfect, and whin I make thim sauces to his taste he just sends me out a glass of wine, wid his compliments, and wid mine to your honour,

I remane your honour's obadient Servant, BETSEY DURNAY.

\*\*\* This Correspondence must now cease. This is the second time we've said this.—ED.





## L'ART D'ÊTRE GRAND-PÈRE.

Daughter and Mamma, "PAPA, DEAR, BABY WANTS TO PLAY WITH YOUR NEW MICROSCOPE. MAY HE HAVE IT?"  
 Grandpapa (deep in differential and integral calculus). "MY NEW MICROSCOPE? OH, YES, OF COURSE, DEAR! BUT HE MUST MIND AND BE VERY CAREFUL WITH IT!"

## A TOUCHING APPEAL.

AIR—"The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bô."

IN the Kingdom of the Yellow,  
 Where names end in ing and oo,  
 With a phiz like saffron wood,  
 Lived proud YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO.  
 He was a thrasonic fellow;  
 But when smitten he would bellow.  
 Potted puppies were his food,  
 Pickled mice he thought at good.  
 Boss of a big neighbourhood  
 Was proud YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO.  
 He was jealous of a Jappy,  
 Little cove, but full of go;  
 Rather fond of throwing stones  
 At big YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO.  
 And that small but plucky chappie  
 Made big YOUNGHY feel unhappy;  
 And he growled, in grumbly tones,  
 "Piecy Jap him pitchee stones!  
 Me with Jappy pickee bones!"  
 Said sore YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO!  
 "YOUNGHY pitch in Jap PING-WINGLY!"  
 But young Jappy had first blow,  
 When it came to actual strife,  
 Faced big YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO,  
 Faced and fought him sharp and singly,  
 Smote him till his nose felt tingly,  
 He was fearful for his life,  
 And he yelled "Ho! stoppy strife!  
 Knuckles cut like lilly knife!"  
 Said poor YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO.  
 Yes, the big boy pale and yellow  
 "Kickee up hulla-balloo,"  
 "And he feelee velly cheap"  
 Did poor YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO.  
 He began to bleat and bellow,  
 Overgrown and awkward fellow;  
 For his guard he could not keep,  
 From his eyes he scarce could peep,  
 And the nose grew crimson—deep—  
 Of poor YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO!

Little Jappy sparred up gladly,  
 And he cried "Fight on, man, do!"  
 Your proposals come too late,  
 Mr. YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO!  
 I will give you beans, BUNG—badly!"  
 (Here his nose Jap hammered madly.)  
 "Yah! In fighting I'm your mate.  
 You caved in a bit too late,  
 I will whop you—if you'll wait.  
 Bouncing YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO!"  
 "Though you welly lilly body,  
 Jap, you strikee biggy blow!"  
 Welly much hurtee—me no play!"  
 (Blubbered YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO.)  
 "Me topside feel niddy-noddy.  
 Oh my nosy! Me will modi-  
 -fy the words me mustee say.  
 Will you pleasy go away?  
 Me no likee! Me no play!"  
 Welly much hard! Boo-hoo!! Boo-hoo!!!"  
 On the slippery road and muddy,  
 Jap then floored him with a blow.  
 "Ough! Won't no one helpee me?"  
 Howled poor YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO!  
 Prostrate, with his nose-tip ruddy,  
 And his mouth all swollen and—bluggy:  
 "Foreign devils one—two—three!  
 Barbarians flom beyond um sea!  
 Can't um—won't um helpee me?"  
 Bellowed YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO.  
 At the floored and roaring victim  
 "Foreign devils" look askew,  
 Hands in pockets buried well.  
 Piteous YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO  
 Hoped that from the mud they'd picked  
 him.  
 But laugh they, "Young Jap's fair licked  
 him!  
 Shall we intervene? Ah, well,  
 We'll think of it. Time will tell.  
 Meanwhile let him lie and yell,  
 Yellow YOUNGHY-BUNG-BOO-HOO!"

## THE POLITE GUIDE TO THE CIVIL SERVICE.

(By a Courteous Conductor.)

## SECURING A "P. S."

I HAVE supposed that you have been appointed Secretary to the Public Squander Department. You will have much to do, so the less you have to read, the better. Under these circumstances, I merely supply you at this moment with the following

## Examination Paper for Would-be Private Secretaries.

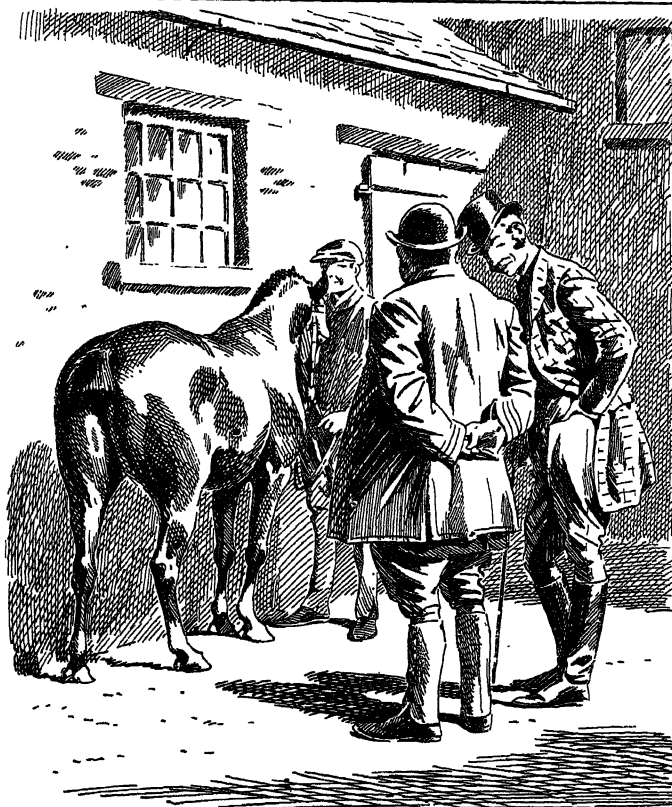
1. Give your autobiography, either as (1) a good story against yourself, (2) a minute in four lines, or (3) a long yarn suitable for filling up the time when things have to be kept going for three-quarters of an hour to accommodate your chief.
2. Describe your duties to your chief (1) when he is in town but wants to be thought away in the country, and (2) when you have to assist him as "Vice-chair" at a dinner party.
3. Given that you have for neighbours at a political banquet a race-horse owner, a supporter of the temperance cause, a theatrical proprietor, and a rural dean. Write an anecdote that will interest all of them, and cause the conversation between them to be general.
4. Take the following facts. Owing to a blunder, a ship has been sent to a wrong port, carrying a wrong cargo to a wrong receiver, who has sent it away, and thus prevented it being used for its right purpose. This trifling error of judgment has caused a war that could easily have been prevented. Explain all this away in such a manner that the statement when delivered by your chief shall be received with "general cheering" in the House of Commons.
5. Write a short essay showing your points and testing your capabilities.



### A TOUCHING APPEAL.

JOHNNY CHINAMAN. "BOO—HOO! HE HURTEE ME WELLY MUCH! NO PEACEY MAN COME STOPPY HIM!"





## BOUGHT AND SOLD.

*Dealer.* "WHAT? THIS 'ERE LITTLE 'OSS BIN SHOT OVER? LOR' BLESS Y', KEEPS O' TIMES!"

*[Purchaser tests the fact, and is perfectly satisfied.]*

## THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

## II.—PRELIMINARY CANTERS.

I SAID, when I last took up my pen as a veracious chronicler of the recent history of Mudford (for this is the name of our village; not elegant, perhaps, but none the less true to life), that my meeting deserved a chapter to itself. It does. It deserves, in point of fact,



many chapters, though I only purpose to give it one. But it must be the third chapter, and not the second. For before this meeting was held, many things happened, and as I look back I often wonder how it was that I was enabled to endure all the trials and tribulations which Fortune had in store for me, and that I am spared to write this unpretending account of all that happened. I say this, because I have been reading of late historical romances, and I find from them that a little moralising is never out of place in the course of a story.

The first thing I did was to issue a bill, stating that the meeting would be held. It was headed, "Mudford," and announced that I—described as TIMOTHY WINKINS, Esq., J.P. (for I boast that proud distinction through an error of the Lord Chancellor of the period, who mistook me for a member of his party, which I was not)—that I would explain the provisions and working of the Parish Councils Act, that "questions would be invited at the close," and that "all persons were cordially invited to attend." I sent a copy of this to every one in the village, and then fondly imagined that I should hear no more about the matter till the fateful night approached. In that I was mistaken, however.

Next morning, as I was sitting in my study—curiously enough getting ready some notes for what was to be my epoch-making speech—I saw coming up the drive two ladies, whom I recognised as Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT and Mrs. ARBLE MARCH, both ladies, I remembered, who had made themselves prominent in politics in the village, Mrs. HAVITT as a leading light of the Women's Liberal

Federation, and Mrs. MARCH as a Lady Crusader (is that right?) of the Primrose League. A moment later, and those ladies were ushered into my room.

"We've come," said Mrs. HAVITT, cutting the cackle, and coming at once to the 'osses, "we've come to see you about that meeting."

"Oh, indeed!" I murmured. "Yes, the meeting."

"We notice," said Mrs. ARBLE MARCH, taking up the running, "that you only say 'persons' may attend the meeting. Now we're very much afraid that women won't understand that they may come."

"But surely," I protested, feebly, "a woman is a person."

"Well, we think" (*this as a duet*) "that you ought to say that 'all persons, men or women, married or single, are invited to attend.'"

I was a good deal staggered, and thought of asking whether they wouldn't like the name of the village altered, or my name printed without the J.P., but I refrained. I promised to print new bills, and I did it. I thought it would be a poor beginning to a peaceful revolution to have an angry woman in every household.

Those were my first visitors. After that I had about two calls a day. One day the Vicar dropped in to afternoon tea, to congratulate me on my public spirit. I confess I felt rather pleased. I had evidently done the right, the high-minded, the patriotic thing. My mind became filled with visions of myself as Chairman of the Parish Council, the head man of a contented village. Just before he left, however, the Vicar suggested that I should advise the electors to elect into the chair someone who had had previous training of what its duties and responsibilities were, and I suddenly remembered that the Vicar was the present Chairman of the Vestry. Then somehow I guessed why I had been favoured with a visit. The curious thing was, that my next caller (who arrived half an hour afterwards) came to say that the most satisfactory thing in the whole Act was, that the clergyman could not take the chair. Then my memory once more told me what manner of man I was talking to—he was a prominent local preacher. I was being nobbled.

And so it went on. My answer to all who came was, that they could come and ask me questions at the meeting. It was a convenient plan enough—at the time. Yet my suggestions—like chickens and cures—came home to roost—at the meeting. And that, as I have said, is the third chapter.

ATHELSTAN THE READY.—MR. ATHELSTAN RILEY.



## MR. PUNCH ON BILLIARDS.

["The billiard-season has set in in real earnest."—*Daily Paper*.]

Come, people all, both old and young,

And hearken to my lay!  
And give you ear while I give tongue

And sing a song that ought to be sung,  
And say my simple say.

I sing a song of a noble game,  
Whose charms few men with-stand—

Billiards!—sport of ancient fame,  
Beloved of knight, admired of Adored in every land!

The world's great games are numbered six—

Cricketer, chess, and whist,  
Football, golf—but Billiards licks

With three small balls and two long sticks,  
And subtle play of wrist.

In some, the mind plays chiefest part,

In others, muscles rule;  
In Billiards muscle joins with art,  
Combining head and hand and In pyramids and pool.

So Winter, hail! Though thou be keen,

Thou'rt not so keen as PEALL,  
As he plays the spot on cloth of green,

And makes such breaks as ne'er were seen,  
Until our senses reel!

Hail, ROBERTS, MITCHELL,  
DAWSON, too,

And others of your sort!—



## A UTILITARIAN.

*The Vicar.* "AND HOW DO YOU LIKE THE NEW CHIMES, MRS. WEAVER? YOU MUST BE GLAD TO HEAR THOSE BEAUTIFUL HYMN-TUNES AT NIGHT! THEY MUST REMIND YOU OF—"

*Mrs. Weaver.* "YES; THAT BE SO, SIR. I'VE TOOK MY MEDICINE QUITE REGULAR EVER SINCE THEY WAS BEGUN!"

*Punch* welcomes you, the leading few,  
But thinks of the Rest as he gives the Cue:—  
"Uphold your noble sport!"—

"Preserve its reputation free  
From every act that's mean—

Conform to honour's just decree,  
And curse the man (and curse be he!)  
Who fouls the table green!"

\* \* \*

What wonders will the year reveal?

A "Half-a-million Up?"

A hundred-thousand points to PEALL

Will ROBERTS yield— then show his heel,

And win the Diamond Cup?

Or greater marvel still, I wot—

Will players cease to growl  
When fluke occurs, or when you "pot?"

The white, and swear it's mean (it's not)

And loud "Whitechapel!" howl?

All such as these would *Punch* beseech—

(He dwells on this behest)—  
To drop such foolish ways,

and preach  
To all "good form," that happy each

May go for his Long Rest!

CURIOUS.—A lady who had read the two recent controversies anent the Lords and the Empire got slightly muddled. "Well, I've never seen anything wrong," she said, "in Promenade Peers."

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

FLORENCE! O glorious city of LORENZO the Magnificent, cradle of the Renaissance, birthplace of DANTE, home of BOCCACCIO, where countless painters and sculptors produced those deathless works which still fascinate an admiring world, at last I approach thee! I arrive at the station, I scramble for a *facchino*, I drive to my hotel. It is night. To-morrow all thy medieval loveliness will burst upon my enraptured eyes.

In the morning up early and out. Immediately fall against a statue of a fat man in a frock coat and trousers. Can this be MICHAEL ANGELO'S *David*? No, no! It is *Manin* by NONO. Turn hastily aside and discover a quay. Below is a waste of mud, through which meander a few inches of thick brown water. The Arno! Heavens, what associations! Raise my eyes and perceive on the opposite bank a gasometer. Stand horror-stricken in the roadway, and am nearly run over by a frantic bicyclist. Save myself by a great effort and cling for support to a gaslamp until I can recover from the shock. Resolve then to seek out the medieval loveliness. Start along the quay. Ha, there is a statue! Doubtless by MICHAEL ANGELO. Hardly; the face seems familiar. Of course, it is GARI-BALDI! Turn and fly up a narrow street. Here at last is something old, here at last are the buildings on which DANTE may have looked, in which FRA ANGELICO may have painted, here at last— Why, what's this? It's an omnibus. It fills the street. Wedge myself in a doorway, and when it has passed within three inches of my toes, hurry down a side street, a still narrower one. Here, perhaps, BENVENUTO CELLINI devised some glorious metal work. Ha, there is a silversmith's even to this day! Look! what are those things in the window, above the inscription "English Spoken"? They are tea-pots from Birmingham! Resolve to avoid small streets, and hurry on to large open piazza. Now for some architecture by GIOTTO, some sculpture by DONATELLO! Yes, there is an equestrian statue. Doubtless one of the MEDICI. At last! No, it's not. It's VICTOR EMANUEL. At least, the inscription says so, though the likeness, not

being a speaking one, gives no information. Turn sadly aside and contemplate some melancholy modern copies of the regular architecture of rectangular Turin.

Begin to feel depressed. Have not yet found the romantic medievalism. Somewhat revived by *déjeuner*, resolve to seek it in the suburbs. Of course, Fiesole. A pilgrimage to the home of FRA ANGELICO. Sublime! Will go on foot, avoiding the high road. Climb by narrow ways, past garden walls. Behind them may be the gardens where BOCCACCIO'S stories were told; down these narrow roads FRA ANGELICO may have passed. How exquisite to meditate far from the tourist crowd! Filled with enthusiasm, and gazing at the beautiful blue sky, arrive at the top, and stumble headlong over some obstacle in the road. It is the rail of a tramway! Stagger feebly to the Piazza just as the electric tramcar bumps and rumbles up the hill. From it descends a crowd, carrying, not lilies, as in ANGELICO'S pictures, but Bædekera. And I hear no tale from the *Decameron*, but a mingled confusion of strange tongues. "Ja, ja, ja; what a squash; nous étions un peu serrés mais enfin; ach wunderschön; un soldo signore; ja, ja, ja; wal, I guess this is Feysöläy, che rumore nel tram; I say, let's buy one of these straw fans for Aunt MARY; they're awfully cheap, only half a franc, and look worth half-a-crown; ah voilà le café; wollen sie ein Glas Bier trinken; ja, ja, ja!" Resolve to abandon search for medieval loveliness, and go down sadly in the tramcar.

But one art remains. In the country where VERDI still writes I can at least enjoy music. So after dinner seek the Trianon. It sounds like a music-hall; but then here, even in a music-hall, there must be music. As I enter, a familiar sound bursts upon my ear. The singer is Italian, the words are French, but the tune is English. She is singing "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST.

"AH!" sighed Mrs. R. sadly, when her advice had not been taken by her daughter, "I'm a mere siphon in the family!"

LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART XX.—"DIFFERENT PERSONS HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS."

SCENE XXX.—Lady Maisie's Room at Wyvern.

Time—Saturday night, about 11.30.

*Lady Maisie (to PHILLIPSON, who is brushing her hair).* You are sure Mamma isn't expecting me? (*Irresolutely.*) Perhaps I had better just run in and say good night.

*Phillipson.* I wouldn't recommend it, really, my lady; her ladyship seems a little upset in her nerves this evening.

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* *Il-y-a de quoi!* (*Aloud, relieved.*) It might only disturb her, certainly. . . . I hope they are making you comfortable here, PHILLIPSON?

*Phill.* Very much so indeed, thank you, my lady. The tone of the Room downstairs is most superior.

*Lady Maisie.* That's satisfactory. And I hear you have met an old admirer of yours here—Mr. SPURRELL, I mean.

*Phill.* We did happen to encounter each other in one of the galleries, my lady, just for a minute; though I shouldn't have expected him to allude to it!

*Lady Maisie.* Indeed! And why not?

*Phill.* Mr. JAMES SPURRELL appears to have elevated himself to a very different sphere from what he occupied when I used to know him, my lady; though how and why he comes to be where he is, I don't rightly understand myself at present.

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* And no wonder! I feel horribly guilty! (*Aloud.*) You mustn't blame poor Mr. SPURRELL, PHILLIPSON; he couldn't help it!

*Phill. (with studied indifference).* I'm not blaming him, my lady. If he prefers the society of his superiors to mine, he's very welcome to do so; there's others only too willing to take his place!

*Lady Maisie.* Surely none who would be as fond of you or make so good a husband, PHILLIPSON!

*Phill.* That's as maybe, my lady. There was one young man that travelled down in the same compartment, and sat next me at supper in the room. I could see he took a great fancy to me from the first, and his attentions were really quite pointed. I am sure I couldn't bring myself to repeat his remarks, they were so flattering!

*Lady Maisie.* Don't you think you will be rather a foolish girl if you allow a few idle compliments from a stranger to outweigh such an attachment as Mr. SPURRELL seems to have for you?

*Phill.* If he's found new friends, my lady, I consider myself free to act similarly.

*Lady Maisie.* Then you don't know? He told us quite frankly this evening that he had only just discovered you were here, and would much prefer to be where you were. He went down to the Housekeeper's Room on purpose.

*Phill. (moved).* It's the first I've heard of it, my lady. It must

have been after I came up. If I'd only known he'd behave like that!

*Lady Maisie (instructively).* You see how loyal he is to you. And now, I suppose, he will find he has been supplanted by this new acquaintance—some smooth-tongued, good-for-nothing valet, I daresay?

*Phill. (injured).* Oh, my lady, indeed he wasn't a man! But there was nothing serious between us—at least, on my side—though he certainly did go on in a very sentimental way himself. However, he's left the Court by now, that's one comfort! (*To herself.*) I wish now I'd said nothing about him to JEM. If he was to get asking questions downstairs— He always was given to jealousy—reason or none!

[A tap is heard at the door.]

*Lady Rhoda (outside).* MAISIE, may I come in? if you've done your hair, and sent away your maid. (*She enters.*) Ah, I see you haven't.

*Lady Maisie.* Don't run away, RHODA; my maid has just done. You can go now, PHILLIPSON.

*Lady Rhoda (to herself, as she sits down).* PHILLIPSON! So that's the young woman that funny vet man prefers to Us! H'm, can't say I feel flattered!

*Phill. (to herself, as she leaves the room).* This must be the Lady RHODA, who was making up to my JEM! He wouldn't have anything to say to her, though; and, now I see her, I am not surprised at it!

[She goes; a pause.]

*Lady Rhoda (crossing her feet on the fender).* Well, we can't complain of havin' had a dull evenin', can we?

*Lady Maisie (taking a hand-screen from the mantelshelf).* Not altogether. Has—anything fresh happened since I left?

*Lady Rhoda.* Nothing particular. ARCHIE apologised to this New Man in the Billiard Room. For the Booby Trap. We all told him he'd got to. And Mr. CARRION BEAR, or BLUNDERSHELL, or whatever he calls himself—you know—was so awfully gracious and condescendin' that I really thought poor dear old ARCHIE would have wound up his apology by punchin' his head for him. Strikes me, MAISIE, that

mop-headed Minstrel Boy is a decided change for the worse. Doesn't it you?

*Lady Maisie (toying with the screen).* How do you mean, RHODA?

*Lady Rhoda.* I meant to say I call Mr. SPURRELL— Well, he's real, anyway—he's a man, don't you know. As for the other, so feeble of him missin' his train like he did, and turnin' up too late for everything! Now, wasn't it?

*Lady Maisie.* Poets are dreamy and unpractical and unpunctual—it's their nature.

*Lady Rhoda.* Then they should stay at home. Just see what a hopeless muddle he's got us all into! I declare I feel as if anybody might turn into somebody else on the smallest provocation after this. I know poor VIVIEN SPELWANE will be worryin' her pillows like rats most of the night, and I rather fancy it will be a close time for poets with your dear mother, MAISIE, for some time to come. All this silly little man's fault!



"Well, we can't complain of havin' had a dull evenin', can we?"

*Lady Maisie.* No, RHODA. Not his—ours. Mine and Mamma's. We ought to have felt from the first that there *must* be some mistake, that poor Mr. SPURRELL couldn't possibly be a poet! I don't know, though; people generally are unlike what you'd expect from their books. I believe they do it on purpose! Not that that applies to Mr. BLAIR; he is one's idea of what a poet should be. If he hadn't arrived when he did, I don't think I could ever have borne to read another line of poetry as long as I lived!

*Lady Rhoda.* I say! Do you call him as good-lookin' as all that?

*Lady Maisie.* I was not thinking about his looks, RHODA—it's his conduct that's so splendid.

*Lady Rhoda.* His conduct? Don't see anything splendid in missin' a train. I could do it myself if I tried?

*Lady Maisie.* Well, I wish I could think there were many men capable of acting so nobly and generously as he did.

*Lady Rhoda.* As how?

*Lady Maisie.* You really don't see! Well, then, you *shall*. He arrives late, and finds that somebody else is here already in his character. He makes no fuss; manages to get a private interview with the person who is passing as himself; when, of course, he soon discovers that poor Mr. SPURRELL is as much deceived as anybody else. What is he to do? Humiliate the unfortunate man by letting him know the truth? Mortify my Uncle and Aunt by a public explanation before a whole dinner-party? That is what a stupid or a selfish man might have done, almost without thinking. But not Mr. BLAIR. He has too much tact, too much imagination, too much chivalry for that. He saw at once that his only course was to spare his host and hostess, and—and all of us a scene, by slipping away quietly and unostentatiously, as he had come.

*Lady Rhoda (yawning).* If he saw all that, why didn't he do it?

*Lady Maisie (indignantly).* Why? How provoking you can be, RHODA! Why? Because that stupid TREDWELL wouldn't let him! Because ARCHIE delayed him by some idiotic practical joke! Because Mr. SPURRELL went and blurted it all out! . . . Oh, don't try to run down a really fine act like that; because you can't—you simply can't!

*Lady Rhoda (after a low whistle).* No idea it had gone so far as that—already! Now I begin to see why GERRY THICKNESSE has been lookin' as if he'd sat on his best hat, and why he told your Aunt he might have to be off to-morrow; which is all stuff, because I happen to know his leave ain't up for two or three days yet. But he sees this Troubadour has put his poor old nose out of joint for him.

*Lady Maisie (flushing).* Now, RHODA, I won't have you talking as if—as if— You ought to know, if GERALD THICKNESSE doesn't, that it's nothing at all of that sort! It's just— Oh, I can't tell you how some of his poems moved me, what new ideas, wider views they seemed to teach; and then how *dreadfully* it hurt to think it was only Mr. SPURRELL after all! . . . But now—oh, the relief of finding they're not spilt; that I can still admire, still look up to the man who wrote them! Not to have to feel that he is quite commonplace—not even a gentleman—in the ordinary sense!

*Lady Rhoda (rising).* Ah well, I prefer a hero who looks as if he had his hair out, occasionally—but then, I'm not romantic. He may be the paragon you say; but if I was you, my dear, I wouldn't expect too much of that young man—allow a margin for shrinkage, don't you know. And now I think I'll turn into my little crib, for I'm dead tired. Good night; don't sit up late readin' poetry; it's my opinion you've read quite enough as it is! [*She goes.*]

*Lady Maisie (alone, as she gazes dreamily into the fire).* She doesn't in the least understand! She actually suspects me of— As if I could possibly—or as if Mamma would ever—even if he— Oh, how silly I am! . . . I don't care! I am glad I haven't had to give up my ideal. I should like to know him better. What harm is there in that? And if GERALD chooses to go to-morrow, he must—that's all. He isn't nearly so nice as he used to be; and he has even less imagination than ever! I don't think I could care for anybody so absolutely matter-of-fact. And yet, only an hour ago I almost— But that was before!

BY BEN TROVATO.—Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS is always interested in current events, with a view to new verses for his topical songs. A friend came up to him one day last week with the latest *Globe* in his hand, just as the Eminent One was ordering dinner for a party of four. "They're sure to take Port Arthur!" cried the friend, excitedly. "I never touch it myself," said Mr. ROBERTS, "but I'll order a bottle."

WITH A DIFFERENCE.—It is common enough, alas! for a man of high aspirations to be "sorely disappointed," but it is quite a new thing to be "sorely appointed," which is the case with Professor W. R. SORLEY, who has recently been placed in the Moral Philosopher's Chair at the University of Aberdeen.

THE NEW BROOM.—The Republican Party in the United States declare—apparently with some show of likelihood—that they will "sweep the country." All honest citizens and anti-Tammany patriots must heartily hope that they will sweep it clean.

## GILBERT AND CARR-ICATURE.

MOST of the *libretto* of W. S. GILBERT's latest whimsical opera, entitled *His Excellency*, is evident proof of his excellency in this particular line and on these particular lines. Among principals, Mr. BARRINGTON has perhaps a trifle the best of it; while the part given to our Gee-Gee, alias GEORGE GROSSMITH, is not so striking as his



costume, both he and Mr. JOHN LE HAY, whose make-up is wonderfully good, being somewhat put in the shade by the gaiety of the two charming young ladies Miss JESSIE BOND and Miss ELLALINE TERRISS, who act with a real appreciation of the fun of the situation in which their dramatic-operative lot is cast. But, after all said and sung, it is the brilliancy of the Hussars, under the command of Corporal, afterwards Colonel, PLAYFAIR, that carries the piece, and takes the audience by storm. The music by Dr. CARR would not of itself carry the piece were "the book" less fancifully funny than it is, and did it not contain some capital

lines which are quickly taken by an appreciative audience. There is plenty of "go" in the Carr-acteristic music for the dance of Hussars; but the most catching "number" is a song of which the first bars irresistibly call to mind the song with a French refrain sung by Miss NESVILLE in *A Gaiety Girl*. Was Dr. OSMOND CARR the composer of that air? or as "that air" sounds vulgar, let us substitute "that tune." If so the resemblance is accounted for, and if he wasn't, then it is only an accidental resemblance of a few bars that at once strikes the retentive ear of the amateur. Scenery and costumes are all excellent in *His Excellency*.

## OUR "MONTHLY POPS."

IN the New York *Critic* a suggestion is made that it would be a graceful thing for Editors of Magazines to bring out occasionally a "Consolation Number," containing only rejected contributions. But why not give the Editor's reasons for rejecting them as well? This would be such a "consolation" to the public, if not to the authors! A specimen number might be made up somewhat as follows:—

1. "A Dream of Fair Wages."—A Rondel by TENNYSON KEIR HARDIE MORRIS SNOOKS.

[Rejected as a mixture of bad politics with worse poetry.]

2. "Children of Easy Circumstances."—By Q. & I.

[An up-to-date story, with several risky situations in it; the risk, however, has been reduced to a minimum by the gifted Authoress having contracted to indemnify the Publisher and Editor against any legal consequences that may ensue. Printed "without prejudice," and should be read in a similar spirit.]

3. "On the Magnetisation of Mollusca." By LEYDEN JARRE, F.S.L.

[Rejected because, although an extremely able and interesting paper in itself, it is found by experience that this sort of high-science essay requires high people to write it if it is to have a chance of being read. Nobody under the rank of a Duke should dabble in magazine science. What's the use of calling it a Peery-odical otherwise, eh?]

4. "Is Madagascar really the Largest Island but Two?"

"How I Never Went to Korea."

"China as my Great-Uncle said that he once Knew It."

"A Muscovite Moujik, by a British Bore."

[Rejected because this kind of "symposium" on topical subjects can be got much better, as the above writers have chiefly got it, from the daily papers. Without some magazine padding of the sort, however, "none is genuine," and the above is not much more hopeless drivel than is usually inserted.]

ON THE LIST.—Without going back to the still undiscovered horrors in the East End, we have sufficient material in the two diamond robberies Holborn district and a bomb in Mayfair to warrant us in asking where is that much-wanted SHERLOCK HOLMES?

"HOLMES, HOLMES, HOLMES, SWEET HOLMES,  
Wherever we wonder is one chap like HOLMES!"

THE L.C.C. AND THE CHURCH.—"The church was condemned as dangerous by the London County Council." Is not such a paragraph as the above calculated to frighten all the good people who are so anxious on the subject of religious education? Why, certainly. Fortunately the church in question is only "All Saints Church, Mile End," which had to be repaired and restored, and which was re-opened by "LONDIN" (which signature, with "B" for "Bishop" before it, would become "BLONDIN") last Thursday. "All's well that ends well," as says the Eminent Divine WILLIAMS.

## THE HAYMARKET HEROINE.



## A THRILLING MOMENT; OR, GO IN AND WYNN.

THE REV. STEPHEN WYNN STARTLED BY A WOMAN WITH A GOOD MANY TAILS ABOUT HER!

SAYS Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL,  
"Wasn't I a quite first  
ranker, eh?"

As A. PINERO'S—the PINERO'S  
—Second Mrs. Tanqueray?

We know that reputations great  
have often been, and are  
made,

By such a part, but not by  
Mister ARTHUR JONES'S bar-  
maid.

Though then there was a chance  
when both the men began to  
gamble;

Yet—no—I never cared for it,"  
quoth Mrs. PATRICK CAMP-  
BELL.

"When at the T. R. H. I feared,  
and so did Mr. TREE,  
That HADDON CHAMBERS hadn't  
an apartment fit for me.

Kate Cloud is rather hazy; but  
they said 'there will for you  
be "bus,"'

(Theatrical for 'business')—  
which seems to me in nubibus.  
For I'm a shady heroine of  
squalor not romance,  
For passion and emotion I have  
barely got a chance.



## UNDER A CLOUD; OR, AN OXFORD (COMPACT) MIXTURE.

HAROLD and HUBERT were two pretty men,  
Puzzled by plot when the clock strikes ten.

Up jumps HAROLD, "A cloud in the sky!"  
"Comrade!" cries HUBERT, "how's that for high?"

I'm in a yacht both first and  
last, and what becomes of  
me

I am not very certain, and no  
more is Mr. TREE,  
As at the finish both of us are  
thoroughly at sea.

For the villain there's CHARLES  
CARTWRIGHT, and, speaking  
for myself, I

Preferred him when, more vil-  
lainous, he was at the Adelphi.

They talk a deal of Pat-mos (a  
name that sounds like two),  
A mixture of Hibernian that's

'Pat' with 'Moss,' He-brew,  
This coupled too with John-a-  
Dreams,—of course there's

no offence  
Intended, yet it has a smack of  
some irreverence.

The play's successful to a point,  
the critics say 'no doubt of  
it,'

But were I Mister TREE I would  
cut thirty minutes out of it.

I finish with no postscript, I  
commenced with no preamble,  
And sign myself devotedly, your  
PAULA PATRICK CAMPBELL."

## NEW AND OLD.

(By One who prefers the Old.)

SOFT hair that ripples like a lake  
What time the water-lilies wake,  
Fair rosy cheeks and eyes of blue,  
Clear windows that the soul sees through,  
A moving grace, a brow of snow:  
Such were the girls we used to know.

But now we tremble as we spy  
Woman's advancing majesty:

The flashing eyes, the brows that knit,  
The ready tongue all themes to fit,  
The heavy stride—the hose in hue  
Unlike her eyes and deeply blue.

Gone are the locks of golden brown -  
That hung on gleaming shoulders down:  
Close-cropped as never Roundhead knave  
In sternest times aspired to shave,

Not MILTON's self, however blind,  
To toy with such had felt inclined.

O monstrous growth of modern times,  
Not thine the lilt of lover's rhymes,  
Whom some grim don perchance may wed,  
Who scorns the heart and sues the head:  
Farewell for ever and a day,  
Miss ARAMINTA JONES, B.A.!



**"THE FOURTH R;" OR, THE "RELIGIOUS" (?) ROW AT THE SCHOOLBOARD.**

*Quite Un-sectarian Girl.* "OH, MY! WHAT A JOLLY ROW!"

*Equally Un-sectarian Boy.* "AIN'T IT! I 'OPE THEY 'LL KEEP IT UP, AND WE SHAN'T 'AVE TO LEARN NOTHING!"





A TASTE TO BE ACQUIRED.

*Sporting Farmer (to young Pupil from provincial town, who has just made his first effort to ride over a Fence). "NOW THEN, JUMP ON AGAIN! BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME! YOU'LL LIKE IT AFTER A BIT!"*  
*Pupil (still seeing stars). "SHALL I, SIR? SEEMS TO ME AS MUCH LIKE A RAILWAY COLLISION AS ANYTHING!"*

"THE FOURTH R."

'Twas "The Three R's" they promised us, but now  
 They're merged in a bad fourth—Religious (?)  
 Row!

[“The so-called ‘compromise’ of 1871 was based on the assumption that, when all the differences of our English Christendom were struck out, there would be found the beating heart of ‘a common Christianity’ sending a quickening life through all its members. . . . Believing it not impossible for ‘all who profess and call themselves Christians’ to reconcile themselves to these two forms, elementary and supplementary, I earnestly commend them for peaceful co-existence to the conflicting parties of School Board electors and members.”—*Dr. James Martineau's Letter to the "Times" of November 14.*]

O WISE and gentle teacher, whose appeal  
 Is to the common heart, whilst general anger  
 Distracts and darkens all our commonweal,  
 And schools and churches ring with noisy  
 clangour;  
 Would they but heed thy loving call, though  
 late,  
 How would the prospect brighten! Zeal  
 fanatic  
 With disingenuous dodges of debate,  
 Insidious cant, assumption autocratic,  
 Secular spleen, short-sighted super-thrift,—  
 All are at furious odds, wild-warring,  
 windy,  
 Intent, 'twould seem, to whelm a glorious  
 In the loud whirlpool of sectarian shindy!  
 "The beating heart"? It seems a mingled  
 maze  
 Of beating hands, and bludgeons wildly  
 waving.

How send "a quickening life" through this  
 dull craze  
 Of deadly, deadening rancour rudely  
 raving?  
 What is their task, these teachers of the  
 untaught,  
 These would-be lighteners of our mental  
 blindness?  
 What is the lesson the child-crowds have  
 caught  
 From these tumultuous foes of human-  
 kindness?  
 They told us, in quaint diction, the Three R's  
 Should renovate the land, refine the  
 people;  
 Break down at last low-birth's invidious  
 Alas! What rings from school-tower and  
 church-steeple?  
 Not the harmonious heaven-aspiring sound  
 Of blessing-bearing bells, but furious  
 clashing  
 Of cracked creed-toesins, spreading wrath  
 around,  
 Love's efforts thwarting, wisdom's high  
 hopes dashing.  
 Where be the "Three R's" now? [schism]  
 Has cloven up the compromise, and ended  
 In Ugly Rush! See rampant Rileyism  
 Shaking its standard at the door, attended  
 Close by the Nonconformist banner-bearer,—  
 "Religion without Dogma!" blazoned  
 boldly,—  
 Denouncing the first "R" as child-ensnarer  
 Into a fold whereon his creed looks coldly,  
 Whilst hating hotly one who hotly hates  
 His shibboleth as vague and vain and  
 vapid.  
 Next, vigorous be-rater of the Rates,  
 Whose rise he vows is ruinously rapid,

Unsympathetic Gallio of the Shop  
 Pence-saving soul and strenuous till-pro-  
 tector,  
 The third R rages.  
 Stop, mad zealots, stop!  
 Lest all the toil of Board and School In-  
 spector,  
 Teacher and taught, end in one fourth R—  
 ROW!  
 A vulgar term, my masters, unscholastic;  
 But—the great lesson ye are teaching now,  
 To the young mind, and to the conscience  
 plastic,  
 Of gutter-waifs and children of the slum.  
 They have "long ears," these "little  
 pitchers," verily.  
 Think you without joint bidding they will  
 come [merrily?  
 Whom their old teacher, Vice, employs so  
 His creed is one, his doctrine's not obscure,  
 His tests and formularies do not vary,  
 His "standards" stand, and his "results"  
 are sure,  
 And of "school-places" he is never  
 chary.  
 Oh self-elected shepherds, with your  
 crooks,  
 Fighting, while round your folds the wolves  
 are creeping!— [books,  
 Pedagogues wrangling o'er your lesson—  
 Whilst your wrath rages human love  
 sits weeping!  
 If of "a common Christianity"  
 Ye were but practical and patient  
 teachers,  
 In Education's task ye might agree.  
 Now sense is asking "Who shall teach our  
 teachers?"

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART XXI.—THE FEELINGS OF A MOTHER.

SCENE XXXI.—The Morning Room. TIME—Sunday morning; just after breakfast.

*Captain Thicknesse (outside, to TREDWELL).* Dogcart round, eh? everything in? All right—shan't be a minute. *(Entering.)* Hallo, PILLINER, you all alone here? *(He looks round disconcertedly.)* Don't happen to have seen Lady MAISIE about?

*Pilliner.* Let me see—she was here a little while ago, I fancy. . . . Why? Do you want her?

*Capt. Thick.* No—only to say good-bye and that. I'm just off.  
*Pill. Off?* To-day! You don't mean to tell me your chief is such an inconsiderate old ruffian as to expect you to travel back to your TOMMIES on the Sabbath! You could wait till to-morrow if you wanted to. Come now!

*Capt. Thick.* Perhaps—only, you see, I don't want to.

*Pill.* Well, tastes differ. A cross-country journey in a slow train, with unlimited opportunities of studying the Company's bye-laws and traffic arrangements at several admirably ventilated junctions, is not my own idea of the best way to spend a cheery Sunday, that's all.

*Capt. Thick. (gloomily).* Daresay it will be about as cheery as stoppin' on here, if it comes to that.

*Pill.* I admit we were most of us a wee bit chippy at breakfast. The Bard conversed—but he seemed to diffuse a gloom somehow. Shut you up once or twice in a manner that might almost be described as d—d offensive.

*Capt. Thick.* Don't know what you all saw in what he said that was so amusin'. Confounded rude I thought it!

*Pill.* Don't think anyone was amused—unless it was Lady MAISIE. By the way, he might perhaps have selected a happier topic to hold forth to Sir RUPERT on than the scandalous indifference of large landowners to the condition of the rural labourer. Poor dear old boy, he stood it wonderfully, considering. Pity the Countess breakfasted upstairs; she'd have enjoyed herself. However, he had a very good audience in little Lady MAISIE.

*Capt. Thick.* I do hate a chap that jaws at breakfast. . . . Where did you say she was?

*Lady Maisie's voice (outside, in Conservatory).* Yes, you really ought to see the Orangery and the Elizabethan Garden, Mr. BLAIR. If you will be on the terrace in about five minutes, I could take you round myself. I must go and see if I can get the keys first.

*Pill.* If you want to say good-bye, old fellow, now's your chance!

*Capt. Thick.* It—it don't matter. She's engaged. And, look here, you needn't mention that I was askin' for her.

*Pill.* Of course, old fellow, if you'd rather not. *(He glances at him.)* But I say, my dear old chap, if that's how it is with you, I don't quite see the sense of chucking it up already, don't you know. No earthly affair of mine, I know; still, if I could manage to stay on, I would, if I were you.

*Capt. Thick.* Hang it all, PILLINER, do you suppose I don't know when the game's up! If it was any good stayin' on— And besides, I've said good-bye to Lady C., and all that. No, it's too late now.

*Tredwell (at the door).* Excuse me, Sir, but if you're going by the 10.40, you haven't any too much time.

*Pill. (to himself, after Captain THICKNESSE has hurried out).* Poor old chap, he does seem hard hit! Pity he's not Lady MAISIE's sort. Though what she can see in that long-haired beggar—! Wonder when VIVIAN SPELWANE intends to come down; never knew her miss breakfast before. . . . What's that rustling? . . . Women! I'll be off, or they'll nail me for church before I know it.

*[He disappears hastily in the direction of the Smoking Room as Lady CANTIRE and Mrs. CHATTERIS enter.]*

*Lady Cantire.* Nonsense, my dear, no walk at all; the church is only just across the park. My brother RUPERT always goes, and it pleases him to see the Wyvern pew as full as possible. I seldom feel equal to going myself, because I find the necessity of allowing pulpit inaccuracy to pass without a protest gets too much on my nerves; but my daughter will accompany you. You'll have just time to run up and get your things on.

*Mrs. Chatteris (with arch significance).* I don't fancy I shall have the pleasure of your daughter's society this morning. I just met her going to get the garden keys; I think she has promised to show the grounds to— Well, I needn't mention whom. Oh dear, me, I hope I'm not being indiscreet again!

*Lady Cant.* I make a point of never interfering with my daughter's proceedings, and you can easily understand how natural it is that such old friends as they have always been—

*Mrs. Chatt.* Really? I thought they seemed to take a great pleasure in one another's society. It's quite romantic. But I must rush up and get my bonnet on if I'm to go to church. *(To herself, as she goes out.)* So she was "Lady Grisoline," after all! If I was her mother— But dear Lady CANTIRE is so advanced about things.

*Lady Cant. (to herself).* Darling MAISIE! He'll be Lord DUNDERHEAD before very long. How sensible and sweet of her! And I was quite uneasy about them last night at dinner; they scarcely seemed to be talking to each other at all. But there's a great deal more in dear MAISIE than one would imagine.

*Sir Rupert (outside).* We're rather proud of our church, Mr. UNDERSHELL—fine old monuments and brasses, if you care about that sort of thing. Some of us will be walking over to service presently, if you would like to—

*Undershell (outside—to himself).* And lose my tête-à-tête with Lady MAISIE! Not exactly! *(Aloud.)* I am afraid, Sir RUPERT, that I cannot conscientiously—

*Sir Rup. (hastily).* Oh, very well, very well; do exactly as you like about it, of course. I only thought— *(To himself.)* Now that other young chap would have gone!

*Lady Cant.* RUPERT, who is that you are talking to out there? I don't recognise his voice, somehow.

*Sir Rup. (entering with UNDERSHELL).* Ha, ROHESIA, you've come down, then? slept well, I hope. I was talking to a gentleman whose acquaintance I know you will be very happy to make—at last. This is the genuine celebrity this time. *(To UNDERSHELL.)* Let me make you known to my sister, Lady CANTIRE, Mr. UNDERSHELL. *(As Lady CANTIRE glares interrogatively.)* Mr. CLARION BLAIR, ROHESIA, author of hum—ha—*Andromache*.

*Lady Cant.* I thought we were given to understand last night that Mr. SPURRELL—Mr. BLAIR—you must pardon me, but it's really so very confusing—that the writer of the—ah—volume in question had already left Wyvern.

*Sir Rup.* Well, my dear, you see he is still here—er—fortunately for us. If you'll excuse me, I'll leave Mr. BLAIR to entertain you; got to speak to TREDWELL about something.

*[He hurries out.]*

*Und. (to himself).* This must be Lady MAISIE's mamma. Better be civil to her, I suppose, but I can't stay here and entertain her long! *(Aloud.)* Lady CANTIRE, I—er—have an appointment for which I am already a little late; but before I go, I should like to tell you how much pleasure it has given me to know that my poor verse has won your approval; appreciation from—

*Lady Cant.* I'm afraid you must have been misinformed, Mr.—a—BLAIR. There are so many serious publications claiming attention in these days of literary over-production that I have long made it a rule to read no literature of a lighter order that has not been before the world for at least ten years. I may be mistaken, but I infer from your appearance that your own work must be of a considerably more recent date.

*Und. (to himself).* If she imagines she's going to snub Me—! *(Aloud.)* Then I was evidently mistaken in gathering from some expressions in your daughter's letter that—

*Lady Cant.* Entirely. You are probably thinking of some totally different person, as my daughter has never mentioned having written to you, and is not in the habit of conducting any correspondence without my full knowledge and approval. I think you said you had some appointment; if so, pray don't consider yourself under any necessity to remain.

*Und.* You are very good; I will not. *(To himself, as he retires.)* Awful old lady, that! I quite thought she would know all about that letter, or I should never have— However, I said nothing to compromise anyone, luckily!

*Lady Culverin (entering).* Good morning, ROHESIA. So glad you felt equal to coming down. I was almost afraid—after last night, you know.



"I'll be off, or they'll nail me for church!"

*Lady Cant.* (offering a cold cheekbone for salutation). I am in my usual health, thank you, ALBINIA. As to last night, if you must ask a literary Socialist down here, you might at least see that he is received with common courtesy. You may, for anything you can tell, have advanced the Social Revolution ten years in a single evening!

*Lady Culv.* My dear ROHESIA! If you remember, it was you yourself who—!

*Lady Cant.* (closing her eyes). I am in no condition to argue about it, ALBINIA. The slightest exercise of your own common sense would have shown you— But there, no great harm has been done, fortunately, so let us say no more about it. I have something more agreeable to talk about. I've every reason to hope that MAISIE and dear GERALD THICKNESSE—

*Lady Culv.* (astonished). MAISIE? But I thought GERALD THICKNESSE spoke as if—!

*Lady Cant.* Very possibly, my dear. I have always refrained from giving him any encouragement, and I wouldn't put any pressure upon dear MAISIE for the world—still, I have my feelings as a mother, and I can't deny that, with such prospects as he has now, it is gratifying for me to think that they may be coming to an understanding together at this very moment; she is showing him the grounds; which I always think are the great charm of Wyvern, so secluded!

*Lady Culv.* (puzzled). Together! At this very moment! But—but surely GERALD has gone?

*Lady Cant.* Gone! What nonsense, ALBINIA! Where in the world should he have gone to?

*Lady Culv.* He was leaving by the 10.40, I know. For Aldershot. I ordered the cart for him, and he said good-bye after breakfast. He seemed so dreadfully down, poor fellow, that I quite fancied from what he said that MAISIE must have—

*Lady Cant.* Impossible, my dear, quite impossible! I tell you he is here. Why, only a few minutes ago, Mrs. CHATTERIS was telling me— Ah, here she is to speak for herself. (To Mrs. CHATTERIS, who appears, arrayed for public service.) Mrs. CHATTERIS, did I, or did I not, understand you to say just now that my daughter MAISIE—?

*Mrs. Chatt.* (alarmed). But, dear Lady CANTIRE, I had no idea you would disapprove. Indeed you seemed— And really, though she certainly takes an interest in him, I'm sure—almost sure—there can be nothing serious—at present.

*Lady Cant.* Thank you, my dear, I merely wished for an answer to my question. And you see, ALBINIA, that GERALD THICKNESSE can hardly have gone yet, since he is walking about the grounds with MAISIE.

*Mrs. Chatt.* Captain THICKNESSE? But he has gone, Lady CANTIRE! I saw him start. I didn't mean him.

*Lady Cant.* Indeed? then I shall be obliged if you will say who it is you did mean.

*Mrs. Chatt.* Why, only her old friend and admirer—that little poet man, Mr. BLAIR.

*Lady Cant.* (to herself). And I actually sent him to her! (Rising in majestic wrath.) ALBINIA, whatever comes of this, remember I shall hold you entirely responsible!

[She sweeps out of the room; the other two ladies look after her, and then at one another, in silent consternation.]

## THE WHIMS OF AMPHITRYON.

Isn't our good friend of the *P. M. G.* a little extravagant with his culinary raptures? However, we will not be outdone. If he rhapsodises the "Magnificent Mushroom," we have discovered a still more exalting theme, which, taking "whelk" as pronounced, we will call

### THE WITCHERY OF THE WHELK.

Would you learn the divinest glory of a goddess among molluscs? Would you note the gastronomic charms of a succulent sea-nymph? Ostracise, then, from your table the blue-point impostor that foists his bearded banality on the faithful elect. Let the cult of that lusty Titan, the Limpet, sink awhile into the limbo of outworn idolatries. Forbear, if you are wise, to hymn the stern masculinity of the Mussel, gregarious demi-god but taciturn, hermetically sealed within the wilful valves of a sulky self-effacement. And let that other fakir of the sea-marge, the fantastic and Pharisaic Scallop, ply his Eleusinian rites, unrevered by the devout and metaphor-mixing epicure. Rather let it be ours to celebrate, though baldest prose were all-insufficient, the allurements of a pandemic Aphrodite, the seductive Whitechapel Whelk, and the coy grace of her sister, the wanton Winkle of Rosherville.

Let us take the first—assume that the siren is yours, then consider how fittest she shall be dressed. And here it shall be seen whether you have true chivalry and romance in your soul, or whether you grovel in mere sensual gourmandise. What says Master BILL NUPKINS, master-cook to the Blue Pig chop-house in Skittle-alley? Is there not an idyllic flavour of Coccagne, a very fervour of simplicity about his spelling which goes straight to the gizzard of the whelk-worshipper? Listen to his wise counsel on whelks à la Shoreditch:—



## "ALL IS NOT GOLD," &c.

*Gentleman* (in waiting for his Wife, at "Great Annual Sale," to Head of Department). "YOU MUST DO AN ENORMOUS BUSINESS ON DAYS LIKE THIS."

*Head of Department.* "NOT SO MUCH AS YOU MIGHT FANCY. THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THE PEOPLE HERE TO-DAY ARE SHOPPING—NOT BUYING!"

"Tyke three 'aputh of whilks, 'Erne By sort fer choice, and chuck 'em wiv a saveloy and a kipper into a sorcepan, if you can nick one from a juggins. Bile 'em till they're green, and add 'arf a glosse of unsweetened, tho it's a pity to wyste it. If toimes it 'ard, the kids and the missus can 'ave the rinsings, or go wivout. 'Aike my tip, and don't you be a bloomin' mug. You can blyme well stick to the juggins' sorcepan. You may, I dessay, raise 'arf a dollar on it." There speaks the true gourmet, with single-hearted straight-forward egotism, worthy of a City alderman, in all the glory of a civic banquet. To none but an artist in guttlerly would that touch of genius about the kids and the missus occur.

Again, disdain not the sweetly subtle recipes and romantic fancies that you may gather during your sojourn at Colney Hatch. For there, far from the dull Philistinism of house-dinners and fried-fish shops, with all wild Mænad orgies may your divinity be adored. Learn but one magic formula, and you shall see the wizard-working of your incantation, as, like an enchantress herself bewitched, she assumes you an ensorceled, faery shape. Here, mark you, is this potent spell, culled from the inspired lips of a frenzied chef.

*To Make Whelk Fritters.*—Take one ripe whelk, draw and truss it until you are black in the face, tie up the forequarter with chick-weed, sit down, and smoke a pipe; parboil anything you like for a few hours, or don't, if you don't care to; rub the purée through a tammy (I don't know what this is); flavour with elbow-grease, *egg-fraisande*, mud-salad, and *bêtes noire*; dredge the gallimaufrey, and hold your nose; write some letters; the *col-au-vent* will then explode; wrap the pieces in an old sock, and bury for six weeks; take the 2.13 train to town, and have your hair cut, or pay some calls; then start again with another whelk, and proceed as before; but it is better to buy the fritters ready-made."

Is not this a lesson in devotion and perseverance? Rejoice greatly, and work out your sybaritic salvation.

And now that you have food for pious reflection, after a space you shall, to your exceeding great advantage, be further instructed in the liturgy of the Winkle.



### THE WORST OF HAVING "A DAY."

*Edith.* "HERE COME THOSE DREADFUL BORES, THE BRONDESBURY-BROWNS! HOW TACTLESS OF THEM, TO COME AND SEE US ON THE ONLY DAY IN THE WEEK WE'RE AT HOME!"

### "NOBODY LOOKING!"

"We will not evacuate Madagascar . . . we will pursue the advantages we have gained. . . . Madagascar will become a flourishing French Colony. (*Cheers.*) . . . Our freedom of action is complete. There can be no foreign interference."—*M. Hanotaux on the French Expedition to Madagascar.*

*Lupus, on the prowl, loquitur:—*

OH, those Malagasy mutttons! They are homicidal beasts,  
Very dangerous, and desperate, and spiteful.  
Yet, taken young, they furnish quite the toothsome of feasts,  
And my hunger for a meal is getting frightful.  
My "attitude towards them" is—oh! well, the usual one  
Of the Wolf toward the Lamb the wide world over;  
The "attitude" of the imprisoned Bear toward the Bun,  
And I'm free—as free as song's romantic Rover!  
Yes, I'm free, though not "afloat." There's a feeling in my throat  
That my foes might call omnivorous voracity,  
But it is a noble hunger; on nobility I doat;  
And black baa-lambs are so given to—pugnacity.  
So full of ill-will, too, in all circumstances! Yes,  
They turn nasty at the thought of being eaten up!  
But omelettes still need eggs, as they ever will, I guess,  
And the eggs have to be broken and well beaten up!  
You can't tie lambs to treaties, that's the worst of the false things,  
Though you supply the treaty and the tether.  
They bolt from my Protectorate as though the brutes had wings,  
And they will not trust a Wolf as a bell-wether!  
It is very, very vexing! In such quiet times as these,  
When "the elements of peace" are fairly uppermost,  
They ought to be so willing to do anything to please.  
(*Gn-a-r-r!*) Do I want "redress," now, or my supper most?  
All the world is doing homage to that peaceful creature, Bruin,  
Who is almost as unmilitant as I am;  
Yet these Malagasy mutttons would the *entente* simply ruin.  
They're as fierce as the ferocious sheep of Siam.  
At the lovely "words of concord and of peace" they simply—bleat,  
A sound that fills the Dove—and me—with terror!  
They think, because he's gentle, that the Wolf they'll kill and eat.  
The Wolf must try to show them they're in error.

A "policy of division and of discord" must inspire  
The world with horror and with apprehension.  
Of "watching o'er my interests and my honour," I shan't tire,  
And I think there's little fear of—intervention.  
All the other brutes are busy at their several little games,  
Inspired by various—peaceful—emulations!  
These rivalries—of peace—will not set the world in flames,  
Or "compromise" relations between nations.  
So I think while no one's looking, I may drop down on these sheep  
With moral and magnanimous severity.  
Ah! there's a black-faced baa-lamb! On her track I'll slowly creep,  
I can go with boldness, though "without temerity."  
A peaceful time like this is my time to make a pounce;  
The dogs are all asleep, there's no one looking.  
Ah! there's nothing like a blend of magnanimity and bounce.  
*Yum-yum!* 'Tis a choice morsel, scarce needs cooking;  
She comes this way, amusingly unmindful of her fate.  
Aha! my Hova lambkin, I shall have you,  
I shall eat you up! There's no one will object, until too late,  
There's no one near will trouble take to save you!

[*Prowls on.*]

### QUEER QUERIES.

THE L. C. C. AGAIN.—Is it possible that the Government is about to back up the London County Council in another attack on one of our time-hallowed institutions? I see that Mr. ASQUITH told a deputation that "one of the first acts of a Local Authority, if it had the power, would be to abolish the Ring." What on earth has a Local Authority to do with the mode in which marriages are celebrated? Englishmen should rise in their thousands to defend the wedding-ring, symbolising as it does the sanctity of the nuptial tie, and should hurl from power a Government which is about to hand us over, fingers and souls, to a tyrannical set of County Council busybodies. Mr. ASQUITH went on to talk rather disconnectedly, it seems to me, about gambling; perhaps he holds the cheap modern view that "Marriage is a Lottery." But I want to know why a Home Secretary meddles with subjects of this sort? And how long is this conspiracy between a Radical Ministry and the L. C. C. to be allowed to continue?  
NOT TO BE CAUGHT NAPPING.



"NOBODY LOOKING!"

FRENCH WOLF (*to himself*). "AHA! THE SHEEP-DOGS ARE ASLEEP! I SHALL EAT YOU, MY LITTLE DEAR!"

"Our freedom of action is complete. There can be no foreign interference."—*Speech of M. Hanotaux.*





# MORE SHE-NOTES.

(By IOPNA, Author of "A Yellow Plaster.")

## CHAPTER I.

"*VIRGINIBUS puerisque*," said Miss CONSTANTIA DEM-  
NING; "and it's by a man!"

"By a man!" echoed the  
awe-struck ATHANASIA.

"And to think that in spite  
of all our pioneering and efforts  
to confine her studies to the  
New Woman Series our niece  
may even now have tasted of  
the tree and be bursting out  
into throbbing nerve-centres  
and palpable possibilities.  
Compare we two with her!  
Have you noted her restless  
craving after Philistine deli-  
ghts such as man-worship  
and a literary style? Thank  
Heaven, she never got that  
from us or our books."

The speakers were a pair of  
old Purgatorial Twins, not  
without alleviations, designed  
by Nature to multiply. But  
aloofness, coupled in harness  
with anæmia, had nipped the  
wilding shoots in the bud and  
won hands down at the dis-  
tance. True, in the scraggy  
past, there had been a male  
creature, less curate than  
Cupid, that each of them had  
saved her soul alive in the  
memory of. But the cares of  
celibacy, cruel-heavy as a  
portmanteau-metaphor, now  
weighed on their shoulders;  
they could not crush them  
with a burial-spade like com-  
plete natures; they stamped  
their faces (the cares did the  
twins' faces) with their pon-  
derous crow's feet.

Still, at times, like spring-  
cleanings, came spring-hanker-  
ings. A whiff of yellow tulip  
on the breeze, and they would  
drink in the sunlight and the flowers and the beasts and the fishes  
and the dew and the early worm.

Even now as they peered into this book of forbidden sentiment at  
the words—"The presence of the two lovers is so enchanting to each  
other that it seems it must be the best thing possible for everybody  
else"—from some faded, twilight cellar of the past came the bleating  
lyre-bird of carnal reverie; but the astuter of the two scented  
tangibly the cloven hoof, and coming to her better self with a  
strangled "Oh!" she cast the book into the stove of the Queen Anne  
parlour, so suggestive of their own aloofness, void as it was of dog or  
waste-paper basket, or English grammar, or any such humanizing  
influence.

At that moment a pair of swift, Pagan feet sounded in the passage.

## CHAPTER II.

When MARGERINE entered there was the usual family  
aloofness in her face, but also a new element of allevia-  
tion. Always plastic as the compound from which she  
derived her name she had now reached five feet seven  
and a half inches, and from the crest of her unutterably  
pullulating womanhood could afford to look down imper-  
sonally on her maiden aunts as they struggled in the  
trough like square pegs in a round hole.

The spectacle of burning leather was in her nostrils,  
and the vile smell of it gave her an insight into the  
situation. Plunging her Aunt's best silver-plated sugar-  
tongs into the flames, she rescued her shrivelled treasure,  
waved it above the coming tempest like a brand, and  
faced them, rigid with wrath, half-seas-over with the  
glamour of things.

An odd, earnest, ineffable look jumped into her eyes,  
changing their grey to pitch-black, with patches of  
ethereal blue, where the soul shone through. To their



## "ALL'S WELL!"

Cockney Volunteer (on Sentry go). "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"

Rustic. "IT'S ALL ROIGHT, MAN. OI COOMS ALONG 'ERE EV'RY MAARNIN'!"

were getting enlarged. For a moment she wondered what a head-  
ache such as she had read about in books could be like. The next,  
she was down by the trout-stream, familiar in all she-notes, and lay  
there gurgling with gutturals.

The peculiarity of CHAMOS HYDE was that he could not bear  
making other people—college dons, for instance—ridiculous. About  
himself it did not so much matter. Oxford had succeeded Eton, and  
hard on the heels of a good degree had come a cropper in the  
hunting-field, a nurse, a complicated kiss, a proposal, marriage,  
disillusionment, in the order named. A poorer, singler man, with  
the same prancing tip-toe spirit, would have lost all sense of  
decency, and written a book. But being rich, and, by profession,  
married, he also was on his way to the usual trout-stream.

Which was a thousand pities, and comes into the next  
chapter.

## PROVERB FOR CHAPERONS.

FLIRTS of a feather spoon together;  
Amorous pairs flock on the stairs.

JAP AND CHIN.—"What a curious metamorphosis!"  
writes to us our esteemed contributor-at-a-distance,  
HERR VON SAGEFRIED. "Herr John Chinaman is suing  
for peace! so that the Chinese party becomes the real  
Chap-on-knees!"

COMMENT BY A LABOUCHERIAN.—Resolutions cannot  
be made with ROSEBERRY.

THE NEW MAN.—Woman.





Minister. "OH DEAR, NO, JAMES. THERE 'LL BE NO NECESSITY FOR WHISKY IN HEAVEN."  
 Parishioner (dubiously). "NECESSITY OR NO NECESSITY, I MAUN SAY I AYE LIKE TO SEE IT ON THE TABLE!"

### THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

#### III.—THE PUBLIC MEETING.

I PROMISED last week that the third chapter should be devoted to my meeting, and a WINKIN'S word is as good as his bond, in point of fact, if anything a trifle better. But I think I ought first to mention that since the account of my interview with Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT and Mrs. ARBLE MARCH appeared in print, I have been subjected to the annoyance of receiving an anonymous letter. I should be the last to suggest that either of these ladies, for whom my admiration is equalled only by my respectful awe, had anything to do with this missive, but here is what it contained. "It is easy to jeer at Woman, but be warned in time. Her day will come. Already, married or single, she may vote, already County

Councils tremble at her word. Treat Woman with respect, or it will be the worse for you." These last words were written in red ink. I confess I'm not easily frightened, but I don't like this kind of thing. And all my wife says is that it serves me right for getting mixed up in these public affairs at my time of life, and that I ought to know better.

"You're not fitted for it, TIMOTHY," she says, "and you'll only be made a fool for your pains." I am very fond of my wife, but I wished she wasn't a prophetess.

It is time to come to the meeting. It was held in the Voluntary Schoolroom, granted to me by the Vicar, on the express condition that I should be strictly non-political. The room was crammed with persons, men and women, married and single. The Vicar brought his daughters, two charming

girls. BLACK BOB and his mates were there, in solid rows, whilst Mrs. HAVITT and Mrs. MARCH both turned up, attended by body-guards—the one of Women Liberals, the other of Primrose Leaguers. When the Chairman rose at half-past seven it is no exaggeration to say that the scene was striking and impressive. Then, two minutes later, I rose, and commenced my *magnum opus* of oratory. I had fifty-two pages of notes, I drank six glasses of water, and twenty-three people left before I had done, which was not until an hour and five minutes had elapsed. I don't for a moment complain that twenty-three left; my complaint is that the number was so few. My peroration, to which I had devoted days of care, somehow hardly had the effect I had hoped for.

"This is indeed a memorable year," I said; "a year of truly rural significance. It remains with you to show that you are prepared to rise to the height of the occasion. If you do this, if you grasp firmly the benefits which this Act offers you, then when next New Year's Day the gladsome bells ring out once again to tell a listening world that one year is dead and that another lives, they will sound all the clearer, all the more joyous, because they ring in a year in which Mudford will have a Parish Council."

Then I sat down, amidst subdued applause, which, I admit, disappointed me. The Vicar's daughters never even took the trouble to applaud at all, and both seemed to have something to confide to their handkerchiefs. Black Bob whispered to his neighbour, "Laying it on thick to-night, isn't he?" I wonder what he meant.

After this commenced a torrent of questions, forty-six in all before they were done. May I never live to have such another experience! All the points I had evaded, because I had not understood them, came up with hardly a single exception. One man asked, "Can the Parish Council remove the parson?"—a most embarrassing question, which evoked roars of laughter from the audience, and a look of indignation from the Vicar. And the awful conundrums!—most of which I had to content myself with giving up. Here is one. "Supposing only eight people come to the Parish Meeting, and a Parish Council of seven has to be elected, and suppose seven of the eight are nominated for election, and the seven are elected chairmen of the Meeting in succession, and have all to retire because they are candidates for the Council, and suppose the eighth man cannot read or write, and when he's proposed as chairman, goes home, how will the Parish Council be elected?" I simply said I would consult my lawyer, and, if necessary, take counsel's opinion.

Of course there was a vote of thanks, and of course it was carried. When I got home, my wife, who had declined to go, asked me how it had all gone off. "My dear MARIA," was all I said; "you are quite right. A man at my time of life ought never to start taking part in public affairs."

# THE DOOM OF THE MINOR POETS.

WHEN Minor Poets grew so rife,  
They found a Minor Poet's life  
Was very little fun.  
The Spirit of the Age they prayed  
They might be melted down,  
and made  
Into a Major one.

Each had a very little spark  
Of genius, that in the dark  
Might clearly be discerned.  
But in a universal glare!  
Who could perceive a rush-  
light, where  
By myriads they burned?

The Spirit heard the prayer  
they urged,  
That all their merits might be  
merged  
In one enduring Fame:  
"Yet, ere you all are whelmed  
and gone,  
You," she declared, "must  
fix upon  
The Major Poet's name."

Uprose a mighty clamour then,  
For SMITH proposed the cogno-  
men  
Of SMITH, in ardent tones.  
"More suitable for high re-  
nown,"  
Cried BROWN, "appears the  
name of BROWN."  
JONES advocated JONES.

Expecting yet some verdict  
clear,  
The Spirit waited half a year,  
Then spread her wings and  
fled,  
But ere she fled, pronounced  
this curse:



## THINGS THAT ARE SAID.

'NOW, MAJOR DO YOUR VERY BEST TO COME TO US ON TUESDAY. I SHALL EXPECT YOU. BUT IF YOU CAN'T COME, OF COURSE I SHALL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED!'

"You all shall read each  
other's verse  
Till all of you are dead!"  
Some, overburdened by the  
doom,  
Sank speedily into the tomb.  
In padded cells and lone  
There wander others, who abuse  
All day the volumes they  
peruse,  
But never ope their own!

## CROSSED!

(To a Girl at a Distance.)

WHY must you go four thou-  
sand miles away?  
It throws our correspondence  
out of gear! [day—  
I cannot cable to you every  
It's much too public, and  
it's rather dear!

You write for sympathy—I  
sympathise; [after date,  
You get my answer ten days  
And then, with spirits sky-  
high, you despise  
My poor attempts your sorrow  
to abate!

Meanwhile, to my hilarious  
last-but-one  
Here comes your late but  
similar reply;  
But now my turn at dumps  
has just begun—  
I can't enjoy your triumphs  
while I sigh!

And so our moods go see-saw,  
up and down,  
Our letters cross, perversely  
cold or fond!  
There's only one redress—come  
back to town.  
And then we'll meet, and  
cease to correspond!

# THE MUSIC WITH A FUTURE.

(An Imaginary Sketch of How Things can  
not Possibly be Done.)

SCENE—The Composing Room of an Illus-  
trious Musician. The Illustrious Musician  
discovered deep in thought in front of a  
Piano.

Illustrious Musician (picking out the notes  
with one finger). "Dumty dumty, dumty  
dum dum." No, that isn't it! I am sure I  
had it just now. (Tries again.) "Dumty  
dumty, dumty dum dum." No, that's not it  
either! I must try it again—oh, of course,  
with Herr VON BANGEMNÖT. Now to sum-  
mon him. (Blows trumpet). That ought to  
bring my aide-de-camp.

[Flourish of trumpets, drums; doors thrown  
open, and enter a Regiment of Infantry,  
with its full complement of officers.  
Colonel (saluting). Your Majesty required  
assistance?

I. M. (considering). Yes, I knew I wanted  
something. Oh, to be sure. Will you please  
send Herr VON BANGEMNÖT to me at once.

Colonel (saluting). Yes, your Majesty. (To  
troops.) Right about turn.

[Flourish of trumpets, drums. The Regi-  
ment retires. Enter Herr VON BANGEMNÖT.  
Herr Von Bangemnöt (making obeisance).  
Your Majesty required my assistance?

I. M. Well, scarcely that, old Double Bass.  
The fact is, I've just composed a very pleasing  
trifle, but I can't write it down for the life of  
me. Would you like to hear it?

H. V. B. Certainly, your Majesty. I shall  
be overjoyed.

I. M. Well, it goes like this—"Dumty  
dumty, dumty dum dum." See. "Dumty  
dumty, dumty dum dum." Now, you re-  
peat it.

H. V. B. (who has been listening intently).  
"Dumty dumty—dum dum."

I. M. (interrupting). No, no; you've got  
it all wrong. See here, "Dumty dumty,  
dumty dum dum."

H. V. B. (in an ecstasy). "Dumty  
dumty, dumty dum dum." Perfectly  
charming! It is really excellent!

I. M. (pleased, but suspicious). You really  
think it good?

H. V. B. Good! that isn't the word for it.  
Excellent! first rate! capital!

I. M. I am so glad you like it. I daresay  
you could write it out for me?

H. V. B. Oh, certainly. Beautiful! Only  
wants a little amplification to take the mus-  
ical world by storm.

I. M. (much pleased). You really are ex-  
ceedingly complimentary. You are indeed.  
I suppose it could be scored for an orchestra?

H. V. B. I should think so. I will turn it  
into a march for the Cavalry.

I. M. And for the Infantry, too? You  
see, there might be jealousy if you didn't.

H. V. B. Quite so. And there should be  
marches for the Artillery and Engineers.  
Then of course we should have a version to  
be played by the Navy, first in fine weather  
and then in a storm.

I. M. I think we ought to do as much.  
And of course the children should have a  
version suitable for their shrill voices. And it  
could be used as an opera, and played on the  
organ. All this, of course, you could manage?

H. V. B. Certainly, you may be sure it  
shall become universally popular. I will  
score it for every conceivable instrument,  
and every possible audience. It shall be  
played or sung in hospitals, railway stations,  
schools, and in fact everywhere!

I. M. It shall! But there must be one  
version teaching a man how to play the tune  
with a solitary finger.

H. V. B. May I venture to ask by whom  
that last version will be used?

I. M. Why, old Double Bass, can't you  
guess? Why, man alive, I shall play from  
it myself! [Tableau and Curtain.

## NOVELTIES IN GASTRONOMY.

TALK about the Chinese eating dogs and  
cats, and the partiality of the South Sea  
Islanders for Missionary, what price this,  
from the *Daily Telegraph*?

ROAST COOK (single) WANTED, for large  
hotel. State age, and last reference.

The cannibal advertiser evidently is a *gour-  
met*, for he is particular as to age, and never  
eats them married. Or is it that he likes  
them single in preference to double, as, *per  
contra*, one might prefer double stout to single  
stout After this, we shall expect such deli-  
cacies as Boiled Butler, Sauce Maitre d'Hotel,  
Fried Footman, garnished with Calves-foot  
jelly, or Pickled Pageboy with Button mush-  
rooms. Every fashion must have some in-  
augurator; and who knows but that we are  
on the eve of cannibalism, and that the  
Advertiser and the *Daily Telegraph* are its  
joint pioneers!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WRITES a Baroness, "How quaint and simple appear the affectations of Miss JANE AUSTEN's heroines in *Pride and Prejudice*, especially now that one's mind is confused with the vagaries of the newspaper-created but impossible 'New Woman.'" Rather different days then, when girls addressed their mothers as "Ma'am," and were afraid of getting their feet wet, which was unromantic, and bread-and-butter romance was the fashion of those times. No matter, these romantic young women knew how to dress, according to the exquisite illustrations of HUGH THOMSON. What could be expected but sentiment, when the young men also appeared so picturesquely attired. This new edition of an old work is charmingly got up and published by GEORGE ALLAN. Turning from these very early nineteenth century attractions, I find *A Battle and a Boy* staring at me from a brilliant red binding. The colour suggests a gory fight, but there is nothing martial about it, only a Tyrolean peasant-boy in a pugilistic attitude with another boy. He is having it out before starting on his battle of life, which, taking place in the gay Tyrol, where things happen out-of-the-way, BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD has made it more interesting than an every-day fight.

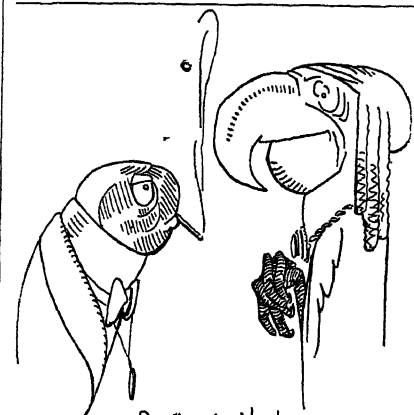


Most Interesting.

Most young women nowadays like to be here, there, and everywhere, and so you will find them in the *Fifty-two Stories of Girl-life*, by some of our best women writers, and edited by ALFRED H. MILES. Messrs. HUTCHINSON who, publish this work, might head their advertisement with "Go for Miles—and you won't find anything better than this." Other jokes on "miles" they may discover or invent for themselves. These are mostly for our big girls, but the little ones will find a gorgeously gay *Rosebud Annual* for 1895, quite a prize-flower, exhibited by JAMES CLARK & Co.; whilst *Rosy Mite*; or, *the Witch's Spell*, by VERA PETROWNA JELIBROVSKY,—this is a nice easy name to ask for!—is a most thrilling nursery tale of how a little girl, who ought to be an arithmetician after being reduced to the size of her little finger, is able to subtract much adventurous interest from among the insects and the insect-world, and is full of undivided wonders.

The illustrations, by T. PYM, show how charmingly unconventional life can be in such circumstances.

So charming, after long years of parting, to come again on *Mr. Micawber*! Of all things, he has been writing an account of *The Life and Adventures of Thomas Edison* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). The book purports to be the joint work of W. K. L. DICKSON and ANTONIA DICKSON. But that is only his modesty. The literary style is unmistakable. "Released from the swaddling



Aunt and Nephew

BY OUR OWN BIRD FANCIER.

clothes of error and superstition," no one but *Mr. M.* could have written, "the inherent virility of man has reasserted itself, and to the untrammelled vision and ripened energies of the scientist the

arcana of nature have been gradually disclosed." "EDISON's literary proclivities," he adds, in a sentence that recalls struggles in the house in Windsor Terrace, City Road, where *David Copperfield* was a lodger, "were seriously hampered by the collapse of the family fortunes, and the early necessity of gaining his own living. Despite his paucity of years, and the practical claims which life had already imposed, EDISON devoted every spare moment to the improvement of his mind, and profited to the utmost by the wise and gentle tuition of his mother." My Baroness can almost hear *Mr. Micawber's* voice choked by a sob as he declaimed this last sentence. Fortunately (or unfortunately) *Mr. Micawber* does not last long. After the first chapter his hand is rarely seen, he probably, the God of Day gone down upon him, having been carried to the King's Bench prison. For the rest, the book is an admirable account of one of the most marvellous lives the world has known. Much of it is told in EDISON's own words, conveying simple records of magic achievements. The book, luxuriously printed on thick glazed paper, is adorned by innumerable sketches and portraits, illustrating the life and work of the Wizard of the Nineteenth Century. B. DE B.-W.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

FLORENCE is undoubtedly one of the best places in the world for studying pictures. Resolve to visit the Pitti Palace. Now I shall see something like a palace—the home of the MEDICI, adorned with all the beauty of architecture and sculpture which they loved so well! No monotonous, painted barrack like Buckingham Palace, no shabby brick house like St. James's. And now I shall see a collection of pictures worthily housed in a magnificent building! No contemptible piece of architecture like our National Gallery, where you fall over the staircase directly you go in at the door, and where, when you have recovered yourself, you find three staircases, facing you like the heads of Cerberus at another entrance, and always go up the wrong one, and have to come down again and clamber up another before you find what you want. Even then, if you seek the water-colours of the greatest English landscape painter, you must go down yet another staircase into the cellar.

Ascertain the position of the Pitti Palace, and stroll gently towards it. There is plenty of time, for the daylight will last another three hours. Cross the Ponte Vecchio, and reach a large open space opposite a magnificent jail. Yes! Even the jails here are magnificent! Continue strolling on until I arrive at the open country. Ask the way to the Palace, and am told that it is about two kilometres back along the way I have come. Curious that I should not have noticed it. Return, looking carefully right and left, but do not see it anywhere, and again arrive opposite the jail. Ask a man I meet how that prison calls itself. He informs me courteously that it is the Palazzo Pitti. That! That dismal, monotonous, gloomy, brown structure? Why, Buckingham Palace is a joy for ever compared to it, and even Wormwood Scrubs Prison reveals unsuspected charms! Would like to sit down to recover from the shock, but as one is more likely to find a public seat in a London square than in an Italian piazza, this is impossible. Therefore, totter to the great central entrance. Perhaps the grand staircase leading to the galleries may be as attractive as the exterior is forbidding.

Discover that the entrance to the galleries is by a small side door, where I leave my walking-stick, and climb a narrow, steep staircase. Then climb a narrower and steeper staircase, and finally reach a staircase so steep and narrow that it might more accurately be called a ladder. Begin to think I have mistaken the way. Perhaps I shall find myself in the attics of the Palace, and be arrested as an anarchist. Have left my stick below, and have not even a passport with which to protect myself. Step cautiously up the first rounds of the ladder, when suddenly a large body completely fills the space above, and comes slowly down. It is impossible to go on; it is impossible to remain where I am. Must therefore go down to the least narrow staircase, and wait till the obstruction has passed. Do so. Awful pause. . . .

[What the obstruction was, "A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST" will tell us in our next.—ED.]



Cook's Tour de Force.





## ICHABOD.

As over London Bridge I went  
A constable I spied:  
His head upon his breast was bent,  
Against the parapet he leant,  
He gazed upon the stream intent,  
And as I passed he sighed.

"What ails thee, officer?" I cried  
In sympathetic tone.  
"What sorrow in thy soul is bred?  
Nay, never shake thy mournful  
head,  
But tell me of thy woes instead—  
Thou shalt not weep alone."

He eyed me for a moment's space  
In half-suspicious doubt;  
But reading not a single trace  
Of aught but pity in my face,  
He told me of his hapless case  
And poured his sorrows out.

"Time was, not many months  
ago"—  
His voice began to quiver—  
"When, in a stately march and  
slow,  
The tide of traffic used to flow  
In floods as full as that below"—  
He pointed to the river.

"From early dawn to dewy night  
It still blocked up the way:  
The creaking wain, the hansom  
light,  
The gaudy bus, in colours bright,  
The gilded coach, the buggyslight,  
And e'en the donkey-shay."

"Amid the throng I took my  
stand,  
I watched them come and go.  
Anon the serried lines I scanned,  
Anon I raised a warning hand,  
And lo! at my supreme command  
The flood forgot to flow!"

"The bus, the cab, the coach, the  
fly,  
Were motionless and still.



## THE ADVANTAGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

*Eton Boy (who has come to see his Brother at Harrow).* "I SAY, THESE FLOODS ARE STUNNING! WE'RE ALL SENT HOME, FOUR WEEKS BEFORE THE TIME!"

*Harrow Boy (gloomily).* "I WISH TO GOODNESS THE GOV'NOR HAD SENT ME TO ETON. WE'RE UP ON A BEASTLY HILL HERE, AN' NO CHANCE OF ANY FLOODS!"

In all the crowds that passed me by  
Was no one of degree so high  
That dared my sovereignty defy,  
Or disobey my will.

"The hansom hasting on her way  
Paused when she heard my call.  
The coster checked his donkey-  
shay,  
The gartered lord his prancing  
bay—

All, all were subject to my sway,  
My word was law to all.

"Alas! alas! 'tis thus no more!  
Gone is my pride and power!  
Where thousands passed in days  
of yore

Across the bridge, we've scarce a  
score,

For now the tides of traffic pour  
Round by the busy Tower.

"And I am left to mourn alone  
The glories that are fled.  
None heed me now—alas! not one!  
My life is lived! my day is done!  
*Othello's* occupation's gone—  
Ah! would that I were dead!"

He ceased. The manly voice broke  
down.

I could no longer stay,  
But, as I hurried off to town,  
I pressed upon him half-a-crown,  
And joyed to see the hopeless frown  
Die for a while away.

"THE RAIDERS."—Sure as *our*  
Raiders know, just one hundred  
and nine persons, suspected of re-  
sorting to the Albert Club, in Bolt  
Court, Fleet Street, for the pur-  
poses of betting,—much as their  
betters do elsewhere,—were ar-  
rested by the police and walked off  
to Bridewell. Ominous names for  
the locality! As they weren't  
sufficiently "fleet" to run away  
they couldn't "bolt," and so were  
all "caught!"

## NOMINIS UMBRA.

WHAT'S this? Discoloured, left by chance  
Within this dusty letter-rack—  
Dear me! The programme of a dance  
Which I took part in ten years back!

"The Towers, Rigden," at that date  
The Denvers' house, Sir CHARLES has fitted  
Since then to some secluded State  
Where creditors are not admitted.

There's not, observe, a single blank;  
Behold what energy was mine  
Ten years ago! I used to rank  
A waltz as something quite divine;  
All night its mazes I pursued—  
At least (this statement more precise is)  
With but a pleasing interlude  
For mild flirtation, "cup," and ices.

And then, my partners—twice, I see,  
I danced with FLORENCE SMITH, who's wed  
Sir CRESSUS since, and "ETHEL V."—  
Ah, poor Miss VIVIAN, yes—she's dead.  
"Miss JOHNSON"—I remember *her*!  
She told me man was quite demented,  
A Sarah-Grand-Philosopher  
Before "New Women" were invented.

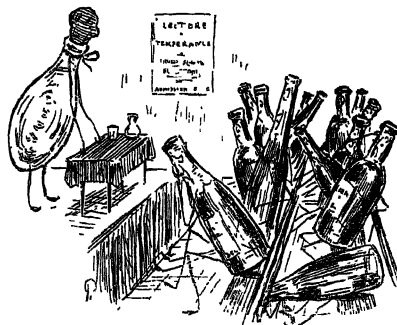
And others follow. Though I'm sure  
I'm fairly certain as to them,  
Here is a mystic signature,  
For who, in wonder's name, was "M."?  
I danced with her four times! My word,  
What said her chaperon judicial?  
"MAY"?" "MARY"?" "MURIEL"?" It's ab-  
I cannot construe that initial!

I wonder, vaguely, where we met,  
And how it was we came to part,  
And whether I have left her yet  
A permanently-injured heart;  
Well, faded programme, you may go,  
To tear you up at once were better;  
But yet—I'd greatly like to know  
The meaning of that mystic letter!

## Parliamentary Aspiration.

(By Jeremy Micauber Diddler.)

Or the (£)300, grant but three,  
I'll make a shape for paid M.P.



A LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE.

"My empty friends, I see you were all drunk last  
night. This can not occur again!"

## LINES TO A LADY.

(A Misappropriator's Apology.)

My dear Miss B., I cannot rest by day,  
At night I never sleep,—or not for long.  
The reason is, it grieves me much to say,  
I've done what I'm afraid you'll think is  
wrong.

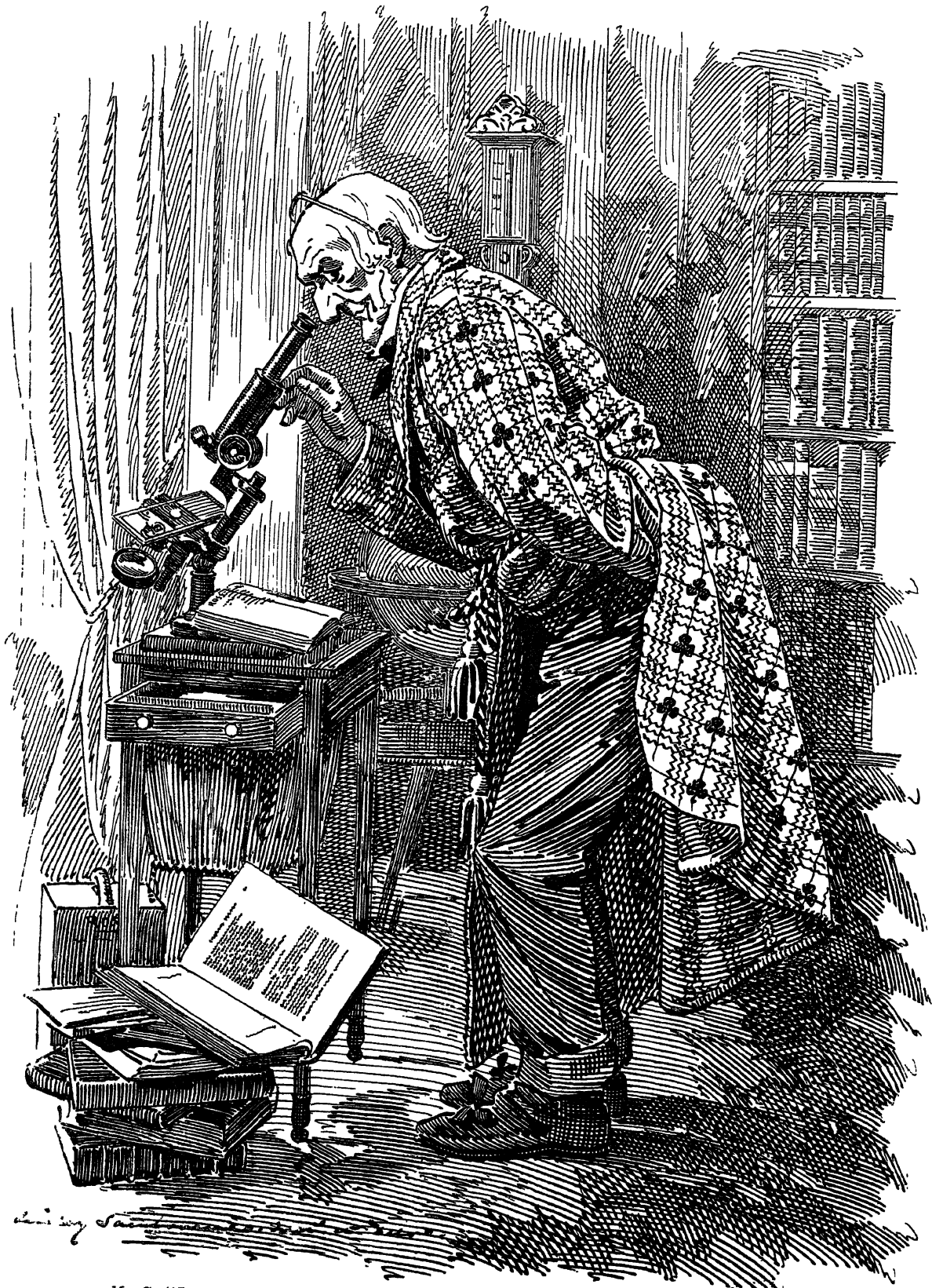
I've stolen something—don't, I beg you,  
laugh,

For I'm a thief—I trust I do not *look* it.  
You missed when I went off a photograph?  
Prepare for a surprise, 'twas I who took it!

How did I do it? Well, the day I left  
I got down early—half an hour or more  
Before you knew it. That's why you're  
bereft

Of that one photograph from out your store.  
Yes—I have sinned, and suffered on the rack  
Of agonised remorse, although I trust I  
May be forgiven. I'll send the portrait back  
If that's the only way. But tell me—  
must I?

"QUITE A LITTLE 'OLIDAY."—Last Satur-  
day the *Times* notified one "HENRY HOLI-  
DAY" officially in "editorial" type that, as  
regards the "calumny refuted," everything  
having been explained, apologised for, and  
generally settled all round, they meant to give  
the subject a complete holiday, but that as re-  
garded the gentleman of that name who wrote  
to say "he wasn't satisfied," the *Times* must  
treat him as a "*Dies non*."



Mr. G. "I MAY FIND THIS EMINENTLY SERVICEABLE FOR EXAMINING THE LIBERAL MAJORITY."  
["Mr. GLADSTONE has become an honorary member of the Guildford Microscopic Natural History Society."—*Daily Papers*.]



## A MATTER FOR CONSIDERATION.

SCENE—Jones doing Honeymoon Driving Tour in Ireland. His Leader has just got one of the reins under his tail, and is lashing out vigorously.

Jones. "HERE! HI THERE! CATCH HOLD OF HIM! HANG IT ALL, CATCH HOLD OF HIM!"

Pat. "BEGORRA THIN, WAS IT THIS IND YE'D BE AFTHER WANTIN' ME TO HOULD?"

## THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

If you want a receipt for that Popular Mystery

Known to the world as our own Grand Old Man,  
Take all the Titans and Crichtons of history,  
Rolling 'em all into one—if you can.  
Take JULIUS CÆSAR and TIGLATH-PILESER,  
BRASIDAS, "BONEY," and General BOOTH,  
HOMER and HORACE, and TUPPER and MORRIS,

CICERO, CALVIN, and LOUIS KOSSTUTH;  
GORGIAS, SANCHEZ, Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON,  
PLATO, AUGUSTINE, and W. STEAD,  
With—but mere catalogue moveth man's malison,

Be all Biography "taken as read";  
Then, if you've lumped the Divine and Philosopher,

Sophist, and Casuist clever to gloss over,  
Orator, Essayist, Scholar and Bard,  
Best Swordsman or "Pug" who e'er fenced,  
smote, or sparred,

Toppers too many by far to enumerate,  
Melt them all down to a splendid conglomerate;—

Then you will find your ingenious plan  
Misses nine-tenths of our own Grand Old Man.

Yes! GILBERT's Heavy Dragoon, though a paragon,

Was not a patch on our own Grand Old Dulcet as hydromel, tart as fresh Tarragon;  
Homeric in wrath in the scrimmage's van,  
Horatian at home and at ease,—*merum nectar*,  
(As SCALIGER said of that sweet Ode to Pyrrha.)

Fierce as ALONZO the Brave's fiery spectre,  
Or mild as a lute or the lark's tirra-lirra!

Male CLEOPATRA, whom "age cannot wither,"

Whose wondrous variety custom can't stale,  
All round the Universe, hither and thither,  
Rambles his genius, aged but hale.

Jam and geology, pious "apology"  
For tiny flaws in the arms of theology.

Anti-Besantine attacks on Theosophy;

Obiter dicta on Art and Philosophy;

HUXLEY-defiance on errors of Science,

And—

Ah! What is this? Why an optic appliance!

Not MILTON's great optic tube, nor Lord Rosse's,

But—something to peer at a microbe's proboscis.

A marvel of high-polished glittering brasses,  
And soft-winding screws, and adjustable glasses;

A small world of wheels as a galaxy shiny,  
Admitting the gaze to a world yet more tiny  
Of butterfly down and midge-stomachs and wings!

Well, WILLIAM, old friend, 'tis the day of small things,

Most of the matters on which prints are topical,

Strike a large intellect as—Microscopical!

Jove—or Achilles—the world now delivers

To myrmidons ant-like who swarm, fume and fuss.

Parties seem split into sections and slivers,

Each of which bellow, "The first place for Us!"

Mutually angry and all-round abuse-full.

So you may find your new instrument useful,

To—shall we say—gauge the New Leaders' authority,

Or look at that small, dwindling Liberal majority?

## RUBINSTEIN.

SINCE PAGANINI, fingers never wrought  
Such marvels in the mystic realm of sound  
As his who from the ringing keyboard brought  
A world of wondrous wizardry, which bound  
E'en ignorance in an astonished rapture.  
That world is closed, whose magic "sesame"  
He only held, where he alone could capture  
The spirits of strange woe and witching glee,  
And set them sounding in dull human ears.  
Music whose memory moves our smiles and tears.

## New Nursery Rhyme.

(On the New (Nursery) Art.)

HEY! 'Tis a riddle,  
A do and a diddle,  
A fad, and a lunatic lune;  
A scrawl and a smudge,  
And in fact arrant fudge,  
To be kicked to Art's limbo—and soon.

## Monetary Multum in Parvo.

Do not spend your life in *spending*;  
*Borrow* never, promptly *pay*;  
*Save*—but not with toil unending;  
*Give*—but wisely—what you may;  
He who lends himself to *lending*,  
Gives himself away.

## The Journalistic Jettatura.

IBSEN is angry that some Paul Pry  
Has "blown the gaff" on his *Evil Eye*.  
Personal prattle and egotist bounce,  
These great IBSEN may well denounce.  
Not to bewitch, but to swagger and spy,  
Is the basilisk task of our "Evil I."

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART XXII.—A DESCENT FROM THE CLOUDS.

SCENE XXXII.—In the Elizabethan Garden. TIME—About 11 A.M.; LADY MAISIE and UNDERSHELL are on a seat in the Yew Walk.

*Lady Maisie (softly).* And you really meant to go away, and never let one of us know what had happened to you!

*Undershell (to himself).* How easy it is after all to be a hero! (Aloud.) That certainly was my intention, only I was—er—not permitted to carry it out. I trust you don't consider I should have been to blame?

*Lady Maisie (with shining eyes).* To blame? Mr. BLAIR! As if I could possibly do that!! (To herself.) He doesn't even see how splendid it was of him!

*Und. (to himself).* I begin to believe that I can do no wrong in her eyes! (Aloud.) It was not altogether easy, believe me, to leave without even having seen your face; but I felt so strongly that it was better so.

*Lady Maisie (looking down).* And—do you still feel that?

*Und.* I must confess that I am well content to have failed. It was such unspeakable torture to think that you, Lady MAISIE, you of all people, would derive your sole idea of my personality from such an irredeemable vulgarian as that veterinary surgeon—the man SPURRELL!

*Lady Maisie (to herself, with an almost imperceptible start).* I suppose it's only natural he should feel like that—but I wish—I do wish he had put it just a little differently! (Aloud.) Poor Mr. SPURRELL; perhaps he was not exactly—

*Und.* Not exactly! I assure you, it is simply inconceivable to me that, in a circle of any pretensions to culture and refinement, an ill-bred boor like that could have been accepted for a single moment as—I won't say a Man of Genius, but—

*Lady Maisie (the light dying out of her eyes).* No, don't—don't go on, Mr. BLAIR! We were all exceedingly stupid, no doubt, but you must make allowances for us—for me, especially. I have had so few opportunities of meeting people who are really distinguished—in literature, at least. Most of the people I know best are—well, not exactly clever, you know. I so often wish I was in a set that cared rather more about intellectual things!

*Und. (with infinite pity).* How you must have pined for freer air! How you must have starved on such mental provender as, for example, the rapid and inane commonplaces of that swaggering carpet-soldier, Captain—THICKNESS, isn't it?

*Lady Maisie (drawing back into her corner).* You evidently don't know that Captain THICKNESS distinguished himself greatly in the Soudan, where he was very severely wounded.

*Und.* Possibly; but that is scarcely to the point. I do not question his efficiency as a fighting animal. As to his intelligence, perhaps, the less said the better.

*Lady Maisie (contracting her brows).* Decidedly. I ought to have mentioned at once that Captain THICKNESS is a very old friend of mine.

*Und.* Really? He, at least, may be congratulated. But pray don't think that I spoke with any personal animus; I merely happen to entertain a peculiar aversion for a class whose profession is systematic slaughter. In these Democratic times, when Humanity is advancing by leaps and bounds towards International Solidarity, soldiers are such grotesque and unnecessary anachronisms.

*Lady Maisie (to herself, with a little shiver).* Oh, why does he—why does he? (Aloud.) I should have thought that, until war itself is an anachronism, men who are willing to fight and die for their country could never be quite unnecessary. But we won't

discuss Captain THICKNESS, particularly now that he has left Wyvern. Suppose we go back to Mr. SPURRELL. I know, of course, that, in leaving him in ignorance as you did, you acted from the best and highest motives; but still—

*Und.* It is refreshing to be so thoroughly understood! I think I know what your "but still" implies—why did I not foresee that he would infallibly betray himself before long? I did. But I gave him credit for being able to sustain his part for another hour or two—until I had gone, in fact.

*Lady Maisie.* Then you didn't wish to spare his feelings as well as ours?

*Und.* To be quite frank, I didn't trouble myself about him: my sole object was to retreat with dignity; he had got himself somehow or other into a false position he must get out of as best he could. After all, he would be none the worse for having filled my place for a few hours.

*Lady Maisie (slowly).* I see. It didn't matter to you whether he was suspected of being an impostor, or made to feel uncomfortable, or—or anything. Wasn't that a little unfeeling of you?

*Und.* Unfeeling! I allowed him to keep my evening clothes, which is more than a good many—!

*Lady Maisie.* At all events, he may have had to pay more heavily than you imagine. I wonder whether— But I suppose anything so unromantic as the love affairs of a veterinary surgeon would have no interest for you?

*Und.* Why not, Lady MAISIE? To the Student of Humanity, and still more to the Poet, the humblest love-story may have its interesting—even its suggestive—aspect.

*Lady Maisie.* Well, I may tell you that it seems Mr. SPURRELL has long been attached, if not actually engaged, to a maid of mine.

*Und. (startled out of his self-possession).* You—you don't mean to Miss PHILLIPSON?

*Lady Maisie.* That is her name. How very odd that you— But perhaps Mr. SPURRELL mentioned it to you last night?

*Und. (recovering his sang-froid).* I am hardly likely to have heard of it from any other quarter.

*Lady Maisie.* Of course not. And did he tell you that she was here, in this very house?

*Und.* No, he never mentioned that. (What a singular coincidence!

*Lady Maisie.* Yes, rather. The worst of it is that the foolish girl seems to have heard that he was a guest here, and jumped to the conclusion that he had ceased to care for her; so she revenged herself by a desperate flirtation with some worthless wretch she met in

the Housekeeper's Room, whose flattery and admiration, I'm very much afraid, have completely turned her head!

*Und. (uncomfortably).* Ah, well, she must learn to forget him, and no doubt, in time— How wonderful the pale sunlight is on that yew hedge!

*Lady Maisie.* You are not very sympathetic! I should not have told you at all, only I wanted to show you that if poor Mr. SPURRELL did innocently usurp your place, he may have lost— But I see all this only bores you.

*Und.* Candidly, Lady MAISIE, I can't affect a very keen interest in the—er—gossip of the Housekeeper's Room. Indeed I am rather surprised that you should condescend to listen to—

*Lady Maisie (to herself).* This is really too much! (Aloud.) It never occurred to me that I was "condescending" in taking an interest in a pretty and wayward girl who happens to be my maid. But then I'm not a Democrat, Mr. BLAIR.

*Und.* I—I'm afraid you construed my remark as a rebuke; which it was not at all intended to be.

*Lady Maisie.* It would have been rather uncalled for if it had been, wouldn't it? (Observing his growing uneasiness.) I'm afraid you don't find this bench quite comfortable?

*Und.* I—er—moderately so. (To himself.) There's a female



"Do come and search for snowdrops!"

figure coming down the terrace steps. It's horribly like— But that must be my morbid fancy; still, if I can get Lady MAISIE away, just in case— (*Aloud.*) D—don't you think sitting still becomes a little—er—monotonous after a time? Couldn't we—

[*He rises, spasmodically.*]

Lady Maisie (*rising too*). Certainly; we have sat here quite long enough. It is time we went back.

Und. (*to himself*). We shall meet her! and I'm almost sure it's— I must prevent any— (*Aloud.*) Not back, Lady MAISIE! You—you promised to show me the orchid-house—you did, indeed!

Lady Maisie. Very well; we can go in, if you care about orchids. It's on our way back.

Und. (*to himself*). This is too awful! It is that girl PHILLIPSON. She is looking for somebody! Me! (*Aloud.*) On second thoughts, I don't think I do care to see the orchids. I detest them; they are weird unnatural extravagant things. Let us turn back and see if there are any snowdrops on the lawn behind that hedge. I love the snowdrop, it is so trustful and innocent, with its pure green-veined— Do come and search for snowdrops!

Lady Maisie. Not just now. I think—(*as she shields her eyes with one hand*)—I'm not quite sure yet—but I rather fancy that must be my maid at the other end of the walk.

Und. (*eagerly*). I assure you, Lady MAISIE, you are quite mistaken. Not the least like her!

Lady Maisie (*astonished*). Why, how can you possibly tell that, without having seen her, Mr. BLAIR?

Und. I—I meant— You described her as "pretty," you know. This girl is plain—distinctly plain!

Lady Maisie. I don't agree at all. However, it certainly is PHILLIPSON, and she seems to have come out in search of me; so I had better see if she has any message.

Und. She hasn't. I'm positive she hasn't. She—she wouldn't walk like that if she had. (*In feverish anxiety.*) Lady MAISIE, shall we turn back? She—she hasn't seen us yet!

Lady Maisie. Really, Mr. BLAIR! I don't quite see why I should run away from my own maid! . . . What is it, PHILLIPSON?

[*She advances to meet PHILLIPSON, leaving UNDERSHELL behind, motionless.*]

Und. (*to himself*). It's all over! That confounded girl recognises me. I saw her, face change! She'll be jealous, I know she'll be jealous—and then she'll tell Lady MAISIE everything! . . . I wish to Heaven I could hear what she is saying. Lady MAISIE seems agitated. . . . I—I might stroll gently on and leave them; but it would look too like running away, perhaps. No, I'll stay here and face it out, like a man! I won't give up just yet. (*He sinks limply upon the bench.*) After all, I've been in worse holes than this since I came into this infernal place, and I've always managed to scramble out—triumphantly, too! If she will only give me five minutes alone, I know I can clear myself; it isn't as if I had done anything to be ashamed of. . . . She's sent away that girl. She seems to be expecting me to come to her. . . . I—I suppose I'd better.

[*He rises with effort, and goes towards Lady MAISIE with a jaunty unconsciousness that somehow has the air of stopping short just above the knees.*]

### COUNTING NOSES.

BETWEEN nose and nose a strange contest arose

Concerning the smells from a brewery. [*their foes*]

Some thought them like Eau de Cologne, whilst  
Denounced them as sickly and sewery. [*Cologne,*  
"Twixt the Rhine, which (see COLERIDGE) washes  
And that sweet "Cologne water" that scents it,

How now shall the difference truly be known? [*resents it!*]

Strange comparison! Reason  
Oh! what is an odour, and what is

a "stink"? [*dub it.*]

(As the outspoken schoolboy will  
If man's nose is asked to decide,  
well, I think,

In puzzlement pure man must—  
rub it!

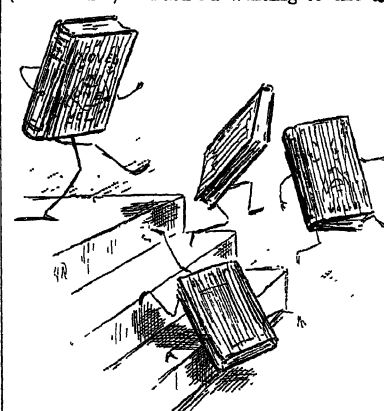
If the fragrance of "grains" will to some suggest drains,  
And to others bright Bendemeer's roses,  
Sanitation's big problem a puzzle remains,  
Since it all seems a question of noses.



NEW DIRECTOR TO ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—"Who would succeed Sir GEORGE GROVE?" that was the question. The answer to the inquiry was, "Who but PARRY?" Whereupon HUBERT PARRY was appointed. Now, all music at the College, of whatever nationality, will be taught à la mode de Parry.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SOME people are disposed to deny to Mr. GLADSTONE a sense of humour. They will surely reconsider their judgment in view of the fact that the late PREMIER made the author of *Work and Wages* (LONGMANS) a Lord-in-waiting to the QUEEN. The volume contains



in handy form a series of addresses and papers spoken and written by Lord BRASSEY during the last quarter of a century. They disclose profound knowledge, not only of the principles that underlie the connection between Work and Wages, but of the everyday practices that sometimes control it. Throughout, the book is marked by a broad spirit and statesmanlike view which, if more common, would make strikes much more uncommon. As Mr. GEORGE HOWELL in his introduction points out, when in 1869 the young

member for Hastings (not yet Lord BRASSEY) addressed the House of Commons on the subject of Trade Unions there were very few members who knew anything about the subject, except that they did not like it. Mr. BRASSEY, the son of one of the greatest employers of labour of the day, had the breadth of mind to recognise the right of industrial organisation representing labour, and lived to see the ban against trades unions removed by the House of Commons. The book is, my Baronite says, the most valuable contribution to the intricate question discussed of any recently published. Truly a most remarkable work for an ex-lord-in-waiting. We shall next hear of Mr. "BOBBY" SPENCER coming out with a treatise on the Solar Parallax.

"With delight," writes a young Baronite. "the ordinary schoolboy turns from even Old Æsop's words of wisdom to the ever-blissful fascinations of cowboys, Red Indians, and all the untrammelled pleasures of ranch life which are to be met with in following *The Great Cattle Trail*, by EDWARD S. ELLIS (CASSELL & Co.); and certainly life appears very, so very interesting, when you can be a hero with Buffalo Bill effect."

*Five Stars in a Little Pool*, by EDITH CARRINGTON (CASSELL & Co.), suggests lives and billiards, but that is the wrong cue to give, except that it is five little stories in black on white, "red" is added when you've finished the book.

CASSELL & Co. evidently, or, says a Baronite fresh from school, "Obviously" put a new construction on "*Ars est celare Artem*," for in their *Magazine of Art* it is clearly shown not only what Art does but how it does it. The etchings and photogravures are charming. There is a capital article on stage costumes, and among them is found the original idea out of which the fashionable Serpentine dance was twirlingly evolved.

Most little people will be much amused by the waggish tale of *Toby*, by ASCOTT R. HOPE. He is not of course Mr. *Punch's* "Toby," *cela va sans dire*. There cannot be two Tobies. It is "Toby or not Toby," and there is no "question" about it. This Toby, to whom the Toby never stood godfather, gives us the benefit of his amusing opinions. He is brought out by INNES (& Co.), and is one of the daintiest dogs in the Dainty Book Series. So much for Toby.

Any who read the first series of *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, by AUSTIN DOBSON, will eagerly welcome a second series issued by the same publishers, Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS. Of all writers at work to-day, Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON is most profoundly steeped in the literary essence of the Eighteenth Century, and is most successful in reproducing its flavour. In writing about SWIFT, RICHARDSON, Dr. JOHNSON, or the topography of HUMPHREY CLINKER (a learned, yet most mellow disquisition), he does not condescend to the easily-acquired trick of introducing archaic words, or inverting sections of phrases with which we are familiar in the works of some other artists on the same broad pavement. Yet, withal, there is in the literary style of these pleasant chats round about the old writers, booksellers and bookbuyers, a certain distinct Eighteenth Century flavour. So intimate is Mr. DOBSON with the ways, the personal appearance, the dress, the daily environment, and the little gestures of the more or less mighty dead, that he is able to recall them to startlingly vivid life. His picture of SWIFT writing to STELLA from his bed in the back room of a first floor in Bury Street, St. James's, is a masterpiece of live portraiture.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.





## A SNUB.

*Hypatia Roland (to the Brown's Parlourmaid). "CALL ME A HANSOM, PLEASE."*  
*Cadby. "I'M GOING YOUR WAY, MISS ROLAND. WE MIGHT GO TOGETHER."*

*Miss Roland. "TWO HANSOMS, PLEASE!"*

## "ALL'S WELL!"

## A DUET.

*Re-arranged (for Lion and Bear) after Dibden.*

"Several Russian newspapers publish articles . . . declaring that an Anglo-Russian understanding would be of enormous advantage to the respective interests of the two nations, besides promoting European peace."—*Times*.]

## Spoken.

*Russian Bear (with effusion). Now this is really delightful!*

*British Lion (cordially). Most charming, I'm sure!*

*R. Bear. What I've longed for for ages!*

*B. Lion. What I've wished for centuries!*

*R. Bear. Strange how long we have been separated by pure prejudice!*

*B. Lion. Though our respective dens are so conveniently situated for mutual calls, and genial interchange of love and liquor!*

*R. Bear. Why, I like you immensely, now I see you near.*

*B. Lion. And I'm enormously taken with you, at close quarters.*

*R. Bear. You have little of the Lion but its magnanimous courage.*

*B. Lion. And you have nothing of the Bear but its skin.*

*R. Bear. The kind things you have been saying about me lately have quite touched me.*

*B. Lion. Don't mention it. You deserved 'em all. Delighted to render any little civilities to a near neighbour, especially in time of trouble.*

*R. Bear (much moved). A thousand thanks! Leo! Let me embrace you. No longer afraid of my hug, are you?*

*B. Lion. Not a bit of it! Oh! this is something like a "Russian Advance!!!"*

*R. Bear. And this is indeed a right "British Greeting!!!"*

*B. Lion (aside). "Wonder what the Gallic Chanticleer thinks of this!"*

*R. Bear (aside). Fancy the Teutonic Earle eyes us a leetle jealously.*

*B. Lion (aloud). Well, let us meet often, Bruin, and talk things over amicably.*

*R. Bear (aloud). We will, Leo, we will. Ah! what a pity we didn't know each other before!*

*B. Lion. Yes, indeed. However, All's well that ends well!*

*R. Bear. "All's Well!" Ah! Cue for song! Let us warble!*

## They sing:—

Converted (rather late than soon),  
 We peace proclaim,—thrice blessed boon!  
 We meet, as friends, on common ground;  
 On sentry go no more tramp round;  
 And should our footsteps haply stray,  
 Where treaties mark the warded way,—  
 "Who goes there?"—

Stranger quickly tell,—

"A friend!"

"The word!"

"Comrades!"

"ALL'S WELL!"

Or, steaming on the briny deep,  
 Watch each on each we scarce need keep  
 From off the ironclad's steel deck,  
 Lest mutual foes meet common wreck.  
 Lord, no! If a strange hull draw near,  
 A friendly voice salutes each ear.  
 "What cheer?"—

Ho, brother, quickly tell!—

"Above!"

"Below!"

"Messmates!"

"ALL'S WELL!!!"

*1st Singer (crescendo). A-a-a-a-bove!*  
*2nd Singer (diminuendo).*

*Be-e-e-e-e-e-e-LOW!!*

*Tutti (fortissimo). A-A-A-A-LL'S WELL!!*  
 ["So mote it be!" adds Mr. P.]

## OLLENDORFIAN.

(Example of the Very Latest French Exercise.)

OUR neighbour has many Colonies. The Colonies of our neighbour are very productive. Why should we not have (some) productive Colonies? The cock is more valiant than the lion. Let us send the Ambassador to the bad Queen. The bad Queen has pulled the nose of the Ambassador. She is very obstinate, but she is not very amiable. The soldiers, the sailors, the ships, the stores, and the ammunition will soon arrive. The island has a very good soil, but not a very good climate. Why have the soldiers and the sailors not yet marched to the capital? Because the soldiers and the sailors have all got the fever. Why have they got the fever? Because our neighbour is wicked. Does it rain like this every day? Yes, it rains every day in the wet season. Which, then, is the dry season in the island? There is no dry season in the island. It is right to live for glory. There is much glory in shooting barbarians. When the island is conquered, who will go and live in it? My tailor, my butcher, my wife's mother (the mother of my wife), and all my creditors, I hope, will go and live in it. We are not so rich as we once were. Why are we not so rich as we once were? Because we have spent all our money in trying to have big Colonies like our neighbour. If our neighbour is so wicked, why should we imitate him? He is only wicked because he has (the) big Colonies.



“ALL’S WELL!”

BRITISH LION AND RUSSIAN BEAR (together). |“WHAT A PITY WE DIDN’T KNOW EACH OTHER BEFORE!”





### POLITICS AND GALLANTRY.

*First 'Arry.* "HAY, WOT'S THIS 'ERE ROSEBERY A TORKIN' ABAAT? BLESS'D IF HE AIN'T A GOIN' TO DO AWY WITH THE LORDS!"

*Second 'Arry (more of a Don Juan than a Politician).* "DO AWY WITH THE 'OLE BLOOMIN' LOT O' LORDS, IF HE LIKES, AS LONG AS HE DON'T DO AWY WITH THE LIDIES!"

### TALK À LA MODE DE LONDRES.

SCENE—Interior of a Suburban Railway Carriage. BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON discovered reading papers.

*Brown.* Wonderful this war between China and Japan. And all arising out of the Corea. By the way, where is the Corea?

*Jones.* Oh, close to Port Arthur. Haven't you seen the maps in the paper?

*Brown.* Yes, but they begin, so to speak, in the middle. Of course I know where the Corea is for about a hundred miles all round, but what's beyond?

*Robinson (looking over the top of his paper).* I fancy Russia. That's evidently why the Russians took such an interest in the row. You see, of course, they want an entrance into the Mediterranean from the Black Sea, and if the Corea were definitely annexed by the Japanese, what would become of Sebastopol?

*Brown.* Why, you are thinking of the Crimea.

*Robinson.* I suppose I am.

*[Resumes the reading of his paper.]*

*Jones.* But still the Russians do take an interest in the quarrel. Or rather did; for, now that the Muscovites are on such excellent

terms with us, it doesn't much matter what happens.

*Brown.* Of course not. Such good taste of the CZAR to make the Prince a Colonel of the Kiel Hussars, and saying, too, that his bride was English, not German. The new Emperor thoroughly appreciates the value of an English alliance. And you see France, too, wants to join it.

*Jones.* Then that will put everything right about Egypt, Madagascar, and Afghanistan.

*Robinson (emerging from his paper).* I never could see the use of the Suez Canal. No more could Lord Palmerston. And couldn't we get to India quite as quickly by the Pacific Railway?

*Brown (doubtfully).* I think not; although, of course, it shortens the route to Australia. I fancy it wouldn't help us much with Egypt.

*Jones.* Why, the Pacific Railway is in Canada—isn't it?

*Robinson.* I suppose it is.

*[Returns to the perusal of his paper.]*

*Brown.* Not that the Pacific Railway isn't useful. You see, the Americans are waking up, and even proposed to intervene in the Chino-Japanese controversy. That shows they

have abandoned the old policy of keeping themselves to themselves.

*Jones.* Of course that's impossible. You see that while we are so violently in favour of free trade, we must take an interest in transatlantic politics.

*Brown.* Yes, there is a good deal in what you say, and I suppose on account of the fall in silver we all must be careful.

*Robinson (emerging from his paper).* Perhaps it is connected with bi-metallism.

*[Train enters tunnel, and in the rattle the talk subsides.]*

### THE NOVELIST'S VADE MECUM.

(Compiled by a Publisher with strong views on the Subject.)

*Question.* Which do you prefer—a novel in three volumes, or in one single tome?

*Answer.* That is a matter that entirely depends upon terms.

*Q.* Then you are indifferent as to length?

*A.* In everything save the figures of a cheque.

*Q.* But is not Art your first consideration?

*A.* Certainly, when it leads to a substantial balance at my bankers.

*Q.* Then you write for your living?

*A.* Certainly, or I shouldn't live at all.

*Q.* Which do you prefer—a story produced in parts, or a story published as a whole?

*A.* Again a question of terms. Still, if remuneration is equal, sketches of character are easier than construction of plot.

*Q.* When is the latter necessary?

*A.* When the novel is written for a serial, and is published with the standing announcement (frequently repeated), "to be continued in our next."

*Q.* Is it difficult to sketch character?

*A.* Not if you do not mind irritating your friends and driving your foes into lunacy.

*Q.* How do you irritate your friends?

*A.* By reproducing in an amusing manner their peculiarities.

*Q.* And how do you madden your foes?

*A.* By passing them over in a dead silence, and sternly refusing to recognise their existence.

*Q.* How should you treat your contemporaries?

*A.* If you appreciate your work at its proper (that is to say, your own) value, you will not admire contemporaries.

*Q.* And what will you say of authors of the past?

*A.* That it is fortunate that they did live in the past, as they certainly do not exist in the present, and will certainly not revive in the future.

*Q.* How should you criticise a contemporary's novel?

*A.* If you are sure of his influencing a criticism of your own work favourably, praise his romance sky high. If he is, from a reviewer's point of view, a negligible quantity, why, treat him on that basis.

*Q.* Then what is your motto?

*A.* "Nothing for nothing."

*Q.* Do you consider a novelist's life the best possible form of existence?

*A.* I should say yes if I did not know of a form of existence to be even better.

*Q.* And what is that?

*A.* Inheriting a fortune, putting your hands in your pockets, and for the rest of your life doing nothing.



**PREHISTORIC PEEPS.**

A LITTLE COVERT SHOOTING. (DRAGONS PLENTIFUL, AND STRONG ON THE WING.)



## AMARE, O!

(By an Usher.)

WITH weary brain I hear again  
The drowsy urchins stammer, O,  
From *mensa* down through  
every noun [mar, O!  
That's in the Latin gram-  
And when declensions pall,  
why then,  
The exercise to vary, O,  
I bid them show how well they  
know  
My sweet, sweet verb,  
*Amare*, O!

"*Amo, amas*,—I love a lass,"  
Her dainty name is NANCY, O,  
And none but she shall ever be  
The darling of my fancy, O!  
*Amari*—well, in love I fell,  
And sure 'twas no vagary, O,  
For since that day I've learnt  
the way  
To conjugate *Amare*, O!

I whisper now, "*Ama*, Love  
thou!"

Amongst the fields of barley, O,

And NANCE replies, with  
brimming eyes,

"I love, I love thee,  
CHARLIE, O!"

*Amo, ama*, the livelong day  
I'll teach my winsome  
fair, O,

For has not she resolved with me  
To conjugate *Amare*, O?



## CAUTION.

The Major. "DON'T YOU LIKE LIQUEURS, MRS. JINKS?"

Mrs. Jinks. "YES; BUT THEY MAKE ONE SO UNRESERVED!"

## AD JOVEM PLUVIUM.

["Ju Plu has been in his best form lately."—*Sporting Paper*.]

ENGLAND farewell, when  
showers of rain

From dewy eve to dawn pour,  
I fly across the heaving main  
To Aden or to Cawnpore.

The deep floods hide my native  
land,

No more as land I rank it,  
I envy on some foreign strand  
The brown man in his  
blanket.

Through sandy deserts he may  
roam,

But bright suns shine for  
him there, [home  
And if he wants to reach his  
He never has to swim there.

There would I dwell, away,  
away

I fly, these floods disdaining,  
Where Jupiter can rule the day  
Without a thought of rain-  
ing.

SONG TO BE SUNG AT THE RE-  
CEPTION OF M. ALPHONSE DAU-  
DET (*when he comes, and may  
it be soon!*).—"We all love  
'JACK'!"

FOR GRAMMARIANS.—The  
latest Oxymoron;—the new  
Pianist, Herr SAUER, playing  
a "suite."

## THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

## IV.—ELECTIONEERING.

WHATEVER my wife may think about my public meeting, and whatever I may feel about it myself, one thing is quite certain—that it has left Mudford a very different village from what it found it. When I commenced my great efforts in the cause of citizenship there was apathy and ignorance amongst the "idiots"—as my friend Miss PHIL. BURTT insists on calling the villagers. Things travel quickly nowadays, and at the present moment we are all ablaze with the excitement of electioneering.

I ought to say at once that I have taken as yet no steps in my own candidature. I feel that, after the part I have played in the great Drama of Village Home Rule, the next move ought to come from a grateful and appreciative peasantry. In point of fact, I have been expecting every day, every hour almost, a deputation to ask me to allow myself to be put in nomination—I fancy that's the correct phrase. So far the deputations have been as conspicuous by their absence *since* the meeting as they were annoying by their frequency *before*. Another curious fact I have noticed in this. We are to have a Parish Council of seven. Thus far I have heard of *exactly seven candidates and no more*. This means that when I am nominated, as I shall be, of course, by all sections of the community (for I feel in my inward heart that it will be "all right on the night"), there will be only *one* candidate too many. Who will be the unsuccessful one? I wonder!

Of the seven candidates, I should first mention Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT and Mrs. ARBLE MARCH. Both of these ladies have started a vigorous campaign, and—*mirabile dictu!* (it makes one feel so literary to introduce every now and again a tag of Latin)—are running amicably together. At a Parliamentary election it's a case of war to the knife, but now the lion lies down with the lamb; not that, for one single instant, would I insinuate that either is a lion, or, for the matter of that, a lamb. I should be ashamed to be so familiar. Mrs. HAVITT's placards are everywhere on the walls. The effect of contrasts is at times surprising. For instance—

USE BANANA SOAP

LETHAM HAVITT

FOR THE PARISH COUNCIL.

Mrs. ARBLE MARCH is no less enterprising, and has purple appeals to you to vote for "the March of Progress," and "the March of Ideas." It may be very funny, but I have no patience with making a joke of such a serious matter. No one, at any rate, can ever accuse me of being intentionally funny.

It is announced from the Hall that the Squire has very kindly consented to stand; the Vicar follows his neighbour's example, and will no doubt be returned, if for nothing else, as a compliment to his two charming daughters. (I think I must ask them to canvass for me when I come out. My wife declares *she* won't, and that she won't let my girls either.) That makes four candidates. The other three are BLACK BOB and two of his mates, who are claiming support as the "People's Three."

And now comes, perhaps, the most extraordinary thing of all—their programme! I find that it is full of the most (so-called) advanced ideas, but that the plank which seems to be the most attractive is "Free Trout-fishing!" I confess I could hardly believe my own eyes when I read it. In the first place, it seemed so farcical. In the second place, the only trout-fishing in the neighbourhood happens to *belong to me!* What's more, I don't see any way out of the difficulty. I met BLACK BOB a day or two ago and asked him how he ever got such an absurd notion into his head that the Parish Council had anything to do with trout-fishing. "It's all right, Mr. WINKINS," said he, "just remember what Section 8 says." I said nothing at the time, because I thought as a fact that that section referred to Boards of Guardians. When I looked at the Act, sure enough I read, as being one of the powers possessed by the Parish Council—

"(e) To utilise any well, spring, or stream within their parish" . . .

I read no more. I had read enough. How any Parliament can ever have dared to insert such a monstrous section I cannot understand. But there it is. "Free trout-fishing!" Well—there ought to be someone on the Parish Council to defend the rights of property. I shall be the man.

Next Tuesday the Parish Meeting in the Voluntary Schoolroom at 7.30. It cannot fail to be an eventful night.

## Room-attics.

["Madame PATTI caught cold in a damp artist's room."—*Weekly Paper*.]

O MOIST, unpleasant artist, you were surely overbold [cold.  
When your rheum—(corrected spelling)—gave our nightingale a  
When thermometers are falling you'll discover to your cost  
That a singer who has started damp is bound to be a "frost."

NOT A GOOD NAME.—It came out in the HARDING-COX divorce suit that "McNAB" was the Scotch equivalent in hotel visitors' books for "SMITH" or "JONES." It may be equivalent, but it isn't good for "McNAB"; as where SMITH and JONES might get off, the Scotchman would be "McNabb'd."

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

(CONTINUED.)

LET me collect my scattered senses! Where am I? In Pitti Palace. On narrow staircase. Probably on forbidden ground. I hear footfall—descending. Perhaps it may be one of the officials, and I shall be caught in the act of attempting to enter the royal attics! What would be the punishment? Death, or penal servitude? The gallows or the galleys? Have happily several one-lira notes in my pocket. If these



are not sufficient, five lire, or even ten—But I shall see what sort of man he is. Perhaps a few coppers would be enough. At this moment the obstruction descends, and I discover that he is a fat German tourist. For the first time in my life am pleased to look at a German, though the cut of this one's clothes is even worse than usual. Feel inclined to fall upon his neck and murmur "*Mahlzeit!*" or "*Prosit!*" or some other idiotic exclamation peculiar to his country. Fortunately, remember that these are only said in connection with eating or drinking. Perhaps, if I were to

remind him of drink, after he has spent hours in a dry, hot gallery, it would not tend to conciliate him. Therefore muster up the half-dozen words of his awful language which years of anxious study have enabled me to master in all their complexities of gender, number, case, declension, conjugation, agreement, government, &c.—not forgetting the exceptions—and, taking off my hat, ask him if this is the entrance to the galleries. "*Ja wohl,*" says he. And moreover if I go up these stairs to the top. "*Ja wohl,*" says he again. Emboldened by his courteous affability, I remark that the staircase is very narrow. "*Ja wohl,*" says he, for the third time, and passes on. A very interesting conversation with an intelligent foreigner in a country where we are both strangers. There is nothing like travel to enlarge the mind. Besides, one learns so much of foreign languages when one hears the varied idioms and phrases of the natives.

Thus meditating I arrive at the top of the ladder. What a smell of paint! They are evidently doing up the palace. Turn along a passage about two feet wide—how that German got through it has puzzled me ever since—and find myself in a magnificent studio, filled with painters, easels, palettes and canvases, and with the smell of paint. That German deceived me. I have come to the wrong place after all. Am just about to apologise and retreat when I perceived a fine old master on the wall. Peeping amongst the painters, easels, palettes, and canvases, perceive other old masters, almost entirely hidden by the various erections of the students. At this moment an official rings a small bell. Ask him if I may be permitted to look at some of the pictures on the walls, if it would not be interfering with the painters. "Certainly, *signore,*" says he. And ask him where the Pitti Gallery is. "It is here," says he. What? I have reached it at last! But how can one see anything when the whole place is choked up with these execrable modern copies and the apparatus to support them? However, I will see what I can now that I have got here. Happily the daylight will last for at least another hour. "But," continues the official, as I meditate, "it is now four o'clock. The gallery is closed."

A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST.

## JOHN BULL À LA RUSSE.

THE *Novosti* and other St. Petersburg papers favour the notion of an Anglo-Russian *entente cordiale*. We shall have to adapt our conversation to our new friends. As thus:—

SCENE—*The Strand. Enter E. and L. two quondam Cockneys.*

Why, there's young WOTATOFF! . . . I hardly knew you, little pigeon, in that fur shuba! Zzzdravstv—I mean, be in good health, Gospodin DROPOVITSKY, how do you live on?

What do I live on? Why, vodka mostly, now that we've all turned Muscovites. But where are you going, IVAN IVANOVITCH?

I'm off to call on the *Punchski* Redaktor, at 10, Bouverieskaya Ulitsa. Why, so am I! let's hire a droshki.

Khoroshó—excuse my sneezing! . . . Hi, izvostchik, drive us to the *Punchskoye* Bureau. What's the fare? two roubles? oh, nonsense! you shall have fifty kopeks, and ten more for tea-money!

What an improvement those bells are, tinkling in the duga over the horse's neck!

Yes, but Bozhe moi! that was a near shave with that runaway troika, down Wellington Street! How lucky it is the politsiya wear swords now to stop the traffic with. . . .

Hullo, the Lyceumski Theatre is closed!



Yes, don't you know Gospodin IRVING and Gospozha TERRY are on tour?

Oh, so they are. . . . Will you smoke? Here's a papiroska, with a mouthpiece!

Thanks, I'll finish my sweetmeats!

Well, here we are. . . . What, the thief of a vanka wants more money? Why, we've only gone a verst!

Let's send for an ispravnik, and have him knouted! . . . Have you got your passport ready?

Yes—tchort vozmi! I mean, confound it! The dvornik here says the Redaktor's too busy to see us!

Ekaya dosada—what a bore! . . . Never mind; come and have some shtchi and pirogui at the Gaiety Restaurant! They've a very good zakuska there to whet your appetite with!

All right, little brother! . . . I say, old man, I can't keep this up much longer. Let's chuck it and emigrate!

Where to?

Oh, St. Petersburg, where they're all talking English now, as a compliment to our "Prints WALESKI" and "Ghertsog YORKSKI."

Very well. Ta-ta! *do svidanaya* till to-morrow!

## AN ENGAGEMENT.

(A Page from a Diary.)

Monday.—Delightful news! My sister NELLIE is engaged to be married! It came upon us all as a great surprise. I never had the slightest suspicion that NELLIE cared twopence about old GOODBODY ST. LEGER. He is such a staid, solemn old party, a regular fossilised bachelor we all thought. Not at all the sort of man to give way to emotions or to be in love. However, it's a capital match for NELLIE as ST. LEGER's firm are about the largest accountants in the city. My wife thinks it will be a good thing in another way, too, as my other six sisters may now have a chance of going off. It seems that when once this kind of epidemic gets into a family, all the unmarried sisters go popping off like blazes one after another. Called with my wife this afternoon to congratulate NELLIE. Rather a trial for the poor girl, as all sorts of female relatives had called full of enthusiasm and congratulations. GOODBODY was there (NELLIE calls him "GOODIE") and seemed rather overwhelmed. He went away early and didn't kiss NELLIE. I thought this funny, and chaffed NELLIE about it afterwards. She said she'd soon make that all right.



Tuesday.—GOODBODY is getting on. We had a family dinner at home to-night. He came rather late and entered the drawing-room with an air of great determination, marched straight up to NELLIE and kissed her violently. It was splendidly done and we all felt inclined to cheer. He kissed her again when he went away, and lingered so long in saying good night to my mother that we all thought he was going to kiss her too. But he didn't. My wife said that the suspense of those moments was dreadful.

Wednesday.—He has kissed my mother—on both cheeks. I must say the old lady took it extraordinarily well, though she was not in the very least prepared for it. It happened at five o'clock tea, in an interval of complete silence, and those two sounding smacks simply reverberated through the room. Mother was quite cheerful afterwards, and spoke to NELLIE about the trousseau in her usual calm and collected frame of mind. Still I can see that the incident has made a deep impression upon her. My wife told MAGGIE it would be her turn next.

Thursday.—It has been MAGGIE's turn. GOODBODY called at home on his way from the City, and set to work as soon as he got into the drawing-room. He first kissed NELLIE, then repeated the performance with my poor mother, and, finding that MAGGIE was close beside him, he kissed her on the forehead. Where will this end?

Friday.—He has regularly broken loose. He dined at home to-day, and, without a word of warning, kissed the whole family—my mother, NELLIE, MAGGIE, ALICE, MABEL, POLLY, MAUD, and little BETA. He quite forgot he had begun with my mother, and, after he had kissed BETA, got confused, and began all over again. At this moment my wife and I came in with Aunt CATHERINE whom we had brought in our carriage. Both my wife and Aunt CATHERINE tried to escape, but it was no good. He kissed them both, and was just advancing towards me, when the butler fortunately announced dinner. Matters are getting quite desperate, and we none of us know what ought to be done. Aunt CATHERINE had a violent fit of hysterics in the spare bedroom after dinner.

Saturday.—The engagement is broken off. A great relief. It has been a lesson for all of us.

DEAR TO DUSTMEN.—"A big, big D"—in the window.

### A TRIUMPH OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

THE collector of statistics was fairly posed by the attitude assumed by his visitor. The elderly lad (or, rather, very young man) had claimed admittance on the score that he was an "old boy" of the School Board. He wished to give his evidence as to the state of the State-educated juvenile population.

"And you say you are not one of the 547 clerks?" queried the collector.

"No Sir, I am not. I would rather beg my bread from door to door than occupy a lofty stool from dawn to sundown."

"And you are not one of the 413 milkboys?"

"Again, no. It has been a tradition in our family for centuries to avoid water, so how could I dabble in the milk trade?"

"And you are neither an actor, a jockey, nor a hairdresser?"

"I am not," was again the reply, couched in a tone of hauteur.

"And you are not a soldier—one of the ten that left the School Board for the more or less tented field?"

"I am not—nor a sailor."

Then the collector of statistics paused for a moment, and spoke with a measure of hesitation.

"You have not gone to the bad?"

"Like my 333 schoolfellows?"

"Yes."

Then the red blood of the visitor mounted to the roots of his hair and suffused his cheeks with crimson. He indignantly denied



### GOING TO EXTREMES.

He of the Ruffled Temper. "AS SURE'S MA NAME'S TAMMAM PATERSON, I'LL HAE THE LAW O' YE, THOUGH IT SHOULD COST ME HAUF-A-CROON!"

the imputation. He might be poor, but at any rate he was honest.

"No, he had never been in prison."

"Then what are you?" asked the collector, in a tone not entirely free from traces of annoyance.

"Surely you must be something!"

"I am more than something!" returned the visitor, proudly.

"I am unique—I am a curiosity."

"What may you be?"

"I am a boy, educated by the School Board, who is satisfied to follow in the footsteps of his father."

My father was a brick-layer, and I am satisfied to lay bricks myself."

"My dear Sir," said the collector, grasping him cordially by the hand, "I congratulate you. This is the first time I have met a boy who has been satisfied to adopt the trade followed by his parent. And now you can do me a small favour." And then the collector engaged his guest to renovate the walls of his house, which (on account of the scarcity of trained labour) had for many years been sadly out of repair.

**MORE MEMORIES BY DEAN HOLE.**—We are gradually getting at the Hole Truth. Not a deep Hole, but a good all-round Hole, and, as a whole, eminently readable when you have a half Holeyday to spare.

**SUGGESTION.**—The Egyptian Hall is advertised as "The Home of Mystery." Mightn't the Lyceum be entitled, for advertisement purposes, as "The Home of Miss TERRY?"

### THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

V.—THE PARISH MEETING.

Mudford, December 4, 11.30 P.M.

THE Parish Meeting—long looked for, eagerly expected, anxiously anticipated—has come and gone. It has been indeed an interesting and eventful night.

The meeting was called for half-past seven, and, when I reached the schoolroom, at two minutes before that time, the room was packed with parochial electors. A subdued cheer broke out as I entered, and, bowing my acknowledgments, I found my way to a seat in the front row, which a thoughtful overseer had reserved for me, his fellow overseer being stationed at the door to see that only those were admitted who had got on the wedding garment; or, to put it in a different way, whose names were on the Register. I soon saw that, practically, everyone was present. There were the MARCHITES, the LETHAM HAVITTITES, and BLACK BOB and his following, whilst the Vicar and the Squire were there, to lend an air of real intelligence and respectability to the whole affair. It never struck me before, though, how dull a man the Vicar is when you see him without his daughters—who, of course, were not present.

Punctually at 7.30 the overseer asked the meeting to proceed to elect a chairman. There was a hush of expectant silence, and then BLACK BOB jumped up and proposed me. I had taken a great interest in the subject, and the tremendous amount I knew about it made me the most suitable person to take the chair that evening. A warm glow of satisfaction came over me, which deepened into a sense of burning joy when Mrs. MARCH seconded the motion, which was agreed to unanimously.

I took the chair, and after a hurried glance at my instructions, invited nominations to be sent in to me. Seven were sent in in the first two minutes—nominations of the seven who had previously issued election addresses. Then came an awful and an awkward pause. I waited, for I had to wait for a quarter of an hour—the instructions told me to. It was *un mauvais quart d'heure*. Of course I was waiting for my own nomination. It is a humiliating fact to have to record, but it did not come. Then the whole thing became clear to me; my election to the chair was a sop to console me for being shunted from the Parish Council. But I was not to be fobbed off in this

way. I put my hand in my pocket, and a minute before the time was up produced a nomination paper which I had got my gardener and coachman to sign. It is always well to be prepared for accidents.

However, even bad quarters of an hour come to an end, and at the end of the remaining minute I announced that as I had been nominated myself, I could not stay in the chair. This was evidently an unexpected turn, but Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT was equal to the occasion. She proposed the assistant-overseer. He was elected, declared all the eight nomination papers were in order, and then threw the meeting open to questions.

The heckling began at once. I was the first victim over that con-founded Free Trout-fishing. Was I in favour of it? I said that as all there was belonged to me, it was obvious I could hardly be expected to answer the question. Mrs. ARBLE MARCH and Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT said they were prepared to use all the powers the Act conferred as to free fishing. I noticed that a curious smile lurked round the mouths of both, and I should have said, if I had not thought it to be too incredible to be true, that Mrs. MARCH almost winked her eye. Anyhow, the meeting cheered, and seemed satisfied. BLACK BOB made a long and impassioned speech, in which he called the Act the Charter of the Peasants' Liberty. This, too, evoked great enthusiasm. Finally the questioning flickered out, no one withdrew their candidature, and the voting commenced. I had previously noticed that there were 173 electors present. My name—WINKINS—came last. Marvellous to relate, 173 hands were held up for each of the first seven candidates—for I thought it only a courteous thing to vote for my opponents. When my name was put, only 59 hands went up. It will be noticed that the total number of votes was more than seven times the number of votes, and no one ought to have voted more than seven times! The show of hands was a fraud and a farce, so it was only in common justice to the parish and myself that I should demand a poll. A poll I did demand, and we are to have an election on Monday week.

When I got home I found a letter from the Local Government Board, referring me on the trout-fishing point to the words of the Act, to which accordingly I at once turned. Then I saw that the clause was "to utilize any . . . stream within their parish . . . but so as not to interfere with the rights of any corporation or person . . ." I had stopped short before at these last words. I understand at last why Mrs. ARBLE MARCH winked—for wink I now know she did.



*Kindly Condemned. D. D. D.* "THE JUDGMENT OF 'PARISH.'"  
 Hodge (meditative). "GROCER-CHAP, PASSON, AND VARMER, EACH ON 'EM WANTIN' TH' APPLE. WELL,—I DUNNO AS I WON'T HAVE A BITE AT IT MYSELF."





## AND IF HE DOES—?

*Sportsman (who has given a mount to a Nervous Friend). "LET HER HEAD GO! LET HER GO, MAN! SHE 'LL BE A REGULAR WILD CAT IF YOU DON'T!"*

## "THE JUDGMENT OF 'PARISH.'"

*(A very long way after the late Laureate's Version.)*

[On December 4, every rural parish will, for the first time, "assemble for the purpose of managing, in some organised and systematic way, its own affairs."—*Daily News*.

"He invited them to choose men, and women too, who they believed would manage their parish affairs best. . . . If the leading landowner desired to have a large influence in parish affairs, and if he were a fit man, by all means give him the power: but if he was not a fit man, put in the agricultural labourer." (Laughter and cheers.)—*Lord Ripon at Newbury*.]

*Spirit of the Good Old Times lamenteth:—*

PICTURESQUE Parish, thankless-hearted Parish,  
Holding a pippin big as a pine-apple,  
Came up upon the fourth to judge and vote.  
Fronting the dawn he moved; his Sunday smock  
Draping his shoulders, and his sun-burnt hair  
Clustered about his forehead, freshly oiled;  
And his cheek brighten'd as a cheek will brighten  
After brisk towel friction; and my heart  
Misgave me as to what might be his game.

He smiled, and opening out his horny palm,  
Showed me the fruit of long, fierce party fight,  
The Power-Pippin, and what time I look'd,  
And listen'd, his full-flowing river of speech  
Came heavy on my heart.

"Wha' cheer old 'Ooman!  
Old frump o' the Old Times as fules ca'd good,  
Just twig this fruit! It's gotten to be given  
'To the most fit.' At present thof, 'tis mine,  
And I'll consider ere I part wi' un!"

And added "This wur cast upon the board  
By FOWLER when the full-faced M.P. lot  
Ranged in the Halls of Stephen; wheerupon  
Rose row, with question unto whom 'twere due;

But artful 'ENERY quickly settled *that*,  
Delivering this to me by t' common voice  
Selected compire. Passon cooms to-day,  
Varmer, an' Grocer-chap, demanding each  
This fruit as 'fittest. Ho! ho! ho!—to Me!!!

Ne'er thought to see sic spoort till Latter Lammass!  
Squire will look on as red as any fox,  
An' as fur Passon's missus,—grutherem-grouts!  
Wunt *she* fume foinely?

Ye'd best stand asoide;  
Hide your old-farrant face behind yon ellsom,  
Hear all, and see your Parish judge the nobls!"

'Twas as he said. To woo his voice they came,  
Humble they came to that smooth rustic sward,

And at their feet the daisies seemed to droop  
At the un-English, strange, new-fangledness  
Of such a notion as for Church, and Land,  
And Trade to "tuck their tuppennies in" to—what?

This rustic Parish, once their humble slave  
Now their authoritative arbiter,  
And chuckling critic.

Fools to Parish make  
Proffer of plenteous power, ample rule  
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue  
Wherewith to embellish village state and make

The rustic home a rural paradise.  
What Tommy-rot it is!

So "Passon" says  
(In sleeker language, be it understood),  
But offers him fair creeds and catechisms.

And nice long sermons, and benevolent doles;  
Tendence in sickness, help at marriage-time,  
A "gentlemanly presence," crowning boon!—  
At church a happy place—in the free seats,  
Behind the pillar, with undying bliss  
In knowledge of True-Blue Supremacy.

He ceased, and Parish held the costly fruit  
More closely cuddled.

"Varmer" next spake out.  
"You know me, HODGE: I woo you not with gifts.

Long generations have not altered me,  
And Parish Meetings shall not. Trust your boss,  
They're bosh, lad! Judge thou me by what I am,

And you will find me fittest. But allow  
Those dashed Rad agitators to upset  
Our old relations, fill your mind with fudge  
Concerning healthier homes and higher wages,  
And it's all up wi' England, Me—and *You!*  
Tip me the Pippin!"

Parish cocked a snook,  
And held the apple tighter.

As for him,  
The sleek mild grocer, Parish shut him up  
Almost 'ere he had spoken. "I promise thee  
A good cheap article and lots of tick—"  
But Parish said, "Talk not to me of tick!  
I shall not need 'un wi my whacking wage,  
And 'overflowing revenue'; new cottage,  
Allotment patch, three acres and a coo,  
And a' the rest o' 't. As for this here Pippin,  
I've grupp'd at last, 'tis mine, an' I dunno  
As I won't have first bite at 'un myself!"

He spoke and laughed. I shut my eyes in fear,  
But when I look'd, Parish had raised his hand,  
And I beheld the Parson's angry eyes,  
The Farmer's furious glance, and, weazel-like,  
The glittering of the Grocer-man's amaze.



## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART XXIII.—SHRINKAGE.

SCENE XXXIII.—The Yew Walk.

*Lady Maisie (to herself, as she watches UNDERSHELL approaching).* How badly he walks, and what does he mean by smiling at me like that? (*Aloud, coldly.*) I am sorry, Mr. BLAIR, but I must leave you to finish your stroll alone; my maid has just told me—

*Undershell (vehemently).* Lady MAISIE, I ask you, in common fairness, not to judge me until you have heard my version. You will not allow the fact that I travelled down here in the same compartment with your maid, PHILLIPSON—

*Lady Maisie (wide-eyed).* The same! But we came by that train. I thought you missed it?

*Und.* I—I was not so fortunate. It is rather a long and complicated story, but—

*Lady Maisie.* I'm afraid I really can't listen to you now, Mr. BLAIR, after what I have heard from PHILLIPSON—

*Und.* I implore you not to go without hearing both sides. Sit down again—if only for a minute. I feel confident that I can explain everything satisfactorily.

*Lady Maisie (sitting down).* I can't imagine what there is to explain—and really I ought, if PHILLIPSON—

*Und.* You know what maids are, Lady MAISIE. They embroider. Unintentionally, I dare say, but still, they do embroider.

*Lady Maisie (puzzled).* She is very clever at mending lace, I know, though what that has to do with it—

*Und.* Listen to me, Lady MAISIE. I came to this house at your bidding. Yes, but for your written appeal, I should have treated the invitation I received from your Aunt with silent contempt. Had I obeyed my first impulse and ignored it, I should have been spared humiliations and indignities which ought rather to excite your pity than—than any other sensation. Think—try to realise what my feelings must have been when I found myself expected by the butler here to sit down to supper with him and the upper servants in the House-keeper's Room!

*Lady Maisie (shocked).* Oh, Mr. BLAIR! Indeed, I had no—You weren't really! How could they? What did you say?

*Und. (haughtily).* I believe I let him know my opinion of the snobbery of his employers in treating a guest of theirs so cavalierly.

*Lady Maisie (distressed).* But surely—surely you couldn't suppose that my Uncle and Aunt were capable of—?

*Und.* What else could I suppose under the circumstances? It is true I have since learnt that I was mistaken in this particular instance; but I am not ignorant of the ingrained contempt you Aristocrats have for all who live by exercising their intellect—the bitter scorn of Birth for Brains!

*Lady Maisie.* I am afraid the—the contempt is all on the other side; but if that is how you feel about it, I don't wonder that you were indignant.

*Und.* Indignant! I was furious. In fact, nothing would have induced me to sit down to supper at all, if it hadn't been for—

*Lady Maisie (in a small voice).* Then, you did sit down? With the servants! Oh, Mr. BLAIR!

*Und.* I thought you were already aware of it. Yes, Lady MAISIE, I endured even that. But (*with magnanimity*) you must not distress yourself about it now. If I can forget it, surely you can do so!

*Lady Maisie.* Can I? That you should have consented, for any consideration whatever; how could you—how could you?

*Und. (to himself).* She admires me all the more for it. But I knew she would take the right view! (*Aloud, with pathos.*) I was only compelled by absolute starvation. I had had an unusually light lunch, and I was so hungry!

*Lady Maisie (after a pause).* That explains it, of course. . . . I hope they gave you a good supper!

*Und.* Excellent, thank you. Indeed, I was astonished at the variety and even luxury of the table. There was a pyramid of quails—

*Lady Maisie.* I am pleased to hear it. But I thought there was something you were going to explain.

*Und.* I have been endeavouring to explain to the best of my ability that if I have undesignedly been the cause of—er—a temporary diversion in the state of Miss PHILLIPSON's affections, no one could regret more deeply than I that the—er—ordinary amenities of the supper-table should have been mistaken for—

*Lady Maisie (horrificed).* Oh, stop Mr. BLAIR, please stop! I don't want to hear any more. I see now. It was you who—

*Und.* Of course it was I. Surely the girl herself has been telling you so just now!

*Lady Maisie.* You really thought that possible, too? She simply came with a message from my mother.

*Und. (slightly disconcerted).* Oh! If I had known it was merely that. However, I am sure I need not ask you to treat my—my communication in the strictest confidence, Lady MAISIE.

*Lady Maisie.* Indeed, that is perfectly unnecessary, Mr. BLAIR.

*Und.* Yes, I felt from the first that I could trust you—even with my life. And I cannot regret having told you, if it has enabled you to understand me more thoroughly. It is such a relief that you know all, and that there are no more secrets between us. You do feel that I only acted as was natural and inevitable under the circumstances?

*Lady Maisie.* Oh, yes, yes. I—I daresay you could not help it. I mean you did quite, quite right!

*Und.* Ah, how you comfort me with your fresh girlish—

*You are not going, Lady MAISIE?*

*Lady Maisie (rising).* I must. I ought to have gone before.

*My mother wants me. No, you are not to come too; you can go on and gather those snowdrops, you know.*

*Und.* Ah, how you comfort me with your fresh girlish—

*You are not going, Lady MAISIE?*

*Lady Maisie (rising).* I must. I ought to have gone before.

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*You are not going, Lady MAISIE?*

*Lady Maisie (rising).* I must. I ought to have gone before.

*My mother wants me. No, you are not to come too; you can go on and gather those snowdrops, you know.*



"How very sweet of you, Mr. Blair. Are they really for me?"

*Und. (looking after her).* [She walks slowly back to the house.] She took it wonderfully well. I've made it all right, or she wouldn't have said that about the snowdrops. Yes, she shall not be disappointed; she shall have her posy!

SCENE XXXIV.—The Morning Room. Half an hour later.

*Lady Maisie (alone—to herself).* Thank Goodness, that's over! It was awful. I don't think I ever saw Mamma a deeper shade of plum colour! How I have been mistaken in Mr. BLAIR! That he could write those lines—

"Aspiring unto that far-off Ideal,  
How should I stoop to any meaner love?"

and yet philander with my poor foolish PHILLIPSON the moment he met her! And then to tell Mamma about my letter like that! Why, even Mr. SPURRILL had more discretion—to be sure, he knew nothing about it—but that makes no difference! RHONA was right; I ought to have allowed a margin; only I should never have

allowed enough! The worst of it is that, if Mamma was unjust in some things she said, she was right about one. I have disgusted GERALD. He mayn't be brilliant, but at least he's straight-forward and loyal and a gentleman, and—and he did like me once. He doesn't any more, or he wouldn't have gone away. And it may be ages before I ever get a chance to let him see how dreadfully sorry— (She turns, and sees Captain THICKNESSE.) Oh, haven't you gone yet?

Captain Thicknesse. Yes, I went, but I've come back again. I—I couldn't help it; 'pon my word I couldn't.

Lady Maisie (with a sudden flush). You—you weren't sent for—by—by anyone?

Capt. Thick. So likely anyone would send for me, isn't it?

Lady Maisie. I don't know why I said that; it was silly, of course. But how—?

Capt. Thick. Ran it a bit too fine; got to Shuntin'bridge just in time to see the tail end of the train disappearin'; wasn't another for hours—not much to do there, don't you know.

Lady Maisie. You might have taken a walk—or gone to Church.

Capt. Thick. So I might, didn't occur to me; and besides, I—I remembered I never said good-bye to you.

Lady Maisie. Didn't you? And whose fault was that?

Capt. Thick. Not mine, anyhow. You were somewhere about the grounds with Mr. BLAIR.

Lady Maisie. Now you mention it, I believe I was. We had—rather an interesting conversation. Still, you might have come to look for me!

Capt. Thick. Perhaps you wouldn't have been over and above glad to see me.

Lady Maisie. Oh, yes, I should!—When it was to say good-bye, you know!

Capt. Thick. Ah! Well, I suppose I shall only be in the way if I stop here any longer now.

Lady Maisie. Do you? What makes you say that?

Capt. Thick. Nothin'! Saw your friend, the Bard, hurryin' along the terrace with a bunch of snowdrops; he'll be here in another—

Lady Maisie (in unmistakable horror). GERALD, why didn't you tell me before? There's only just time!

[She flies to a door and opens it. Capt. Thick. But I say, you know! MAISIE, may I come too?

Lady Maisie. Don't be a goose, GERALD. Of course you can, if you like.

Capt. Thick (to himself). [She disappears in the Conservatory. Can't quite make this out, but I'm no end glad I came back!]

[He follows quickly. Undershell (entering). I hoped I should find her here. (He looks round.) Her mother's gone—that's something! I daresay Lady MAISIE will come in presently. (He sits down, and re-arranges his snowdrops.) It will be sweet to see her face light up when I offer her these as a symbol of the new and closer sympathy between us! (He hears the sound of drapery behind him.) Ah, already! (Rising, and presenting his flowers with downcast eyes.) I—I have ventured to gather these—for you. (He raises his eyes.) Miss SPELWANE!

Miss Spelwane (taking them graciously). How very sweet of you, Mr. BLAIR. Are they really for me?

Und. (concealing his disappointment). Oh—er—yes. If you will give me the pleasure of accepting them.

Miss Spelw. I feel immensely proud. I was so afraid you must have thought I was rather cross to you last night. I didn't mean to be. I was feeling a little overdone, that was all. But you have chosen a charming way of letting me see that I am forgiven. (To herself.) It's really too touching. He certainly is a great improvement on the other wretch!

Und. (dolefully). I—I had no such intention, I assure you. (To himself.) I hope to goodness Lady MAISIE won't come in before I can get rid of this girl. I seem fated to be misunderstood here!

(To be concluded.)

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*A Strange Career* is the title of a book recently issued by BLACKWOOD, and it sets forth the life and adventures of JOHN GLADWYN JEBB. Mr. RIDER HAGGARD supplies an introduction, in which he testifies touching Mr. JEBB that of "all friends he was the gentlest and truest, of all men the most trustful." At first reading this testimony is almost necessary, for so wild were Mr. JEBB's adventures in Mexico, so imminent his frequent peril, and so miraculous his inevitable escape, that one seems to be reading a work by Mr. LOUIS STEVENSON, or the author of *She*. In merit of graphic power and style the work need not shrink from comparison even with these masters of the art. It purports to be written by Mr. JEBB's widow, but as the lady did not become his wife till his strange career had several times been nearly brought to an abrupt close, Mr. JEBB must have been as effective with his pen as he was with his gun. The picture of the eclipse of the sun seen from one

of the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains; the discovery of the pipe-stem when digging round the snow-submerged site of a hut in the mountains, a discovery which, carefully followed up, brought to light "the whiteish-grey fingers of the dead man closely clutching the bowl of the pipe"; the account of the revolt in the streets of the city of Mexico; and the story of the coach party robbed by bandits



four times in a single day on a journey from Puebla to Vera Cruz—these are among the frequent flashes in one of the most stirring narratives that has for a long time come in my Baronite's way.

Evidently "Mars," in return for our late curiosity, has been keeping his eye on this gay little planet of ours. His experiences, published by the Parisian firm of *Plon, Nourrit et Cie.* are pictorially related in *La Vie de Londres*. Needless to remark it was our *Côtés riants* which struck him.

The Baron cannot finish his notes of admiration without giving one of them, and that a big one, to *Phil May's Annual*. That May

should appear to brighten up December fogs is nice in itself; and it is phill'd with the best of May produce. "Another thing," quoth the Baron, "about this annual by PHIL MAY is, that all *mes filles* can read it and see it with pleasure."

At this time of year the Baron examines the "Hardy Annuals" that are heaped upon his table. At the first examination he gives the apple to the "Pip," i.e., to the *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, that is, as represented by it Christmas number called *Christmas Cards*. Charming picture, too, of "*The Queen of Hearts*," photographed from the life—"may she live long and prosper!"—and the story re-latey'd by the indefatigable JOHN LATEY "will delight the most insatiable story-devourer," quoth

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## IMPROVED AND IMPROVING DIALOGUES.

(Arranged on the strictest Lines of Truth.)

At Mrs. SOMEBODY'S on "At Home" Day.

Mrs. Somebody. Well, I am pleased you have come at last, as I wanted you to notice that, although you have a slightly better address, my drawing-room is far larger than your own.

Mrs. Caller. You are most kind to say so; and I may add that we should not have dreamed to come to this out-of-the-way part of the world had we not wished to purchase some cheap carpets in the neighbourhood.

Miss Caller. I suppose your extremely plain daughter ARAMINTA is away from home; she seldom contrives to hit it off with her mother.

Mrs. Somebody. You have guessed rightly; but I may say that she is staying at Lady DASHAWAY'S place in the country. I mention the fact casually, although I am glad to get in a title somehow in the course of my conversation.

Mrs. Caller. If you are obliging enough to give me the opportunity, I will get in a dozen persons with handles to their names. You will pardon the vulgarity?

Mrs. Somebody. Most certainly, as knowing that your father was a bootmaker in a large way, and your mother the daughter of a milliner, nothing else could be reasonably expected.

Mrs. Caller. Aware that you may know something of my immediate ancestry, I will leave no stone unturned to find an opening for some reference to my uncle the curate.

Miss Caller. Being glad to add on every conceivable occasion to the list of my partners at any promiscuous charity ball that I may patronise with my presence, I will ask after your eldest unmarried son?

Mrs. Somebody. I thank you, my dear child, but as I intend him to look rather higher than yourself for a matrimonial alliance, I will meet your politic inquiry with a pailful of polite cold water.

Mrs. Caller. Having now consumed the regulation cup of cold weak tea and section of luke-warm muffin, I will say good-bye, and take my departure. But before leaving I will make special reference to my brougham.

Miss Caller. And I will add my *adieux*, after giving a good long look at your hair, which seems to require attention at the roots.

Mrs. Somebody. I will warmly speed your parting, reflecting the while, as a sop to my wounded feelings, that you are both looking dreadfully old, and that your conveyance is merely a hired brougham. No doubt your stay would have been longer if the charge per hour had been what your vulgarian of a husband and father (who, thank goodness, has not called) would term "easier."



## ASSOCIATION V. RUGBY.

*She plaintively—to famous Rugby half-back.* “WOULD IT GET YOU VERY MUCH OUT OF PRACTICE IF WE WERE TO DANCE ‘SOCKEY’ A LITTLE?”

## “SHAKY!”

*The McRosebery loquatur:—*

“THE Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside”  
(Which ROBBIE BURNS in days lang syne descry’d)  
Attend me noo!

Lo the Auld Brig uprears  
Its shaky timbers on its sheep-shank piers!  
Wull I win owre in safety? Losh! I feel  
Like *Tom o’ Shanter* after that witch-reel.  
Fays, spunkies, kelpies seem to throng the air;  
Swift as the gos drives on the wheeling hare  
They drive on me, like vera deils. Lang rains  
Wi’ deapening deluges o’ erflow the plains;  
The “flowing tide” beneath me brawls like  
Coil,  
But the wrang gait its billows brim an’ boil.  
Arous’d by blust’ring winds an’ spotting  
thowes,  
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes.  
If down ye’ll hurl, deil nor ye never rise,  
But dash the gumlie jaups up to the skies.  
A lesson sadly teaching to your cost  
That the Brig(g)-builders’ Liberal arts seem  
lost.

Wad I were owre! Sin’ Forfarshire went  
wrang.

And our old cause gat sic an unco bang,  
My speerits sink and groan in deep vexation,  
To see sic melancholy alteration.  
Conceited gowks, puff’d up wi’ windy pride,  
Still swell and swagger of the flowing tide.  
Flowing—but whither? All their fads and  
havers,  
Their whigmaleeries and their clishmaclavers  
Won’t change those stubborn “chiels that  
winna ding.”  
Scotland the good auld songs was wont to  
sing

In a’ but universal unison;  
But noo the janglin’ seems to hae begun  
Even ayont the Tweed. What fa’ from grace  
Hath late begat a base degenerate race?  
Nae longer phalanxed Rads, their party’s  
glory!  
Your tartan’d Scot comes forth a true-blue  
Nae longer thrifty citizens, an’ douce,  
Vote WULLIE’S lads to the great Council-  
House,  
Owre Liberty an’ Law to stan’ stout sentry,  
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry,  
The herryment and ruin o’ the country.  
Win owre their votes, and Scotia aid affords  
To that sad gilded cell, the House o’ Lords!

Weel, weel! wi’ Time we’ll have to warstle  
lang.  
Be toughly douce, e’en although a’ gae wrang;  
Stands Scotland where she did? That maun  
be tried.  
This mony a year thou’st stood the flood and  
Auld Brig(g); and though wi’ Forfar sair  
forfain,  
My hap I here must tent and soon shall lairn.  
I ken the noo, no much aboot the matter,  
But twa-three footsteps will inform me better.  
*Shaky!* My fears frae friend an’ foe I’ll cover,  
But, like puir TAM, I wad I were weel owre!

WAIF AND STRAY.—A very touching inci-  
dent was recently recorded in the *Times*. It  
appears that news was received from the astro-  
nomical station at Kiel to the effect that “a  
very faint comet had been discovered by Mr.  
EDWARD SMITH. It was moving slowly to-  
wards the east.” Wounded it may be by a  
shooting star, and “moving,” perhaps crawl-  
ing, to finish its existence in the east. Was  
ever heard a more moving tale than this of the  
crawling comet! Alas! Ere now it may be  
... but the subject is too pathetic for words.

## THE HOUSE-AGENT’S DREAM.

THE dreary fog envelopes all the street,  
The dingy chambers seem more dingy still,—  
To advertise them as a “charming *suite*”  
Would tax e’en my imaginative skill!—  
But when I feel dejected, sad, or ill,  
In swift imagination I can fly  
To that sweet residence which some day will  
A home to PHYLLIS and myself supply,  
When fortune, long-delayed, shall join us  
by-and-by.

“Delightful scenery” the spot surrounds  
Where that “palatial edifice” will stand,  
Secluded pleasantly in “park-like grounds,”  
(Which means an acre of neglected land,)—  
Shooting and hunting will be “near at hand,”  
(Provided you interpret rightly “near.”)  
The bracing climate, too, is simply grand—  
Its title to the epithet is clear, [phere!  
Compared, at least, with this appalling atmos-

“Reception halls” there certainly will be,  
“Elegant boudoirs,” too, where we shall sit  
And entertain acquaintances with tea,  
A “library”—I doubt my using it,  
But every mansion has one, you’ll admit—  
Stabling that’s “excellent,” but not too big,  
(A cupboard for my bicycle, to wit.)  
“Shelter for stock”—a solitary pig—  
“And spacious flower-beds”—which I shall  
have to dig!

So, PHYLLIS, from all murmuring refrain,  
Nor let the thought of poverty annoy,  
Although you view a “villa” with disdain,  
And sigh for riches as your chiefest joy,  
While monetary pleasures quickly cloy,  
“Sweet are the uses of advertisement,”  
The magic of my calling I employ,  
And lo! a home that might a prince content,  
Though fifty pounds a year may pay its modest  
rent!



“SHAKY!”

THE McROSEBERRY. “EH—BUT I’D LIKE FINE TO BE WELL OVER THIS ‘BRIGG’!”

[Brigg polling day, Friday, December 7.]







Young Lady (on the road to School—to Friend, who, fearing to be left behind, has been calling her by Name to wait for her). "Ho! COME 'LONG, BELINDA, DO—AN' DON' KEEP HON CALLIN' HOUT MY NAIME; HI DON' WANT HALL LONDON TER KNOW HIT!"

### THE FOOL'S VADE MECUM.

(Excerpts from a Handbook for the Majority.)

If you have reason to suspect a gun of being unloaded, make sure by firing at your friend's head.

If you find Him and Her *tête-à-tête*, join the little party. This will show a sympathetic nature, and take all the awkwardness out of the situation.

If you are a woman, always flop down in a smoking-carriage, without noticing the obvious label and the looks of the occupants. When made aware of the situation, say, "Oh, I don't mind smoking," and consider the question solved.

If a man, select carefully a compartment in which Two Young People are ostentatiously trying to look as if they don't find their own company quite sufficient for a journey of any duration.

If you are hurrying for a train, and want an easy, always slacken just as you catch another person up, and walk close behind him, panting and puffing till you are ready for another spurt.

Always read, or recite, your compositions to your friends. Believe them when they protest they would really like you to do so.

Engage in serious argument with a woman with whom you wish to be on really good terms—a rich relation for choice.

Always curse the waiters if the cook has failed in his treatment of your chop or steak.

Always act contrary to the directions in crowded places of public interest. This shows an imperial spirit, and will make you, for the time, an object of general interest.

Always stay to the very end on any occasion when you have been invited at the last moment.

Always talk loud, and, as far as possible, always talk about yourself.

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

'[Pisa, placid Pisa, only awakened at half-past eleven by the rushing tourist who traverses your sleepy streets. By the half-past two train he starts afresh, and leaves you to doze as peacefully as before. My train arrives with amazing punctuality, and I reach the hotel earlier than was ever known; 11.35 A.M., and apparently nobody up yet. The *vetturino* loudly cracks his whip, but to no purpose. Suddenly I notice some electric bell-pushes. Ring one. Ring another. Finally, ring them all. Then at last rushes out an elegant gentleman, probably the manager, who excitedly endeavours to speak, and to apologise, in four languages at once. Reduce him to calmness, and to two languages, with a few words from a third thrown in occasionally, and demand *déjeuner*. Another delay. The elegant gentleman does not explain; but evidently the cook is still asleep, and the waiters only just up. But at last I am served, and excellently too, and go off to see the sights.

Unfortunately am seized with an insane wish to ascend the Leaning Tower, when I might have remained comfortably on the beautiful turf at the foot of it. Rouse the official at the door. He says I cannot go up alone. Remember that sort of trick, so tell him he may accompany me. He says he must stay below. Remember also that sort of trick, and offer him a lira. He is still unconvinced! Do not remember any trick of that sort. An extraordinary *custode*! What will convince him? Am just asking where I can find a companion, when a small, quiet man strolls up. For fifty centesimi he will accompany me. That's cheap enough, so follow him at once. The steps lean first one way and then the other as one goes round the tower. It is like climbing the companion way, as I think one should call it—say the staircase, in plain English—of a steamer in a storm. Begin to dislike the sensation, when my guide suddenly stops. He suggests that the tower is very high and fifty centesimi very low. Tell him I don't mind sixty or seventy, and on we go, round and round. Begin to feel almost giddy—imagine a *circular* staircase in a steamer in a storm!—when he stops again. Notice in the dim light that he is broad-shouldered and muscular, though short. Pleasant sort of place for a fight with a reckless ruffian! Perhaps he has weapons! He says I ought to pay him a lira. Agree to this at once.

Up again, round and round. Think of all the mysterious murders one reads of, and wish I had never come. Look up at him. He is certainly bigger than I am. And what is that long straight thing which makes his pocket stick out? Oh, horror! It must be a knife, or a dagger in a sheath! Just then he stops, and says he would like a cup of coffee when we get down again. How I wish we were down again! Agree at once. Up a few more steps, and then he stops again and says it is very hot, and he would like a bottle of wine as well. Agree to this also at once. Up again, round and round and round, and at last reach an outside gallery. Peep out through the doorway. Refuse to trust myself beyond. There is only a single iron rail, and that not all round. Guide says I might as well give him five lire, to include the wine and coffee. Agree to this also, and feebly suggest that I have seen enough. But he is inexorable, and on we go again.

At last at the top. Look over at happy, sleepy Pisa, and wish I was down there. So I should be, pretty soon, if he threw me over! Just then he says he would like a few cigars. Tell him I will make it six lire, and that I should now like to go down. No! I must see Livorno. Hang Livorno! But obey him meekly. Then he says he has some antiquities for sale, among them some swords and daggers. Ah! Just what I thought. Glance nervously at the straight thing in his pocket, and say I will look at them. Then he wants me to look over the iron railing at the sloping base below. Hang over in the air? Never! But he will hold my legs. What? Balance myself on a slender bar, while a brigand, as he probably is, tilts me over by the boots? Would sooner buy all the antiquities in Pisa. Good idea. Tell him I will buy his swords if I can go at once to see them. Whereupon he hurries down so fast that I cannot keep pace with him. But I feel happier as I get nearer the outer world, and at last step out safely on to the level earth. Look joyously at the beautiful grass and the road to the railway station. Then perceive the *custode* and a little man with him. Can that be my guide? Why, I could knock him down easily! What a fool I was to be afraid of him! Still, that dagger—I must pay him the six lire as I have promised them. He reminds me that I also promised to buy his swords. Feel inclined to dispute this, but cannot. So settle it by giving him six lire more. Then, before hurrying to the station, ask him to show me the thing in his pocket. "Sì, signore," says he, in a meek, deferential tone, and pulls it out. It is a flute.



A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.—"Sir,—Seeing the advertisement of a book entitled *Poets on Poets*, I should much like to know what has become of a once much-quoted work entitled *Pelion on Ossa*? Who was 'Pelion'? and what did 'Ossa' write?—Yours, T. NOODLE."



*Temperance Enthusiast.* "LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL LIVES OUR FIRST PARENTS LED. DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY EVER GAVE WAY TO STRONG DRINK?"  
*The Reprobat.* "I 'XPECT EVE MUST 'A DONE. SHE SAW SNAKES!"

#### THE SEASONS.

WHEN Winter flies, and sunny skies  
 Invite the lark to sing, my dear,  
 My heart in exultation cries,  
 "Ah! give me balmy Spring, my dear!"

When scented Summer fills the air  
 With zephyrs from the West, my dear,  
 I stretch me on the grass and swear  
 I love the Summer best, my dear.

When gorgeous Autumn paints the wood  
 In red and gold, and green, my dear,  
 I cry delighted, "By the Rood,  
 But Autumn is the Queen, my dear!"

And yet, when through the leafless trees  
 Skirls loud the icy blast, my dear,  
 We, basking by the fire at ease,  
 Do hear it sweeping past, my dear;

And when you mix, as well you know,  
 My tumbler reeking hot, my dear,  
 Why then, what matter ice and snow?  
 Bleak Winter beats the lot, my dear!

#### DIARY OF A DUCK.

["It is even hinted that the London County Council may fill the lakes and ponds of the Metropolitan Parks with sea water."—*Daily Paper.*]

*Monday.*—Curious what a lot of human beings have come to the water's edge to-day. What's going to happen? St. James's Park crammed with them. We don't mind, of course. The more loafers, the more bits of loaf and biscuit for us. Immense amount of quacking going on, too, up at Spring Gardens. What can it all mean?

*Tuesday.*—Headache. My liver must have gone wrong, I fancy, as a result of yesterday's unusual supply of eatables. What stale biscuits some people do chuck into the water! Those hard crusts, too, don't agree with me. Same crowd as yesterday. They seem to be waiting for something. Ask a goose what's going on. Goose says, "Dinner," and gobbles up a biscuit. Stupid creature!

*Wednesday.*—Appetite all right again—but must be careful. Fortunately can pick

and choose now. Won't look at a crust. Inclined to insist on fancy bread. Friendly wild-fowl says just the same crowd waiting round Serpentine, which has been emptied. Will they empty us?

*Thursday.*—They will! No doubt about it. Level steadily sinking. Crowd as usual. None of us will touch anything under a bath bun. What a slimy place we do seem to live in, now it's being uncovered! Where's the inspector of nuisances, I wonder?

*Friday.*—Water off! What'll be the next move? Offered a Huntley and Palmer with no sugar on it! Scandalous!

*Saturday.*—More quacking at Spring Gardens. Then a sort of procession down to the banks by members of the L. C. C. Ask goose what a member of the L. C. C. means. Goose says "Quack!" Idiotic bird. Water really coming in now. Hurrah! Sure to be fresh, anyhow. Have my first dive. How my eyes smart! What funny water it is! Taste some. Why,—it's salt! Just wondering what this means, when a man comes along, claps me into a hamper with all my relations, and takes me off to Leadenhall Market—so he calls it. Told that the L. C. C. has filled all the park ponds with sea-water! No more use for us—going to have a lot of sea-gulls instead. What treachery! (Later.) Sold

#### SOUNDING THE ANTITOXIN!

(See Dr. Robson Roose's excellent article on "The Spread of Diphtheria" in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1894.)

THE *Antitoxin* sounds! "And what the doose

Is *Antitoxin*?" cries the reader, lightly. But he'll not chaff if he reads ROBSON ROOSE Upon Diphtheria in the new *Fortnightly*. There he'll learn how the "Antitoxic serum"

Attacks *bacilli* with a view to queer 'em.

The *Antitoxin* sounds to a new war On diphtheritic microbes, which are rum 'uns;

And Doctor Roose, perched on Hygeia's car, Rides forth in battle-rig to spread the summons.

An! the old conquerors were mere death-dealers, But greatest of Earth's heroes are the healers!

Their war is on man's foes, not on mankind.

Hygeia is Humanity's "Little Sister." Funds for her service, though, 'tis hard to find; Hence this appeal of good Sir JOSEPH LISTER For money-aid, successfully to urge The war of the new cure on the new scourge.

It spreads, it strikes, it slays our little ones In legions; deaths in twenty years it doubles;

Now LÖFFLER, KLEBS, ROUX, YERSIN, all great guns,

Attack the toxic source of dread throat-troubles.

As ROBSON ROOSE explains. Read—and remember—

All in the new *Fortnightly* for December!

\* Chairman of the Council of the British Institute of Preventive Medicine, who has as yet received only £500 out of the £2000 required to prepare the Antitoxin on an adequate scale.

CHRISTMAS DIARIES.—Mr. Punch suggests that the publisher of these should prefix as an advertisement to these little diaries, dainty diaries, pocket companions, and so forth, all delightful little gifts, *Ophelia's* words, "Here's (DE LA) RUE for you."

## WORDS TO THE WISE WOMEN.

WOMAN, in unmeet subjects crudely taught,  
Stung by the splendour of a well-worn thought,  
First shrieks, as she had sat upon a pin,  
Then, like a hen amid her cackling kin,  
Fills a bewildered world with loud, officious din.

In time inconstant even to abuse  
Our rebel sisters hoist a flag of truce,  
Through deafen'd ears steals Nature's saner voice,

Bending the will to Mrs. HOBSON'S choice,  
And, half-ashamed, with truer glance they scan

The fancy-monster they have made of Man.

Left to herself, with ample length of rope,  
The Pioneer, relenting, bids him hope,  
And Man, though of his manhood nowise cured,

Learns that by women he may be endured.  
But still, ungrateful or accustom'd grown,  
He leaves the thorny sisterhood alone,  
And, bold because his conscience knows no fear,

Whispers soft counsel to the Pioneer.

First, your *soi-disant* woman-slaves to raise,

You copy silly men's most silly ways,  
As the rich upstart who to *ton* aspires  
Reveals the sordid source of his desires  
By shunning culture, dignity, and grace,  
To follow Folly's lead, and go the pace.  
So boys, first freed from tutelage and rules,  
Set forth to paint the city total gules,  
With this excuse for draining Folly's cup,  
"Boys will be boys,"—but *you* are quite grown up.

Too conscious still, and still the slaves of fuss,  
You take example by the dregs of us,  
The lantern-jaw'd Effeminate, who tell  
How Truth lies wallowing in the foulest well;  
The critic Zanies, who admire a poet,  
Only, it seems, for other fools to know it,  
And found Societies of glorious name  
That a prig President may filch some fame.

Man, still more human as he learns the more,

Seeks, like a sportsman true, new tasks to  
Large wisdom gathers as he cracks a bottle  
With Sages who 've ne'er heard of ARISTOTLE,  
Rates at their proper low stage in creation  
The prim apostles of Examination,  
And whether learning brings him fame, or no,  
Is happier, humbler, gentler, wiser so.

Ah, learn whate'er you will, yet spare our hearts

A home-grown, feminine Baboo of Arts.  
Believe it, envious maids, the men you spurn,  
Think little of the honours that they earn.  
Too well they 're taught in common sense's rules

To dwell upon their triumphs in the Schools,  
And chiefly prize the Baccalaureate fur  
Because, in love's young days, it pleases Her.  
But you, in purpose tyrannously strong,  
Get, in each effort, your perspective wrong.  
Learn all you wish to learn, exult in learning,  
For Hymen's torch keep midnight oil a-burning,

Bulge your fair foreheads with those threaten-  
ing bumps,  
Ungraceful as an intellectual mumps,  
Be blatant, rude, self-conscious as you can,  
Be all you feign—and imitate—in Man.  
Spurn all the fine traditions of the past,  
Be New or nothing—what's the gain at last?

You know as much, with hard-eyed, harsh-  
voiced joy, [boy;

As the shock-headed, shambling fifth-form  
Adding, what his sound mind would never please,

An Asiatic hunger for degrees.  
True learning's that alone whereon are based  
Clear insight, reason, sympathy, and taste.



## GIVING ONESELF AWAY.

*The Admiral (standing beside his portrait). "YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW A BEARD CHANGES THE CHARACTER OF A MAN'S PROFILE, MISS SANDERSON. JUST LOOK HERE!"*

*Miss Sanderson. "A—A—I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN."*

Not relic-worshipping of bones long dry,  
Not giving puppet-life to *x* and *y*,  
And walking haughtily a fair world through  
Because some girls can't do the sums you do.  
Still less, the little, little world of cliques,  
Where Mutual Admiration dons the breeks,  
And then proceeds kind tolerant man to flout—  
A petulant, unresented Barring-out.

Meanwhile our faith looks on, devoid of fear,  
Facing the hatchet of the Pioneer.  
Still will the storm, in Nature's potent plan,  
Be temper'd to the shorn, or bearded, man.  
Your sex will still be perfect in its place,  
With voice of melody and soul of grace.  
Pose, lecture, worry, copy as you will,  
Man will be man, and woman woman still!

THE GAME OF CHRISTMAS CARDS.—That Father Christmas is coming to town with his usual entertainment is evident from the cards and advertisements sent everywhere in advance. What is the impossible future of the Christmas card? This is a question suggested by the modern way of looking at things, and especially at the marvellous ingenuity with which RAPHAEL TUCK AND SON have saved their cards from dwindling into the obscurity of dull *averageness*. They are in their pristine freshness scintillating with that adhesive frost on simple summer flowers so entirely metaphorical of the season. Their dainty, artistic, and useful calendars inspire one with a cheerful fascination to begin the New Year.

## MORE SHE-NOTES.

(By IOPNA, Author of "A Yellow Plaster.")

## CHAPTER III.

COLOUR-BLIND from his tenth year, CHAMOIS HYDE (late of Christ's, Oxford, not to be confused with Christchurch, Cambridge), had hitherto ignored details of scenery; but now the vermilion petal of the pimpernel, the rubicund radix of the carrot, the blue of the insensate bottle-fly—these reminded him respectively of the cheeks of MARGERINE, her hair, the spots in her grey eyes where, as we said, the soul looked through. The harvest-sheaves again were, broadly speaking, her figure.

Till now he had been impervious to the new femalehood, rising like Proteus from the azure fœm; dumbly he had waited for a woman with possible potentialities, or, failing this, with potential possibilities.

MARGERINE, whom we left a fortnight ago inarticulately gurgling by the trout-stream, caught the note of a step in the briar-patch. With her budding instinct she could tell her lover's footfall half a mile away, waking the age-echo in her chest. This one was lighter and less gregarious. In her sphinxy way she divined that it belonged to a woman with Puritan impossibilities and a yellow plaster next her heart.

Under a mask of habitual and hereditary reticence, the step came on, revealing a finished creature, gowned beyond all mending. MARGERINE, whose face was her ewe-lamb, became sub-acutely aware of her own half-made frock, and yearned a little in the other's direction.

"Oh!" she said; "how *did* you get it built that way? I mean the gown." The woman's voice came through the envelope of MARGERINE's sub-consciousness, steely clear as a cheese-utter. "My name is Mrs. CHAMOIS HYDE. In other words, I am the wife of Mr. CHAMOIS HYDE!"

"The wife of CHAMOIS HYDE?" said the innocent girl; "I do not follow you."

"Let me explain," said the other, unsparingly. "CHAMOIS HYDE, who is now due at your trout-stream" (MARGERINE smiled stoopingly), "is my husband. I say, he married me. Once I had a maiden name. That is all past. I changed it when I married. All honourable women do. I am honourable. I changed mine. Now I am Mrs. CHAMOIS HYDE. See?"

"Can't help that," said MARGERINE cheerfully; "he loves me." This was the folded-lamb's point of view.

"Girl, have you no shame?" This was the other woman's. "Rather I blush for you," said the unfinished creature. "You couldn't make him love you, you couldn't; you're the hankering feminine counterpart of the man in the other book, the *Yellow Plaster* book. Now it is too late. We love each other. The matter is taken out of our hands. We are merely impassive, irresponsible, agents. Do try and look at the case as I do, from an unbiased, impersonal, point of view; and see that the fault is utterly your own."

The girl's regard for her lover had suffered no transitional throwing-back at the news of his deception. She was overwhelming with her palpabilities. Ah! it is these that men love—palpabilities. "And have I none?" moaned the unhappy wife. "If I could blush, could only blush! He would have loved me then. But stay, he is colour-blind; I forgot."



[Worth re-tailing.

gutturals had come loose; but an odd flood of pathos was playing on the other's brow as she caught sight of CHAMOIS whistling aloofly behind a sycamore, and went in thought all over that first kiss, complicated, perhaps, perhaps rather billiardly, but still a thing to remember.

Like a cloud the stigma lifted, and MARGERINE guessed her horrid secret. "You love him too? I never thought of that. How forget-

ful of me! But if *you* love him and *I* love him, why, we *both* love him! This is too much!" For a moment both of them pulsated even as one tuning-fork. Though sundered by the estranging ocean of the past that had closed its lid between them, leaving them like shuttlecocks, sick with strong doses of womanhood and experience, now that CHAMOIS, steadied by his breeding, was rapidly joining the party, the two women leaned against one another (how seldom women do this!), and waited, containedly restless. But the man, as I said before, comes into the next chapter, if we ever get as far.

## TRUE GLORY.

["For assisting in destroying a legend, the Rev. Dr. NICHOLSON, who pulverised IGNATIUS DONNELLY's celebrated cryptogram, is to be presented with an illuminated address."—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 28.]

I've always been courageous, in a modest sort of way, And sought an opportunity my valour to display, There's nothing I'd like better than to lead a conquering host, If STEVENSON or CONAN DOYLE would offer me a post.

But, in real life, such chances are extremely hard to find, They disregard the model, too, you've carefully designed, For if a foe—a burglar, say—your venture to attack, The disagreeable sundrel's rather apt to hit you back.

But here's a way—it's safer far, as you will soon confess,— To have your courage recognised and praised in an Address;

It's a sort of learned skittles, and the method of it's plain— You gravely set a dummy up, and knock it down again.

Just get a friend to postulate that TENNYSON's a sham, That MARTIN TUPPER wrote the whole of *In Memoriam*, Or else, that ROBERT BROWNING's greatest work was *Nancy Lee*, And then—you *prove your friend is wrong*—and there you are, you see.

They'll give you testimonials, many speakers will allude In tones of deep emotion to "a nation's gratitude"; So if you sigh for glory, I can recommend the game, For literary ninepins is a speedy path to fame!



## NEW HONOURS.

LAST week Solicitor-General FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., was knighted. So was the High Sheriff of Surrey, Mr. FRED WIGAN. Quite appropriate that Queen's Counsel LOCKWOOD should appear with Wig-an—the gown too, of course. After this J. WEEKS SZLUMPER was made a knight, and has now another "s" added to his name. All hail, Sir SZLUMPER, or "Zir ZLUMPER!" As the ex-mayor of Richmond quitted (backwards) the Royal Presence, did a concealed choir sing a verse of the ancient ballad commencing "Slumber my darling," and for this occasion altered to "SZLUMPER my darling!"

## LATEST WAR INTELLIGENCE.

In the House of Commons, and elsewhere, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR is accustomed to have appeals made to him to assist in providing facilities for the engagement and remunerative occupation of soldiers and non-commissioned officers no longer on active service. We are glad to notice, from the subjoined advertisement, which appeared in the *Daily News* of Thursday, that the public are themselves taking the matter in hand:—

TWO GENERALS WANTED, as Cook and Housemaid, for one lady. Light, comfortable situation. Good wages.—Apply, &c.

The advertiser, it will be observed, flies at higher rank than that usually considered in this connection. But the situation is "light" and "comfortable," with "good wages" pertaining, and she has some right to look for applicants of superior station. We presume that on festive occasions the gallant officers would be expected to don their uniforms. Few things would be more striking than to see a general, probably wearing his war medals, sweeping the front doorstep, whilst through the kitchen window a glimpse was caught of a brother officer, in full-tog, larding a pheasant.





# DE GUSTIBUS.

"SEE 'ER, AS JUST PARST US! THAT'S MISS SELINA DEVEREUX, AS SINGS AT THE NORTH LONDON TIVOLI. SHE'S THE POOFIEST GAL IN CAMDEN TOWN, THAT LITTLE TART IS!"

"GIT ALONG WITH YER! SHE'S GOT A CHEST LIKE A SHILLIN' RABBIT!"

## A TREE WITH VARIEGATED LEAVES.

THE following communications have found their way into the Editor's box at 85, Fleet Street, and are published that their writers may claim them. As most of the signatures were more or less illegible, it has been considered advisable to suppress them, to prevent the possibility of mistakes. The only exception that has been made to this rule is in the case of the last letter, wherein seemingly is summed up the moral of the controversy.

### Communication No. 1, dated Tuesday.

Is it not time, considering that there is nothing of particular interest attracting public attention, that a protest should be raised against the "Society" plays which occupy the stages of some of our best theatres? You see I pave the way to my gentle reproof by buttering up vested interests. To do this the better, I will say something nice about "our most capable actors," and write "I remember BUCKSTONE, and SOTHERN, the BANCROFTS, and, aye, Mr. TREE himself." This will prove that there is no malice in my suggestions.

Let me describe the piece to which, in the dead season of the year, I object. The plot is centred in the love for each other of a partially-reclaimed lady and an opium-drinking gentleman; I might use stronger expressions, but I know your paper is intended for the family rather than the dress-circle, and my language is therefore modulated to meet the modest requirements of the case. Take it from me, Sir, that the story of these two individuals is nauseous and degrading. I say that its unravelling should not be foisted on the public in a modern play. But that you may not consider my impressions libellous, I add that the piece is finely staged, and in parts well written. For all that, I cannot imagine why the manager, with his lofty ideas of the function of a theatre as a medium of education, has permitted himself to produce it. And if that observation does not draw the manager in question, my name is not X. Y. Z.

### Communication No. 2, dated Wednesday.

Your anonymous contributor "of London" (mark the sarcasm!)

was right in imagining that I would be drawn. I consider it my duty to Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES to say something about his "accustomed combative geniality," and to Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS to refer to his "cheery stoicism." I will also allude to Mr. PINERO, but as he is not writing for my theatre just now, merely record my conviction that he will be able to survive the sneers against *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*—"a play which has made a deep and lasting impression on the thinking public." And when I write "lasting," I am the more obliging, as I assume the rôle of a prophet. It will be "lasting," I am sure. The "thinking public," of course, are those admirable and intellectual persons who fill the stalls and boxes of my theatre, and the stalls and boxes of kindred establishments.

And, while I am talking of "thinking," let me insist that the criticism of the piece by the anonymous one "of London" (mark the irony!) is not a personal matter, but a question that affects the freedom of the thinking community. This is a generation that has outgrown "the skirts of the young lady of fifteen"; and it behoves all to understand the meaning of that apt sentence, and to regard with a jealous eye any attempt to crib, cabin, and confine the development of contemporary thought. "Crib, cabin, and confine" is also good, and entirely worthy of your serious consideration. At a time when the stalls are 10s. 6d., and the family-circle available to those who will not run to gold, is a literary dandy (in whose stained forefinger I seem to detect the sign of an old journalistic hand) to pass a vote of censure on SHAKESPEARE because, forsooth, *Hamlet* was not forgotten? I trust not. And shall the public (mark you the intellectual, the praiseworthy—in a word, the "thinking public") be debarred from taking their piece in their favourite theatre because, forsooth, there is an interesting correspondence in newspapers in the dullest season of the decrepit old year? Again—I trust not.

### Communication No. 3—once more dated Wednesday.

I beg to ask your permission, as an old playgoer, to see myself in print. I do not pretend to be able to write myself, but an eminent *littérateur*, in a recent number of a popular monthly magazine, has done good service by enforcing the untruthful character of the "problem" pieces recently presented to the public audiences. I have not the ability to comment on this unpleasant phase of the histrionic profession, so merely observe (with a recollection of an old-world story) "them's my sentiments."

### Communication No. 4, dated Thursday.

No doubt this letter will reach you with many others, with signatures anonymous and otherwise. Being a bit spiteful I will confine myself to five lines in the hope of gaining insertion. Are not pieces with "girls with a past" played out? Then why slay the slain? I am sure healthier work will now be submitted to the public. And when that happy time arrives there will be found on my bookshelves certain brown-paper-covered tomes that are waiting the inspection of every actor-manager in London. Need I say more? You yourself, Sir, will practically answer the question.

### Communication No. 5, dated Friday.

Permit me to keep the ball a rolling. Why is the "young lady of fifteen" to be alone protected? Are not the boys and girls of an older growth to be also preserved from contamination? What is to be done for that large class of playgoers who have entered their second childhood?

### Communication No. 6, dated Saturday.

Now that a piece at present being played at a West-End theatre has been well advertised for a whole week in the more largely-read columns of a most influential daily paper, it is to be sincerely hoped that *Box and Cox* are satisfied. (Signed) BOUNCER.

## WITH KIND REGARDS.

"WITH kind regards"—'tis good to see your writing  
Even on meagre correspondence-cards,  
But would more matter you had been inditing  
With kind regards!

Below you add that you are "mine sincerely,"  
I wonder if in those two words you wrote  
A sweet confession that you care—or merely  
The usual ending to a friendly note?

I wonder if that week you still remember,  
The shooting lunches and round games of cards,  
Our walks and talks that wonderful September—  
I wonder what you meant by "kind regards"!

With kind regards, and eyes that, reading, soften  
I read your note, most blessed among cards,  
And think of you—I dare not say how often—  
With kind regards.

APPROPRIATE.—*The Command of the Sea*, by WILKINSON SHAW. The author will be hereafter known as "SEA-SHAW."





*Lindley Sanborn.*

LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST.

Mr Punch, "WELL, SIR, AND WHAT FOUND YOU IN MUSCOVY?"

Prince of Wales (quoting Shakespeare).

"NOTHING BUT PEACE, AND GENTLE VISITATION!"



*Desperate Position of Messrs. Duffer and Phunk, who are rival aspirants for the hand of Miss Di.*

*Miss Di (unable to get her Horse to face the water as a jump). "OH, DO PLEASE, ONE OF YOU, JUST TRY IF THAT PLACE IS FORDABLE!"*  
*[N.B.—Said "Place" is reported to be a good twelve feet deep BEFORE you come to the mud.]*

### LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST!

*(A Dramatic Scene, with Suggestions from Shakspeare.)*

SCENE.—*A British Quay. Enter The Visible Prince (like the King and his companions in "Love's Labour's Lost") "in Russian habits," but bearing a true British face, not masked. To him enters the most loyal and loving of his subjects and sage counsellors, Mr. Punch.*

*Mr. Punch (joyously). "All hail the pleasantest Prince upon the earth!"*

*Prince (gaily). "Behaviour, what wert thou, till this man show'd thee?"*

*Mr. Punch. Well capped, my Prince!*

*Prince. Be you the same, good friend!*

*"Your bonnet to its right use; 'tis for the head,"*

*(As Hamlet said), and "'tis indifferent cold."*

*Mr. Punch. "It is a nipping and an eager air!"*

*As not unusual in our Isle's December!*

*Prince. "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold."*

*I feel it, Punch, through all my Russian sables,*

*Though I'm from Muscovy.*

*Mr. Punch. What met you there, Sir?*

*Prince (promptly). "NOTHING BUT PEACE, AND GENTLE VISITATION!"*

*Mr. Punch (applauding). Most aptly quoted, Sir! The happiest*

*"tiff,"*

*From him the ever applicable bard,*

*I've met this many a moon.*

*Prince. Glad to be back*

*To English shores—and you—for all the love*

*I leave behind, and all the cold I come to.*

*Mr. Punch. Not in our hearts, my Prince, not in our hearts!*

*Prince. Nay, that I'll swear. Witness your presence here*

*This chilling day. "How many weary steps*

*Of many weary miles you have o'ergone!"*

*Mr. Punch. "We number nothing that we spend for you:*

*Our duty is so rich, so infinite,*

*That we may do it still without account."*

*When you "vouchsafe the sunshine of your face."*

*Prince (laughing). Punch, know you all the Swan?*

*Mr. Punch. E'en as the Swan*

*Knows all his Punch, which is his favourite reading*

*In the Elysian Fields; and one good turn*

*Deserves another! But, my ALBERT EDWARD,*

*"What did the Russian whisper in your ear?"*

*Prince. Punchius, "He swore that he did hold me dear*

*As precious eyesight, and did value me*

*Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,*

*That he would ever live our England's lover."*

*Mr. Punch. "God give thee joy of him! The noble TSAR*

*Most honourably will uphold his word"*

*As I doubt not. I'm happy o' your visit.*

*"But what, Sir, purpose they to visit us?"*

*Prince. "They do, they do, and all apparel'd thus*

*Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I dress.*

*Their purpose is to parle, to court, to dance.*

*And every one his love-feat will advance."*

*Mr. Punch. As you have done, my Prince, at sorrow's flood*

*Taking the tide of frank affection, like*

*A skilled and trusty pilot. Such a Prince,*

*Good faith, is worth a dozen diplomats*

*And many full-armed legions.*

*Prince. May it prove so!*

*Mr. Punch. Well, let them come! "Disguis'd like Muscovites"*

*(As Rosaline said) we'll know them still as friends;*

*And they'll find here, as you there found, my Prince,*

*"NOTHING BUT PEACE, AND GENTLE VISITATION!!!"*

*[Exeunt together.]*

*\* Love's Labour's Lost, Act V., Scene 2.*

### MUCH 'ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

A TEMPEST in a teapot stands, one knows,

For noisy nothing in the realms of prose.

But what is that to the prodigious pother

When Minor Poets pulverise each other?

"Birds in their little nests agree,"—all right!

Bards in their little books fall out and fight.

The birds of which the pious rhymster sings

Sure were not "singing birds"—those angry things!

Who prune themselves and peck each other frightfully.

Alas that warblers should contend so spitefully.

All—save the cynic—mourn the Muse's loss!

When Gosse snubs GALE, or GALE be-blizzards Gosse!

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

## PART XXIV.—THE HAPPY DISPATCH.

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, but—"

SCENE XXXV.—The Morning Room. TIME—About 1 P.M.

*Undershell (to himself, alone).* I'm rather sorry that that Miss SPELWANE couldn't stay. She's a trifle angular—but clever. It was distinctly sharp of her to see through that fellow SPURRELL from the first, and lay such an ingenious little trap for him. And she has a great feeling for Literature—knows my verses by heart, I discovered, quite accidentally. All the same, I wish she hadn't intercepted those snowdrops. Now I shall have to go out and pick some more. (*Sounds outside in the entrance hall.*) Too late—they've got back from church!

*Mrs. Brooke-Chatteris (entering with Lady RHODA, Sir RUPERT, and BEARPARK).* Such a nice, plain, simple service—I'm positively ravenous!

*Lady Rhoda.* Struck me some of those chubby choir-boys wanted smackin'. What a business it seems to get the servants properly into their pew; as bad as boxin' a string of hunters! As for you, ARCHIE, the way you fidgeted durin' the sermon was down right disgraceful!... So there you are, Mr. BLAIR; not been to Church; but I forgot—p'raps you're a Dis-senter, or somethin'?

*Und. (annoyed).* Only, Lady RHODA, in the sense that I have hitherto failed to discover any form of creed that commands my intellectual assent.

*Lady Rhoda (unimpressed).* I expect you haven't tried. Are you a—what d'ye call it?—a Lacedemoniac?

*Und. (with lofty tolerance).* I presume you mean a "Laodicean." No, I should rather describe myself as a Deist.

*Archie (in a surly undertone).* What's a Deist when he's at home? If he'd said a Beast now! (*Aloud, as PILLINER enters with Captain THICKNESSE.*) Hullo, why here's THICKNESSE! So you haven't gone after all, then?

*Captain Thicknesse.* What an observant young beggar you are, BEARPARK! Nothin' escapes you. No, I haven't. (*To Sir RUPERT, rather sheepishly.*) Fact is, Sir, I—I somehow just missed the train, and—and—thought I might as well come back, instead of waitin' about, don't you know.

*Sir Rupert (heartily).* Why, of course, my dear boy, of course! Never have forgiven you if you hadn't. Great nuisance for you, though. Hope you blew the fool of a man up; he ought to have been round in plenty of time.

*Capt. Thick.* Not the groom's fault, Sir. I kept him waitin' a bit, and—and we had to stop to shift the seat and that, and so—

*Und. (to himself).* Great blundering booby! Can't he see nobody wants him here! As if he hadn't bored poor Lady MAISIE enough at breakfast! Ah, well, I must come to her rescue once more, I suppose!

*Sir Rup.* Half an hour to lunch! Anybody like to come round to the stables? I'm going to see how my wife's horse *Deerfoot* is getting on. Fond of horses, eh, Mr.—a—UNDERSHELL? Care to come with us?

*Und. (to himself).* I've seen quite enough of that beast already! (*Aloud, with some asperity.*) You must really excuse me, Sir RUPERT. I am at one with Mr. RUSKIN—I detest horses.

*Sir Rup.* Ah? Pity. We're rather fond of 'em here. But we can't expect a poet to be a sportsman, eh?

*Und.* For my own poor part, I confess I look forward to a day, not far distant, when the spread of civilisation will have abolished every form of so-called Sport.

*Sir Rup.* Do you, though? (*After conquering a choke with difficulty.*) Allow me to hope that you will continue to enjoy the

pleasures of anticipation as long as possible. (*To the rest.*) Well, are you coming? [*All except UNDERSHELL follow their host out.*]

*Und. (alone, to himself).* If they think I'm going to be patronised, or suppress my honest convictions—! Now I'll go and pick those— (*Lady MAISIE enters from the Conservatory.*) Ah, Lady MAISIE, I have been trying to find you. I had plucked a few snowdrops, which I promised myself the pleasure of presenting to you. Unfortunately they—er—failed to reach their destination.

*Lady Maisie (distantly).* Thanks, Mr. BLAIR; I am only sorry you should have given yourself such unnecessary trouble.

*Und. (detaining her, as she seemed about to pass on).* I have another piece of intelligence which you may hear less—er—philosophically, Lady MAISIE. Your *bête noire* has returned.

*Lady Maisie (with lifted eyebrows).* My *bête noire*, Mr. BLAIR?

*Und.* Why affect not to understand? I have an infallible instinct in all matters concerning you, and, sweetly tolerant as you are, I instantly divined what an insufferable nuisance you found our military friend, Captain THICKNESSE.

*Lady Maisie.* There are limits even to my tolerance, Mr. BLAIR. I admit I find some people insufferable—but Captain THICKNESSE is not one of them.

*Und.* Then appearances are deceptive indeed. Come, Lady MAISIE, surely you can trust Me!

[*Lady CANTIRE enters.*]

*Lady Cantire (in her most awful tones).* MAISIE, my dear, I appear to have interrupted an interview of a somewhat confidential character. If so, pray let me know it, and I will go elsewhere.

*Lady Maisie (calmly).* Not in the very least, Mamma. Mr. BLAIR was merely trying to prepare me for the fact that Captain THICKNESSE has come back; which was quite needless, as I happen to have heard it already from his own lips.

*Lady Cant.* Captain THICKNESSE come back! (*To UNDERSHELL.*) I wish to speak to my daughter. May I ask you to leave us?

*Und.* With pleasure, Lady CANTIRE. (*To himself, as he retires.*) What a consummate actress that girl is! And what a coquette!

*Lady Cant. (after a silence).* MAISIE, what does all this mean? No nonsense now! What brought GERALD THICKNESSE back?

*Lady Maisie.* I suppose the dog-cart, Mamma. He missed his train, you know. I don't think he minds—much.

*Lady Cant.* Let me tell you this, my dear. It is a great deal more than you deserve after—How long has he come back for?

*Lady Maisie.* Only a few hours; but—but from things he said, I fancy he would stay on longer—if Aunt ALBINIA asked him.

*Lady Cant.* Then we may consider that settled; he stays. (*Lady CULVERIN appears.*) Here is your Aunt. You had better leave us, my dear.

SOMEWHAT LATER; THE PARTY HAVE ASSEMBLED FOR LUNCH.

*Sir Rup. (to his wife).* Well, my dear, I've seen that young SPURRELL (smart fellow he is too, thoroughly up in his business), and you'll be glad to hear he can't find anything seriously wrong with *Deerfoot*.

*Und. (in the background, to himself).* No more could I, for that matter!

*Sir Rup.* He's clear it isn't navicular, which ADAMS was afraid of, and he thinks, with care and rest, you know, the horse will be as fit as a fiddle in a very few days.

*Und. (to himself).* Just exactly what I told them; but the fools wouldn't believe me!

*Lady Culverin.* Oh, RUPERT, I am so glad. How clever of that nice Mr. SPURRELL! I was afraid my poor *Deerfoot* would have to be shot.

*Und. (to himself).* She may thank me that he wasn't. And this other fellow gets all the credit for it. How like Life!



*Lady Maisie.* "And, 'Uncle RUPERT, how about—about PHILLIPSON, you know?" "Is it all right?"

*Sir Rup.* PHILLIPSON? Oh, why, 'pon my word, my dear, didn't think of asking.

*Lady Rhoda.* But I 'did, MAISIE. And they met this mornin', and it's all settled, and they're as happy as they can be. Except that he's on the look out for a mysterious stranger, who disappeared last night, after tryin' to make desperate love to her. He is determined, if he can find him, to give him a piece of his mind.

[*UNDERSHELL disguises his extreme uneasiness.*  
*Pilliner.* And the whole of a horsewhip. He invited my opinion of it as an implement of castigation. Kind of thing, you know, that would impart "proficiency in the *trois temps*, as danced in the most select circles," in a single lesson to a lame bear.

*Und.* (to himself). I don't stir a step out of this house while I'm here, that's all!

*Sir Rup.* Ha-ha! Athletic young chap that. Glad to see him in the field next Tuesday. By the way, ALBINA, you've heard how THICKNESSE here contrived to miss his train this morning? Onr gain, of course; but still we must manage to get you back to Aldershot to-night, my boy, or you'll get called over the coals by your Colonel when you do put in an appearance, hey? Now, let's see; what train ought you to catch?

[*He takes up "Bradshaw" from a writing-table.*  
*Lady Cant.* (possessing herself of the volume). Allow me, RUPERT, my eyes are better than yours. I will look out his trains for him. (After consulting various pages.) Just as I thought! Quite impossible for him to reach North Camp to-night now. There isn't a train till six, and that gets to town just too late for him to drive across to Waterloo and catch the last Aldershot train. So there's no more to be said.

*Capt. Thick.* (with undisguised relief). Oh, well, dessey they won't kick up much of a row if I don't get back till to-morrow,—or the day after, if it comes to that.

*Und.* (to himself). It shan't come to that—if I can prevent it! Lady MAISIE is quite in despair, I can see. (Aloud.) Indeed? I was—a—not aware that discipline was quite so lax as that in the British Army. And surely officers should set an example of—

[*He finds that his intervention has produced a distinct sensation, and, taking up the discarded "Bradshaw," becomes engrossed in its study.*

*Capt. Thick.* (ignoring him completely). It's like this, Lady CULVERIN. Somehow I—I muddled up the dates, don't you know. Mean to say, got it into my head to-day was the 20th, instead of only the 18th. (Lamely.) That's how it was.

*Lady Culv.* Delightful, my dear GERALD. Then we shall keep you here till Tuesday, of course!

*Und.* (looking up from "Bradshaw" impulsively). Lady CULVERIN, I see there's a very good train which leaves Shuntingbridge at 3.15 this afternoon, and gets—

[*The rest regard him with unaffected surprise and disapproval.*

*Lady Cant.* (raising her glasses). Upon my word, Mr. BLAIR! If you will kindly leave Captain THICKNESSE to make his own arrangements—!

*Lady Maisie* (interposing hastily). But, Mamma, you must have misunderstood Mr. BLAIR! As if he would dream of— He was merely mentioning the train he wishes to go by himself. Weren't you, Mr. BLAIR?

*Und.* (blinking and gasping). I—eh? Just so, that—that was my intention, certainly. (To himself.) Does she at all realise what this will cost her?

*Lady Culv.* My dear Mr. BLAIR, I—I'd no notion we were to lose you so soon; but if you're really quite sure you must go—

*Lady Cant.* (sharply). Really, ALBINA, we must give him credit for knowing his own mind. He tells you he is obliged to go!

*Lady Culv.* Then of course we must let you do exactly as you please. (All, except Miss SPELWANE, breathe more freely; TREDWELL appears.) Oh, lunch, is it, TREDWELL? Very well. By-the-bye, see that some one packs Mr. UNDERSHELL's things for him, and tell them to send the dogcart round after lunch in time to catch the 3.15 from Shuntingbridge.

*Pill.* (sotto voce, to ARCHIE). And let us pray that the cart is properly balanced before starting, this time!

*Miss Spelwane* (to herself, piqued). Going already! I wish I had never touched his ridiculous snowdrops!

*Lady Culv.* Well, shall we go in to lunch, everybody?

[*They move in irregular order towards the Dining Hall.*

*Und.* (in an undertone to Lady MAISIE, as they follow last). Lady MAISIE, I—er—this is just a little unexpected. I confess I don't quite understand your precise motive in suggesting so—so hasty a departure.

*Lady Maisie* (without looking at him). Don't you, Mr. BLAIR? Perhaps—when you come to think over it all quietly—you will.

[*She passes on, leaving him perplexed.*

*Und.* (to himself). Shall I? I certainly can't say I do just— Why, yes, I do! [That bully SPURRELL with his beastly horsewhip! She

dreads an encounter between us—and I should much prefer to avoid it myself. Yes, that's it, of course; she is willing to sacrifice anything rather than endanger my personal safety! What unselfish angels some women are! Even that sneering fellow DRYSDALE will be impressed when I tell him this. . . . Yes, it's best that I should go—I see that now. I don't so much mind leaving. Without any false humility, I can hardly avoid seeing that, even in the short time I have been among these people, I have produced a decided impression. And there is at least one—perhaps two—who will miss me when I am gone.

[*He goes into the Dining Hall, with restored equanimity.*

THE END.

## ROBERT ON HUNIFIKASHUN!

I HAVE bin a having quite a long tork with a most respectful looking Gent who tells me he is a reel County Counsellor, and that they has a Gildhall of their own at Charing Cross, where they meets ewery week, the same as the Common Counsellors does at their reel Gildhall in the City, and that they has quite made up their minds to make the two Gildhalls into one and have them both for theirselves, and that that will be what they calls Hunifikashun, which means ewerything for them and not nothink for nobody else.



Not content with what they have got allreddy they means to have all the City Perlice, and the Manshun House, and all the City's Money, and the rite to all the Tems Water, and to the LORD MARE and Sherryfs Carriages, and to the Old Bayley, and to more other things than I can manage to remember! And he really speaks of all these warious matters jest as if he was quite in earnest, and aeshally expected as it woud all be done by the next Parlement when they met next year! And when he found as I really didn't beleave a word of his wonderful stories, he aeshally arsked me to go with him to their Gildhall at Charing Cross, and there he put me in a nice seat, and then I heard em all torking

away, jest as if they were quite in earnest, all about the many wonderful things as they was about to do soon! Oh, I wonders how long it will be before any on em really happens? Not in my life time I'll be bound, nor most likelv in nobody elses! Did any reasonable man, woman or child ever hear such a pack of nonsense? To aeshally defraud the grand old City of London, that is only jest about seven hunderd year old, of all their priwileges and all their rites and all their money! and then I should like to know what is to become of me, and the duzzens like me? Nice lots of Lord Mares and Aldermen these County Counsellors woud make! Why I aeshally doubts whether they cou'd even manage to make up a decent lot of Common Counsellmen under at least a year.

There was one thing as I heard them squabbling about while I was there, and that was the nesseeesity of having some more lunatic asylums, which did not much surprise me, as I shoud think they will soon want a pretty good number for theirselves, if they continues to go on as they are going.

BROWN told me a rayther funny story about the dredful solemnity of these wonderful County Counsellors. He says they have by sum means or other got the right of insistin that there shall be no fun in the theaters, and no warking about between the hacts; and that the publick got so disgusted with the silly regerlations, that in many cases they left off going to them for ever so long; but they are better now, and will most likely soon go back to their old armless jokes.

ROBERT.

## AN EXTRACT.

(From some hitherto Unpublished Correspondence.)

[*"Photographs of ladies' feet are now taken in New York as souvenirs for their admirers."*—Globe, Dec. 6.]

. . . It is real kind of you, dearest, to mail your own laddie those half-dozen lovely photographs, or should I call them footographs? I can't say right here which I like best—they're all just fetching, anyway. You bet, I'll treasure them some! I'll wear the midget profile as a chest-protector right along, and put the full-foot vignette under my pillow nights. And the three-quarter platinio shall go on my chimney rack—there's a considerable saucy look about the big toe which I'm mashed on horrid. I guess you won't see such a number-one instep as yours any time on these effete old London side-walks. To look at the Britishers' foot-cases in Piccadilly makes me tired, when I think of you any. I'll send views of mine soon in exchange, but I reckon the naked truth might give you fits, so I'll just sit with my rubbers on, and get the camera-man to map you off a walking likeness of my right daisy-crusher. (My left is a trifle out of focus.) Kind regards to you. ppa. . .



### A BLOODTHIRSTY BARITONE.

*Miss Maud.* "WON'T YOU SING SOMETHING, MR. GREEN?"

*The Curate.* "I HAVEN'T BROUGHT MY MUSIC. BUT, IF YOU KNOW THE ACCOMPANIMENT, AND WOULD PLAY IT, I THINK I COULD SING 'THE BRIGAND'S REVENGE'!"

### "AN OLD OFFENDER."

"It is impossible, we fear, to escape from the conclusion that there is a substantial basis of fact for the rumours . . . of atrocities perpetrated by Turkish troops on the Christian inhabitants of Armenia. . . . By one of the Articles of the Treaty of Berlin the Porte undertook 'to carry out without delay the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and the Kurds.'"—*"Times" Leader, December 4.*

AGAIN! Is there nothing can humanise ever  
The heart of Islam, that red-ravining wolf?  
Will bonds of convention and treaty bridge  
never

Between Turk and Christian the broadening  
gulf?

Will no lesson teach, and will no promise  
tether,

The Ottoman hordes when let loose on the  
foe?

Must slaughter, and rapine, and outrage  
together,

The old vile triumvirate, fetterless go?

Time's fool seems the Turk, stern, unteach-  
able, savage,

The fiercest fool-fighter on history's roll.

All indolent rest or undisciplined ravage.

The varnish of manner soaks not to his  
soul.

Red Man of the Orient, ruthless, untamable,

Neighbour, by fortune, in nothing near kin.

Humanity's brotherhood surely is blameable,

Leaving him free from Law's bondage  
to win!

In sheer self-defence we must muzzle and  
shackle?

This wolf of the world; snatch its poor  
prostrate prey

From its crimsoning fangs. The old cynical  
cackle

Of "coffee-house babble" is silent to-day;  
And a weapon's at hand, too long left there  
unlifted,

That Law and that Justice alike now com-  
mend

To the grip of Europa. Be murder short-  
shrifted

And bestial outrage meet summary end!

Not again must hot Islamite hate be permitted  
In chase of creed-vengeance the East to  
embroil;

Not again must its prey fall unaided, unpitied,  
The Gallio's mock, and the miscreant's  
spoil.

There hangs the good Berlin-blade, consecrated  
By common agreement to Justice's work!

Be its blow not this time, as aforetime, be-  
lated!

Let Europe not bleed for the sin of the Turk!

### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

NEW PARISH-COUNCIL VERSION.

(By a Landlord and Lover of the Good Old Times.)

[At Merton, Surrey, where Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS has his factory, a blacksmith was highest of the fifteen successful candidates for the Parish Council, the vicar being eighth.]

OVER the vicar, top o' the tree,  
The Village Blacksmith stands;

The smith—mighty man is he,  
With power in his strong hands;

And his victory well may stir alarms  
In Squire-Parsonic bands.

The Squire looks black, his face is long,—  
"Vicar not in the van?"

Oh! things are going to the doose  
As fast as e'er they can!

The blacksmith with his grimy face  
Has proved to be best man!

"Week in, week out, he'll spout and fight!  
We shall hear him bluff and blow.

He'll vote the good old times all wrong,  
The good old fashions slow;

And won't he run the rates right up,  
And keep tithe-charges low?

"He'll have his finger in the School,  
He'll open wide its door;

He'll keep the Volunteers starved,  
And let the School-Board score.

And he'll want baths and washhouses  
And villas for the poor!

"Then he may 'go for' the Old Church,  
And rouse the village boys

To listen, not to Parson's drone,  
But Agitation's voice,

And 'stead o' singing in the choir  
He'll swell Rad ranters' noise.

"Twill sound to him like Wisdom's voice,  
Preaching of Paradise,

As though the thing were at his door;  
Plumbed with Progressive lies,

He'll think his hard, rough hand will wipe  
The Squire's and Parson's eyes.

"Broiling—orating—borrowing,  
Swelling the rates, he goes.

Reform's raw task he will begin,  
But who shall see it close?

Church will be robbed, and Land be sold.  
Farewell old-time repose!

"Tis thanks to you, my loud Rad friends,  
These lessons you have taught!

By folly from the flaming forge  
Our fortunes must be wrought.

And won't there be a blessed mess  
Before the fight is fought!"





“AN OLD OFFENDER.”

EUROPE. “AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME I HAVE A WEAPON AT HAND!”



## MARY JONES.

(By her Husband.)

As I'm daily jolted down  
On the early bus to town,  
Through the yellow fog and  
brown,

O'er the stones,  
I inhale the tawny air,  
And I deem it ether rare,  
For my soul is full of fair  
MARY JONES.

Fellow-passengers are fain  
To abuse the wind and rain,  
And the weather. they com-  
plain.

Chills their bones:  
But I laugh at snow and sleet  
As I bump upon my seat,  
For I'm thinking of my sweet  
MARY JONES.

With a lightsome heart and  
gay

To the Bank I wend my way.  
Where I calculate all day  
Debts and loans;  
Though anon my fancies flee  
From the rows of £ s. d.,  
And they wander off to thee,  
MARY JONES.

And I cannot blame their taste,  
Though a little time they waste  
For my MARY would have  
graced

Monarchs' thrones.  
What are pounds and pence to  
her?—

No, I cannot but concur  
With their choice when they  
prefer

MARY JONES.

Then I hurry home to tea,  
And I pass an A. B. C.,



## A VERY VULGAR BOY.

'ASKIN' YER PARDON, MISS, BUT MIGHT THAT 'ERE LITTLE DOG'S TAIL  
HA' BEEN CUT OFF OR DRUV' IN?'

Where I purchase two or three  
Cakes and scones:  
For I love the smiles that rise  
In your laughing hazel eyes  
When I offer you my prize,  
MARY JONES.

And when tea is cleared away,  
And you kindle me my clay,  
As I listen to your gay

Dulcet tones,  
Then I sometimes wonder who  
In the world's the best to do?—  
'Gad, it's either I or you,  
MARY JONES!

THE MODERN SOCIETY  
PLAY.

It surely should not be al-  
lowed,

The Modern Society Play,  
That dreadfully shocking *Kate  
Cloud*,  
That bad *Mrs. P. Tanque-  
ràu*.

That's what said  
X. Y. Z.

It elevates everyone,  
The Modern Society Play,  
You stupid old son of a gun,  
Replied, bursting into the  
fray,

Fearless, free,  
H. B. TREE.

Why make such a clamour?  
Oh, blow

The Modern Society Play!  
As nothing compels you to  
go,

X. Y. Z., you can just stop  
away;

Don't you see?  
So say we.

## LOST IN LONDON.

1. Hymn-book stolen. Original price, in superior binding, 11½d.
2. Hymn-book pawned for 2½d. by thief.
3. Pawnbroker, finding my name inside, tells Police.
4. Police inform me I can have the book restored to me "on application."
5. Go to Scotland Yard. Told hymn-book is at Bow Street. Cost of my journey so far, 4½d.
6. At Bow Street have to take out summons against Chief Commissioner! This is "the invariable rule," I am informed. Cost of summons and "service"—not the Church Service—3s. Could have got three new hymn-books with the sum.
7. Have to attend week later at hearing of summons. Journey again 4½d. Bow Street not a nice court. Hymn-book restored to me.
8. Chief Commissioner appeals! Believes there is another person of my name to whom book may belong. "If I give it up quietly, shall hear no more about it." Give up my own hymn-book! Never!
9. Appeal dismissed. Attendance and costs amount to £45. And I am the winning party!
10. Chief Commissioner "carries me" to House of Lords, but does not pay carriage. Preliminary costs, £80.
11. Long Vacation.
12. House of Lords sits. "Has no doubt hymn-book belongs to other person of my name." I to pay all costs in all Courts!
13. Ruined!

"I SHALL be all right again soon, I'll be bound!" as a dilapidated First Edition observed.

## INTER-UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL.

[Yale v. Princeton University. "Before the game commenced an Inspector of police, who was on the ground, addressed the two teams, and cautioned them against violent play. This warning is without precedent in the history of the University contests."—*Reuter*.]



SCENE—Queen's Club, Oxford and Cambridge Football Match. Teams undergoing modern torture of ordeal by photograph. Enter Police-Inspector, rampant, supported by two Peelers proper. He "addresses the two teams":—

I'M an Inspector bold, yet wary,  
So, gents, you must all take care,  
For I'm here to boss this battle,  
And see that you all fight fair.  
Now fisting, and scragging, and hacking,  
Are all fair enough, we say,

But if gents exceed the limits  
Of legitimate violent play,  
We'll run them in, we'll run them in,  
As sure as we're standing here,  
We'll run them in, we'll run them in,  
For the Peeler knows no fear!

Of course you may fight each other,  
But you mustn't attack the crowd,  
For we can't have unlimited bloodshed,  
And weapons are not allowed.  
So, gents, I must kindly ask you  
To enter the field without  
Your bludgeons and knives and pistols,  
Or else, beyond all doubt,

We'll run you in, &c., &c.  
[Teams join in chorus. Exit Inspector to look after the ambulance arrangements.]

## THE SUNDAY LECTURE CASE.

THE Lord's Day Observance Society  
Would make us all pinks of propriety—  
All models of mental sobriety,  
That is *Stiggins* and *Chadband* combined.  
They gain, doubtless, some notoriety  
By such overwhelming anxiety  
To force on us their sort of piety  
Of a most puritanical kind.  
This *Sunday at Home* mental diet, I  
Dislike, I would rather not try it; I  
Suggest that, by way of variety,  
Their own business now they should mind.

## Prize Conundrum before Christmas.

How to Make Life Happy.—An Infallible  
Recipe:—Add fifty-nine to the latter half  
of it. \* \* \* Solution will be given next week.



### THE PLUNGER.

*First Boy (much interested in the game of Buttons). "As 'E LOST?"*

*Second Ditto. "YES; 'E LOST ALL THEM BUTTONS WHAT 'E WON OFF TOMMY CROWTHER YESTERDAY, AN' THEN 'E CUT ALL THE BUTTONS OFF 'IS CLOTHES, AND 'ES LOST THEM TOO!"*

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Kelt and Salted.*—It may be true, as you have heard, that Mr. STANDISH O'GRADY intends to supplement his series of Ossianic stories, *Finn and his Companions*, by a work entitled *Finn an' Haddock*. But, we confess, the story seems a little fishy.

*A Brummagem Spoon.*—You are quite wrong. The creation of the character of *Rip Van Winkle* was, in point of time, far anterior to the invention of the Self-working Noiseless Screw. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's playful application of the term to Lord HARTINGTON did not imply any proprietorship in the article. The right hon. gentleman was under the impression that he had come across the character in the course of his reading of DICKENS' Christmas stories, and, wanting to say something nice of his noble friend, he just mentioned it. It led to some misunderstanding at the time, but has now been forgotten. See our answer to "Three Cows and an Acre" in the Christmas Number.

*Residuary Legatee.*—Certainly you may recover, especially if you can get A. to refund the money. Don't hesitate to sue. We make a practice of never accepting fees. The 6s. 8d. you enclosed (in stamps, postal order preferable) we shall, at the first opportunity, place in the Poor Box.

*Perplexed.*—What do you mean by asking us to tell you "If a herring and a-half costs three hapence, how much will a dozen run you in for?" This is just one of those simple problems you can solve for yourself on reference to an ordinary book of arithmetic. Do you suppose we sit here to save the time of idle persons? Our mission is to supply information drawn from authorities not accessible to the average subscriber.

*Algernon and Sibyl.*—Consult Sir GEORGE LEWIS, Ely Place, Holborn, E.C. We never advise on delicate subjects such as yours. It is impossible for us to reply to correspondents through the post. Our motto is *Audi altem parterem*. As the lady may not be familiar

with the dead languages, we may perhaps do well to translate. Freely rendered, it means, "We desire that all parties (*altem parterem*) may hear and profit by our advice."

*One-who-has-had-no-rest-to-speak-of-for-fifteen-years-owing-to-neuralgic-pains-and-a-next-door-neighbour-who-plays-the-piano-night-and-day.*—No.

*Beyond the Dreams of Avarice.*—Your record of an incident in the early life of Mr. W. ASTOR is very interesting. "Musing by the waters of the mighty Hudson he," you say, "conceived the ambition of becoming one of the richest men in the world." It is pleasing to know that his recent entrance upon journalistic enterprise is likely to realise his boyhood's dream.

*Advertisement Agent.*—There is, we fear, no opening for you in this direction. "Silonio" is not the name of a new shaving soap, as you surmise. It is the title of honour given by the delegates of a remote but respectable African race to a great and good British statesman. Its literal translation into the English tongue is, we are informed, "Open-mouthed."

*A Subscriber for Seventy Years.*—Your poem, commencing,

DIGGLE DIGGLE den,  
How is Brether BEN?  
Really, Mr. RILEY,  
Ain't you rather wily?

is perhaps a little monotonous in its interrogative form. But it is not without merit, especially from one of your advanced age. A fatal objection is that it should be out of date. The School-Board Elections, we are glad to say, were completed a fortnight ago. Try again—for some other paper.

### THE NEW NECTAR.

[Professor HUXLEY, at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society, suggested that in the future imaginative speaking at their dinners might be stimulated by the drinking of liquid oxygen, *bien frappé*.]

AIR—"Take hence the Bowl!"

TAKE hence the bowl; though beam-  
Brightly as bowl e'er shone, [ing  
With Fizz sublimely creaming,  
Or Port or Zoedone.

There is a new potation  
To warm the hearts of men,  
And wake imagination—  
In Liquid Oxygen!

Each cup I drain, *bien frappé*,  
My tongue pat talk can teach;  
It helps to make me happy  
In after-dinner speech.  
At banquet, or at gala,  
I match such mighty men  
As GLADSTONE, CARR, or SALA,  
On Liquid Oxygen!

A fig for Mumm or Massio,  
Falernian and such fudge;  
(Thin stuff those tipples classic  
If I am any judge.)  
But burning thoughts come o'er me  
And fire my tongue, or pen,  
When I've a bowl before me  
Of Liquid Oxygen!

When fun needs stimulation,  
Or fancy fails in fire;  
When lags the long oration,  
Or tongues postprandial tire;  
Then take the tip Huxleyan,  
And one long swig,—and then  
You'll promptly raise a pean  
To Liquid Oxygen!

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"THERE is nothing in Italy more beautiful to me than the coast-road between Genoa and Spezia." Remember these words of DICKENS, in his *Pictures from Italy*, as I start from Pisa to see that lovely coast, and the Mediterranean, for the first time.

Pisa is sleepy, but the railway officials are wide awake. The man who sells me my ticket "forgets" one lira. This answers capitally with innocent old ladies from England or Germany. The old lady counts her change, and if she has carefully ascertained the fare by reading the price marked on her ticket, she finds at once that there is a half-penny wanting. She never learns that this is the Government tax. "If you please," she begins; or, "*Bitte*," and then she goes off into—not hysterics, but French, and murmurs, "*Seevooplay, je pongse vous devays avoir donnay moi un sou—er—er—more, vous comprenny?*" or, "*Il y a encore—er—er—fünfzig, vous savay, à moi à payer.*" Then the official answers, also in French, "*Ah nong, Madame, ceci est la taxe doo gouvernang sul biglietto, capisce?*"

Whereupon the old lady is so agitated by the thought that she has wrongfully accused him of stealing a soldo, that she never notices that he has withheld a lira. If she counts her money later in the day, she will blame those nasty lira notes, which stick together so, that she must have given two somewhere instead of one. But the railway clerk is also prepared for any more exacting stranger, and holds the extra note ready for him. The clerk at Pisa does so, handing it to me, without a word of objection or explanation, as soon as I ask for it. The system is as perfect as it is simple. Having obtained my change, I start for the Mediterranean.

A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST.

## THE TRUISMS OF LIFE.

(By the Right Hon. the Author of "*The Platitudes of Life*," M.P., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.)

CHAPTER I.—*De Omnibus Rebus.*

"*Ars longa, vita brevis.*"<sup>1</sup> and indeed "man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."<sup>2</sup> An oriental writer has told us that "all flesh is grass," to which a Scots poet<sup>3</sup> has replied, that "A man's a man for a' that." There is a Greek aphorism, not sufficiently well known, which says *γνώθι σεαυτόν*. This has been ably rendered by POPE in the words "Know thyself."<sup>4</sup> Proverbially "piety begins at home," but it is wrong to deduce from this that education ends when we leave school; "it goes on through life."<sup>5</sup>

Books are an educational force. They "have often been compared to friends,"<sup>6</sup> whom we "never cut."<sup>7</sup> They "are better than all the tarts and toys in the world."<sup>8</sup> It is not generally known that "English literature is the inheritance of the English race,"<sup>9</sup> on whose Empire, by the way, "the sun never sets." We even have "books in the running brooks," as the Bard of Avon<sup>10</sup> tells us; so that not only "he that runs," but he that swims, "may read."

"Knowledge for the million,"<sup>11</sup> is the "*An de siècle*,"<sup>12</sup> cry of the hour. But "life is real, life is earnest,"<sup>13</sup> and we have no time to study original thinkers such as CONFUCIUS and TUPPER. "*Altiore Peto*"<sup>14</sup> is a saying for the leisured class only. The mass must get its wisdom second-hand and concentrated. If "reading maketh a full man,"<sup>15</sup> this kind of reading maketh a man to burst. Hence the "sad in sweet"<sup>16</sup> of the book of quoted platitudes. Yet, of course, "there are great ways of borrowing. Genius borrows



## A PRECISIAN.

Professor Erasmus Scoles (of *Epipsychidion Villa*, St. John's Wood). "CAN YOU TELL ME, CONSTABLE, WHETHER THERE ARE ANY MORE—ER—ATLANTES TO COME UP TO-NIGHT?"  
D. 134. "ANY MORE 'OW MUCH?"

nobly."<sup>17</sup> And it is well to have "the courage of" other people's "opinions."

But reading is not all. You must "use your head."<sup>18</sup> And you must, and can, keep it too. For a good man's head is not like a seed-cake that passes in the using. And, again, remember the proverb that "manners makyth man"; though this is not the true cause of the over-population of our islands. In social life much will depend on the way in which you behave to others. "Never lose your temper, and if you do, at any rate hold your tongue, and try not to show it"<sup>19</sup>—except, one may add, to a doctor.

Many people cannot say "No!" Others early learn to say "No!" when asked to do disagreeable things. "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" If the last word is pronounced *Say No*, this constitutes a word-play. There are

some bad word-plays in SHAKESPEARE. I disapprove of humour, new or old.

"No man who knows what his income is, and what he is spending, will run into extravagance."<sup>20</sup> PLUTARCH tells us of a man whose income was £500, and he spent £5000 a year knowingly. This must have been an exceptional case. There is an obscure dictum that "money is the root of all evil." "Gold! gold!"<sup>21</sup> said an ill-known poet, and, on the other hand, "Hail, independence!"<sup>22</sup> said another. "If thou art rich, thou'rt poor"<sup>23</sup> is on the face of it an untruth.

<sup>1</sup> "Principia Latina." <sup>2</sup> Goldsmith. <sup>3</sup> Burns. <sup>4</sup> "Esay on Man." <sup>5</sup> Lubbock. <sup>6</sup> Lubbock. <sup>7</sup> "Punch." <sup>8</sup> Macaulay. <sup>9</sup> Lubbock. <sup>10</sup> Shakespeare. <sup>11</sup> Calverley. <sup>12</sup> Oscar Wilde. <sup>13</sup> Longfellow. <sup>14</sup> Lawrence Oliphant. <sup>15</sup> Bacon. <sup>16</sup> Browning. <sup>17</sup> Emerson. <sup>18</sup> Lubbock. <sup>19</sup> Lubbock. <sup>20</sup> Lubbock. <sup>21</sup> Park Benjamin. <sup>22</sup> Churchill. <sup>23</sup> Shakespeare.



## OF VAIN COLOURS.

WHEN the century, growing a little bit mellow,  
Produces carnations outrageously green; [like yellow  
When you notice a delicate, dairy-Adorn the pale face of the best  
margarine;  
When canaries, all warranted excellent singers, [ling apiece,  
Are sold in the street for a shilling  
But at home all the yellow comes off on your fingers,  
Substrata of brown making daily increase; [on a Monday  
When a lady you happen to meet  
With hair that is grey, and with cheeks that are old,

Appears shortly after, the following Sunday, [tresses of gold;  
With rosy complexion, and When a nursemaid has one of the worst scarlet-fevers, [blues;  
Or merely, it may be, a fit of the When you're offered "Old Masters" as black as coal-heavers,  
Or shirts of quite "fast" unwashoutable hues;  
When a blue ribbon's equally known as denoting [Tory—  
Teetotal fanatics, a Rad, or a In these and like cases too  
num'rous for quoting  
Remember old VIRGIL, "Ne crede colori."

## THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

## VI.—PREPARING FOR THE POLL.

WHEN I do a thing, I like to do it properly, for even my worst enemies, who call me a fool, admit that I'm a thorough fool. I have accordingly lost no time in getting to work at my electoral campaign. I commenced at a great disadvantage. The other seven candidates were electioneering for a week before the Parish Meeting, and the result was that they all polled three times as many votes as I did. That has happened once. I don't intend that it shall happen more than once.



"Vote for Winkins—a good All-round Man."

The first move I made was to cover my house with placards. I noticed that in a recent election Mr. ATHELSTON RILEY had pursued these tactics with great success, so I plastered the whole of the walls with "WINKINS FOR MUDDFORD"—"VOTE FOR WINKINS,"—but thereby hangs a tale. I gave my instructions to the local printer, and told him where they were to be posted, directing him to do it in the twilight, so that the whole effect might dawn once and for ever upon an astonished village in the morning. He did it, but unfortunately he didn't keep a proof-reader. I noticed next day, before I went out, that all the school-children looked up at the house and giggled. I thought it was merely the inappreciativeness of the youthful mind. There I was wrong. It was the fact that the children knew how to spell that caused the mischief. My house was covered with appeals to "VOTE FOR WINKINS!" It did not take long to get new bills printed, but I am not disposed to deny I was a trifle disconcerted by this false start.

I am now hard at work canvassing. My wife flatly declines to help, and I'm afraid to suggest the girls should take the field in support of their father. I tried to secure the services of the vicar's two daughters, but he only wrote rather a stiff note to say that he thought they would have quite enough to do in advocating his claims. I am not always at one with the clergy, but for once I agree with him. I have succeeded, however, in getting Miss PHILL BURTT to help me. Her full name is, of course, PHYLLIS; but it's always called and spelt "PHILL"—I could never understand why. She's a most delightful girl, and is worth, at least, a hundred votes to me. As I explained once before, she has an extraordinary habit of calling all the villagers "idiots"—of course, I mean to her friends (such as myself), not to the villagers themselves. I asked her one day why, if she thought them idiots, she was kind enough to take the trouble to canvass them. "Well, you see," she said with a charming smile that was all her own; "I'm asking them to vote for *you*." At the time I thought this was a pretty saying, prettily said. I even told it with some amount of pride to my wife just to show her that there were people who did not sympathise with her haughty indifference. Curiously enough my wife only laughed consumedly. When she had recovered, I asked her why she laughed. "Do you really mean to say, TIMOTHY," was her reply, "that you don't see what she meant?" "Well, though it may seem idiotic . . ." I said, and was going to add, "I don't," but before I said that, I did see what she (PHYLLIS, of course, I mean) might have meant. Yet I hope she didn't. Miss BURTT has only one drawback as a canvasser. She is so ridiculously scrupulous, I came across an old woman the other day who was quite deaf to my appeals. Whilst I reasoned with her, I found out how kind PHYLLIS was to her. "Miss PHILL, she's really good to us poor people. I'd vote for her if she was standing." I left, having

produced no impression. A day or two after I met Miss PHILL BURTT, and asked her to go and canvass the old woman; I felt sure she could secure her vote. Will it be believed that she wouldn't? She said it would be really undue influence if she did. How strange that even the nicest of women are so strangely unpractical at times! Another woman she refused to see because she never called upon her at ordinary times. Still, with all her faults, Miss BURTT is a tower of strength, and as I see her daily going about, canvass book in hand, my hopes rise higher and higher.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was, as all the world knows, "a veray parfit gentil knight." Possibility of this presupposition of knowledge is fortunate, since Miss ANNA M. STODDART's account of this heroic figure is not, my Baronite sorrowfully says, likely to convey any adequate idea of its personality. Mr. FOX BOURNE and Mr.



ADDINGTON SYMONDS have written biographies of the Elizabethan soldier, in which he boldly stands forth. Miss STODDART modestly says her object is "in no way to compete with" these standard works. But why write at all? The marvel is, as Dr. JOHNSON did not exactly say in illustration of an argument respecting another feminine achievement, not that the work should not have been well done, but that it possibly could be done with such wooden effect. If Miss STODDART had taken a sheet of paper and with her pair of scissors cut out the figure of a man, writing across it "This is PHILIP SIDNEY," she

would have conveyed quite as clear and moving a picture of the man as is found in the 111 pages of her book. But then Mr. BLACKWOOD would not have published the scrap of paper, and we should not have had the charming portrait of SIDNEY, or the sketches of Penshurst by MARGARET L. HUGGINS which adorn the daintily got-up volume.

My Baronitess writes:—S. BAKING GOULD turns into delightful English prose some of the ancient Icelandic Sagas, or songs, and shows us how *Grettir the Outlaw* was a Grettir man than was generally supposed by anyone who had never heard very much about him. When he departed, was he very much Re-grettir'd by all who knew him?

Messrs. MACMILLAN offer *My New Home*, provided by Mrs. MOLESWORTH, which many of the little "new" women would like to see. Illustrated by L. LESLIE BROOKE: "BROOKE" suggests "water colours,"—a new idea for next Christmas.

*Sou'-wester and Sword*, by HUGH ST. LEGER. A nautical and military combination. The Sou'-wester of a tar is not at all at sea when, after a pleasant little shipwreck, he joins the forces at Suakim. The winner of this ST. LEGER was a rank outsider, with the odds against him, but he wins the day by "throstring" (a new word) a few Soudanese; who must have seemed quite forty to one!

A cousin, especially a Colonial, is such a very pleasant indistinct sort of relative, that he is bound to be a hero of romance, though perhaps a cousin at hand is worth two in the bush; at least, so thinks the heroine in *My Cousin from Australia*, by EVELYN EVERETT GREEN (HUTCHINSON & Co.); whilst the one whom she should have wed was of course a wicked Baronet (does one often meet a good Baronet in fiction?), who tries to upset his successful rival by giving him a tip over an agreeably high cliff. It is a Christmas story, and so the "tip" is just at the right time. How it ends—You'll see.

*Black and White* has gone in for a shilling's worth of the truly wonderful in *The Dream Club*, by BARRIE PAIN and EDEN PHILPOTTS. It is quite an after-turkey, plum-pudding, mince-pie dinner story. How authors and artists must have suffered, judging, at least, by the delightful nightmare illustrations. And the picture-lady of the cover—ahem!—she has evidently forgotten that she is supposed to be "out" at Christmas.

Between the boards of LOTHAR MEGGENDORFER's moveable toy-books (H. GREVEL & Co.) lies genuine fun. *The Scenes of the Life of a Masher* are simply irresistible. Little ones will be delighted with *The Transformation Scenes*, besides, there is *Charming Variety* with a *Party of Six*. These books are a good tip for a Christmas gift for the representatives of Tommy and Harry.

Had G. W. APPLETON's *The Co-Respondent*—an attractive title—been in the form of a short magazine story, it would probably have been amusing from first to last. Now it is only amusing at first. Good idea all the same. The old quotation about "Sir HUBERT STANLEY" is brought in, and, of course, incorrectly. It is not "Praise from Sir HUBERT STANLEY," but "approbation." However, as it is said by a light-hearted girl of a very modern type, it may be assumed that the misquotation is intentional. THE B. DE B.-W.

## THE SNUBBED PROFESSIONAL'S VADE MECUM.

*Question.* You consider yourself neglected because, I presume, the public do not appreciate you at your proper value?

*Answer.* That is, indeed, the case, and for further particulars I refer you to a recent correspondence in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

*Q.* Is it not necessary that you should acquire an immense amount of knowledge to undertake the duties of your profession worthily?

*A.* Certainly; and we welcome any kind of safeguard that will protect the public against fraud and imposture.

*Q.* Then you consider your profession very seriously?

*A.* Undoubtedly. It is the most important profession in the world; not a man, woman, or child exists who has not derived some benefit from its exercise.

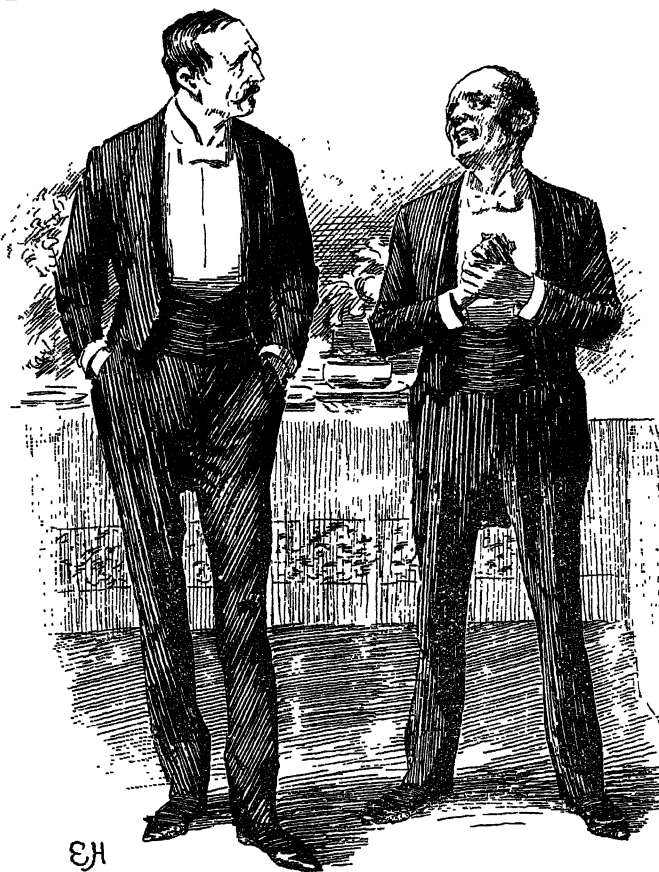
*Q.* If I am not mistaken, you ought to be educated at Oxford or Cambridge to do full justice to your opportunities?

*A.* Certainly; upon the foundation of a school training at either Eton, Westminster, Rugby, or Harrow.

*Q.* Ought you not to take up human and comparative anatomy?

*A.* As a matter of course, combined with physiology and chemistry.

*Q.* But does every professor of your art follow this routine of work?



## HONOURS DIVIDED.

*Mr. Goodchild.* "YES, I DO FEEL IN GOOD SPIRITS THIS EVENING. MY BOY HAS PASSED HIS EXAMINATION!"

*The Earl.* "WELL, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING IN THAT. SO HAS MINE."

*Mr. Goodchild.* "ER—INDIAN CIVIL!" *The Earl.* "NO—BANKRUPTCY!"

*A.* Those who are of the greater worth. There are outsiders who assume our noble name and yet know nothing of our special subject.

*Q.* Besides the studies you have mentioned, are there any others necessary to the formation of a man of your special attainments?

*A.* Well, it would be well for an operator to understand metallurgy and mechanics.

*Q.* And have you to cultivate the graces of the person?

*A.* Certainly; you must be of a pleasing and courteous presence. You must be fitted by nature and art to obtain the confidence of those who pay you a professional visit. You must be tender and true. You must be able to converse on every subject under the sun, and distract the attention of a sufferer from his pains by causing him to listen to your anecdotes.

*Q.* It seems, then, you must be an admirable Crichton?

*A.* Well, yes, in a small way.

*Q.* Then what are you called? May I put down an archbishop, or a Lord Chief Justice, or a Prime Minister?

*A.* No, neither. I do not aspire to be a person of so much importance.

*Q.* Then what are you?

*A.* Why, merely a dentist!

## At the Fancy Ball.

"Do look at that huge woman dancing with Uncle Bob. What is she? A Quakeress?"

"H'm! rather an Earth-quakeress, I should fancy!"

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

*En Route to the Mediterranean.*—I am alone, until a Frenchman and his young wife come in and glare at me, presumably because I am already there. The ordinary honeymoon couple anywhere are supercilious enough, and a French honeymoon couple perhaps more so. If you gaze absently at the back of Madame's hat, when you are looking at the mountains beyond Madame's head, Monsieur glares at you with the concentrated fury of an angry menagerie. But a French couple, travelling in Italy, which loves the Triple Alliance, develop an air of superciliousness quite unapproachd; and when their solitude is invaded by an Englishman, a native of the country which occupies Egypt, thousand thunders, it is too strong!

So these two whisper together, and look out of one window, while I look out of the other, at Viareggio, and the distant Carrara quarries and other sights. All interesting and beautiful, no doubt, but not to be compared to what I shall see beyond Spezia. Think of the blue sea, the glorious hills, the olive woods, the Italian fishing villages, the orange groves, the gardens and the flowers. Rather better than that English coast which Londoners know so well, the seashore at Brighton, probably the ugliest in the world, with the most unpicturesque town stretching along it. Of course, I shall not see everything from the train, but I shall at least have the recollection of an earthly paradise, to torment me ever after when travelling in the infernal regions of the Underground Railway. November in Genoa; November in Gower Street! Halloo, this is Spezia!

Now then, look out. Oh, here's a tunnel first. Wait patiently till we are through the tunnel. By dim light of carriage lamp perceive the French people glaring at me. This is a long tunnel. But then at the end I shall see—Here is the end. Down with the window. There's the Medit—Halloo! Another tunnel. Up with the window. At last this one is coming to an end. Down with the window again. Look out. There's the Medi—Halloo, another one! Up with the window again. French people still glare, but, it seems to me, more mildly. A fellow-feeling of suffocation, no doubt.

Well, this is long. At last we're out. Down with the window once more. There's the Med—What? Another one. Up with the window once more. This is a long one. Begin to cough. Frenchman also coughs. A bond of sympathy. We cough together. Well, at last we are out of these awful tunnels. Down with the window. There's the Medit—Up with the window. Another one! These gymnastics with the windows are most fatiguing. Choke again. Frenchman also chokes. "*Ces tunnels!*" he gasps at last, "*on étouffe*—" Just then the train bursts into daylight, and his head, as before, goes out of his window, like mine out of my window. There's the Me—Another! "*Supristi!*" By Jove! More choking. "*Ces chemins de fers italiens*—" begins the Frenchman. Then another burst of daylight and his head and mine go out. There's the Medit—" *Matin!*" Great Scott! Agree with Frenchman. "*C'est assommant*," says he, "*quel pays*—" Then another gap and heads out as before. There's the Mediterra—" *Mille tonnerres!*" I'm hanged! Frenchman and I abuse the line, the tunnels, the bad light and the worse air. Another interval.

There's the M—" *Sacré nom de nom!*" Confound! Frenchman becomes quite friendly. Even Madame says a word or two. Begin now to disregard half seconds of daylight, and treat it as all tunnel over two hours' long.

At last arrive at Genoa, our faces streaked with soot, our lungs full of smoke, our collars nearly black, and all the superciliousness shaken out of us. Frenchman almost affectionate when we part. As for the Mediterranean, I should have seen nearly as much of it at Moorgate Street.

A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST.

ON SOME CHRISTMAS DIARIES.—No backsliding in engagements if you possess one of WALKER'S capital *backlooped* pocket-diaries, they are strongly bound to assist you. His Society Christmas Cards are, as they should be, first class. In fact, "WALKER" is not "HOOKEY," but "O. K."



THE INFANT PHENOMENON.

LITTLE JAP LECTURING ON THE ART OF WAR TO THE EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVES.



## AN EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

"—AND OH, MABEL, A WRETCH MISTOOK MY SKIRT FOR THE 'BUS APRON, THE OTHER DAY, AND DIDN'T FIND OUT HIS MISTAKE FOR EVER SO LONG. OF COURSE HE WAS AWFULLY NICE ABOUT IT; SO I HAD TO SAY, IT DIDN'T MATTER. BUT WASN'T IT DREADFUL!"

## THE INFANT PHENOMENON.

WHEN the song said Jap AH SID was just nothing but a kid  
Of what ALCOCK dubbed "a race grotesque and savage,"  
The Wise West had not a notion of the kick-up and commotion,  
The naval noise and military ravage,  
That same "little kid" would raise; of the pæns of loud praise  
The Wise Boy of the East would hear around him,  
A pupil of the West he was held, but, upon test,  
A teacher, in his way, the West has found him.  
Phenomenal young Jappy, Occidental Powers seem happy  
To gather round and watch the object lesson  
In the wicked Art of War, seeing proof you've carried far  
In matters which before we might but guess on.  
If a kid, he's not a fool! With his ferula and stool,  
His blackboard and his lump of chalk, he's showing  
How to work an ironclad! It's amazing that a lad  
With a lemon-face should be so wondrous knowing!  
He'll teach you to work as *he* does in the matter of torpedoes,  
And how to blow a rival fleet to blazes.  
In naval matters practical, strategical and tactical,  
The nipper shows a *nous* that almost dazes.  
Though his names and terms sound funny, it is more than even  
money,  
That he hides a lot of wisdom in his lingo.  
And what matter baggy breeches, and a speech all "his" and  
"ichis,"  
If this "Boy" can give the Chinese Giant stingo?  
His phiz looks flat and pasty, and his head-gear's hardly tasty,  
And his eyes are like black-beetles set a-swivel.  
But though plain or currant-bunny, and the colour of fresh honey,  
He's as full as HADÉSU of dash and "divil."  
See, those eyes are all a-twinkle! Like the sudu-mushi's tinkle  
Fall his accents very suave, but full of gumption;  
And you'll hardly now find any to retort, "Oh, teach your granny!"  
Or to twit the "little kid" with youth's presumption.  
For the stalwart Teuton listens, and the Great Bear's optic glistens,  
And the "Melican" "lays low and don't say nuffin',"  
Save to whisper to JOHN BULL, "He's no mug, by a jug-full,  
Who out of the Chinese has knocked the stuffin'!"

Infant phenomenon? Wal, I rayther guess he's gone  
And chalked it out a caution. He's a spry 'un!"  
And JOHN BULL, who'll have to strain to keep monarch of the main,  
Thinks the infant Jap a chap to keep *his* eye on!

## GENEROSITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

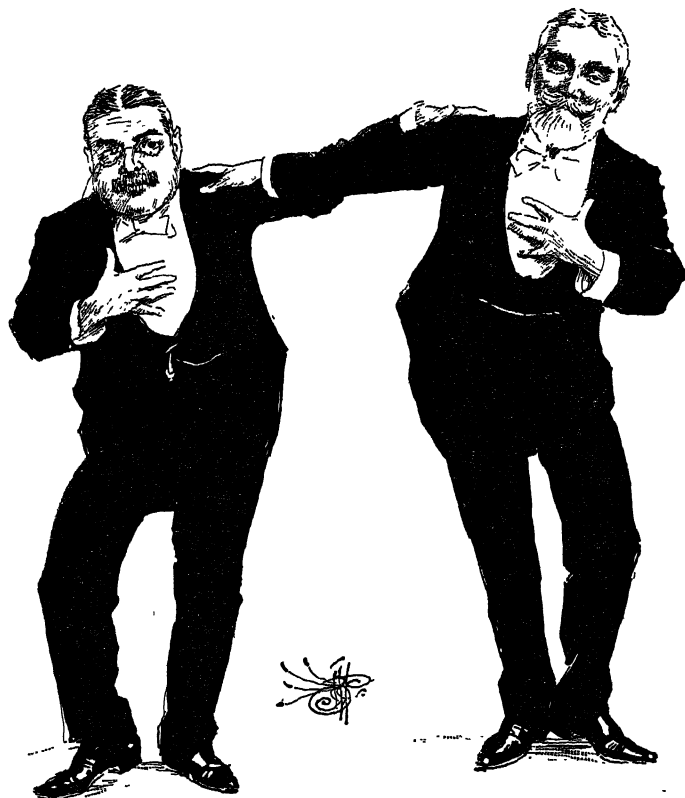
(THE Question of the Day.)

Daisy. I want to buy a Christmas present for JACK. Do you see anything you think he would like?  
Violet. Here's a morocco case with seven razors, one for each day of the week.  
Daisy. Lovely! But JACK's got whiskers and a beard.  
Violet. So he has! Then why not this exquisite silver cigar-ash tray?  
Daisy. Yes, that would be *just* the thing; only, unfortunately, JACK never smokes, and always walks out of the room if anybody else does.  
Violet. Oh! That's awkward. This drinking-horn—what do you think of it?  
Daisy (gloomily). I'm afraid JACK's a Blue Ribbonite.  
Violet (after a pause). He needn't use it for drinking from. It would do for a flower-vase, if it had a stand. Anyhow, let's make haste and choose *something*.  
Daisy. I would give him this lovely ink-bottle, only he uses a type-writer. Ah, I have it—a purse!  
Violet. The question is whether JACK has it, not you.  
Daisy (enthusiastically). Yes, a purse it shall be. JACK never has any money—but *that* is only a detail. Showy, isn't it?  
Violet. Awfully pretty! Made in Germany, too, it says; *that* makes it so much more romantic.  
Daisy (groaning). Come away! JACK's a morbid patriot. Won't look at a thing not made in England. I must choose some other day. And we shall be horribly late for lunch. Really, present-choosing isn't as easy as one thinks!  
Violet. Not for JACK, at any rate!  
[Exeunt hurriedly, and empty-handed.]

"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."—My Gas Company's bill.

## A "B. AND S." AT THE SAVOY.

A GREAT deal is expected from the collaboration of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and Mr. F. C. BURNAND, more especially when the work is



Sir Arthur. "Then Box—"

Sir Author. "And Cox—"

Both. "Are satisfied!"

[Curtain.

staged at the Savoy, and is brought out under the direction of Mr. D'OLY CARTE. The brilliant audience that gathered on Wednesday night for the first performance of *The Chieftain* evidently came full of expectation, and as evidently went away filled with satisfaction. Twenty-seven years ago, when they were boys together, B. and S. (that sounds friendly and refreshing) brought out an early version of the

opera which they called *The Contrabandista*. After the rehearsal of the new piece had gone forward for some weeks, ARTHUR SULLIVAN stumbled over this rather difficult word and sprained his ankle. Whereupon F. C. B., with characteristic promptitude and originality, changed the name to *The Chieftain*. That is the cill-boy's narrative of events. However it be, since the opera has been entirely re-written, enlarged and beautified, it was natural to bestow upon it a new title. On the first night *The Chieftain* stormed the passes to public favour, and appears likely to occupy them for some time. Nothing brighter in colour, fuller of life, more musical, more mirthful, has been seen at the Savoy since its palmiest days. Sir ARTHUR and Sir Author are perfectly mated, F. C. B. brimming over with genuine humour, and A. S. pre-eminently displaying his rare gift of expressing humour in musical notes. The cast is a very strong one, which is fortunate, seeing the appetite of the audience is insatiable, and only exceptional strength could meet the demand for encores. Where all excel it is difficult to



"Up in the morning early."

cal notes. The cast is a very strong one, which is fortunate, seeing the appetite of the audience is insatiable, and only exceptional strength could meet the demand for encores. Where all excel it is difficult to

particularise merit. But Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN and Mr. COURTICE POUNDS in the French duet, Mr. PASSMORE from first to last (especially in his Bolero dance, one of the funniest things for a long time seen on the operatic stage), Miss EMMIE OWEN in her graceful movements, and the sextet with its merry music and its laughing dance, are things to see and hear.

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS CRAMMED.

THE Oxford Board of Studies will conduct an examination in 1896 for the new Final School of English Language and Literature. The following preliminary paper is to be set:—

## ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Time allowed—18 months.

[Questions are to be answered either in Gothic or Icelandic, according to the taste and fancy of the candidate. The dates of the *visd voce* "Chatter about SHELLEY," and "Scandal about Queen ELIZABETH," will be announced shortly. Evening dress optional. Smoking and Bohemian Concert to follow. See Hand-bills.]

1. Write out the English Alphabet as inaccurately as possible; and distinguish between great A and the track of a duck.
2. Translate the following unheard-of passage from BEOWULF:—

Tuinchael . . . lytl . . .  
Havi onedr hwatuar  
Uppabuvye wereld sohi  
Lika . . . ynneye . . .

Supply the *lacune* in the text. Candidates may send in as many solutions as they please, provided each is accompanied with a shilling Postal Order. The total amount subscribed will be pooled among the winners, less ten per cent. for our commission.

3. Discuss the following:—

(a) When is a door not a negress?

(b) What is the difference between hearing recitation and being bored?

(c) Why is HALL CAINE like a tenpenny nail?

Any replies to the above will be most thankfully received, and paid for at our usual rates.

4. "There was a very foolish, fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward, dwelling at Liskeard,  
Who said, I am not in my perfect mind;  
It is just as I feared, in very sooth,  
For, to deal plainly, four larks and a hen,  
Two hooting owls, and one small wren to boot,  
Did each one lodge last night within my beard."

*King Lear*, Act IV., Sc. 6.

Hence show, by internal evidence, that EDWARD LEAR wrote BAKESPEARE.

5. State the various questions to the following answer:—  
"Because there's a 'b' in both."

6. Give the meaning, if any, to the subjoined flowers of speech:—*cheese your patter, perform the negative, a runcible cat, cow-chilo, do a drag, a pale paradox, going tommy-dodd, dead-hurk a crib, the hush of the corn, ferjunt rarm, the mome-raths outgrabe, and filling up the cup.*

7. Trace the origin of the following legends:—(a) The old lady who travelled twice round the Inner Circle Railway against her wish; (b) The conversation between TOOLE and St. Peter about HENRY IRVING; (c) The leading journalist whose nose cost him £3,000 to colour; and mention any other chestnuts you may know of.

8. Compose a leader in the *Times* style on Ballet-girls and their Little Ways; in *D. T.* phraseology on Quaternions; *à la Pink* 'Un on the Delights of Sunday School; and in the best *Guardian* manner in Defence of Prize-fighting.

9. Write down all you don't know about any mortal subject you are most ignorant of, provided it has nothing to do with the English language and literature.

"IN spite of all temptation," MARCUS WARD & Co. remain true Englishmen, and have had their dainty Christmas cards, and other delightful novelties, "not printed in Germany." The support of the loyal British shopper should be their re-Ward. But C. W. FAULKNER & Co. evidently think that a foreign name is more attractive, and have christened their new table-game "Malletino." It hardly requires a deep knowledge of Italian to discover that it is played with mallets, and is amusing. Their cards and calendars are quite "up to date"—at least the latter will be next year.

EXCEPTION.—Pleasant Christmas Bills: Bills of Fare.



## THE NEW HEROINE.

(A Scene from the Drama of To-morrow.)

Edwin. And do you really love me?

Angelina. With all my heart and soul; and yet—

Edwin. Yet what? ANGELINA, why do you look so strangely at me? There is something on your mind, something you have not the courage to tell me.

Angelina. EDWIN, I can hide nothing from you. Even though it should wreck both our lives, you have the right to know the truth.

Edwin. My own darling, what is in your heart?

Angelina. Can you bear to hear it? Don't look at me, or I shall not have the courage to say what must be said. EDWIN, I have never lived a disreputable life.

Edwin (burying his face in his hands). Great Heaven! and I believed in you so utterly. (Then rising, with a desperate effort to control his emotion.) Good-bye.

Angelina (falling on her knees, and clinging to him). Ah, no, you shall not go. Think of it, EDWIN, of the temptations to virtue that surrounded me, of the examples of simple girlhood that poisoned my youth. If I have lived a life of spotless innocence, remember, at least, that I knew no better. What else could I do? Brought up from earliest infancy by a mother of unblemished reputation?

Edwin (with a gesture of horror). Your mother, too? ANGELINA, our marriage is impossible.

Angelina. How hard you men are. Is your sex alone to have the monopoly of innocence? Must there always be one law for women and another for dramatic authors? Oh, it is cruel! cruel! But you will not leave me. Remember, I am still young: it is never too late to err. And is it because I am a woman that I am to be denied the chance of retrieving the innocence of a mis-spent youth by the indiscretions of a riper womanhood? Besides, are there not cases, cases known to us both where a wife has lived down the terrible reproach of a blameless girlhood? Why, even Mr. Jones's latest heroine, and there is nothing later than that, could not absolutely prove she had gone wrong, and yet her husband took her back! But you are so proud, so relentless. You have no pity in your heart.

Edwin. Believe me, it is not pride. For myself, I would gladly brave the censure of the world, and if in after years men should say in scorn he married her though there was nothing against her, I should still be happy, knowing I had your love. But my father, that dear old man in his quiet, country vicarage. Think of it? It is too horrible!

Angelina (with bowed head). You are right, I had forgotten your father.

Edwin. How could I ever look into that sweet, wrinkled face, and meet those reverend eyes, knowing that I was asking him to receive as a daughter one who had never even once strayed from the paths of virtue?

Angelina. I see it all now, good-bye.

Edwin. Good-bye.

Angelina (as he is going). EDWIN, come back.

Edwin. Ah! don't torture me, I can bear no more!

Angelina. But what if I were to tell you that this confession, so humiliating to us both, was but a ruse to test the strength of your devotion.

Edwin. Ah, don't raise a false hope within me, only to plunge me again in the abyss of despair.

Angelina. But this is no false hope.

Edwin (eagerly). What do you mean?

Angelina (burying her head on his shoulder). I mean that I have been no better than I should be.

Edwin (embracing her). My own true love, nothing can part us now.

Curtain.

## Crackers.

THE youthful but indiscriminating would-be smoker will find unending bliss in the joys of *Our Smoking-Room Concert*, his pleasure though commencing with a bang won't end in smoke. Feminine hearts who long for the sunny south will revel in the *Riviera Cosaque*. Both these are warranted to "go off," through the inventive genius of our "crack" G. SPAGNAPANE.

## THE TRUISMS OF LIFE.

(By the Right Hon. the Author of "The Platitudes of Life," M.P., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.)

CHAPTER II.—*De Quibusdam Aliis.*

"CLEANLINESS is next to Godliness"; so runs the witty aphorism; and modern bacteriologists "explain clearly the reason, and show why it is so,"<sup>1</sup> the italics not being in the original. The use of water is an effectual element in cleanliness. Men have been known to brush their teeth with it. Of soaps there are many; but water is practically one. "*Narra p'ei*," said THALES. And, again, "There is a tide in the affairs of men,"<sup>2</sup> as Lord BYRON put it, in confirmation of SHAKESPEARE's previous statement.

Fresh air contributes largely to the health. "*In aëre salus*," said the Romans; though some, for want of knowledge, have rendered this, "There is safety in flight"; and others, for want of the diæresis, have supposed it to mean, "Tip a policeman, and he will carry you over the crossing."

Yes, indeed, how wonderful is the air! Not only confined, as in aerated bread or waters, but in the open. By it we breathe and smell and sail on ships. Also the fields are full of buttercups. And then the weather! How much of true happiness depends on conversation, and how much of this on the weather! Yet "there is really no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather."<sup>3</sup> This true thought has often helped me in a London fog.

Again, the open air suggests games and railways. "Games are admirable."<sup>4</sup> Did not Lord NELSON rightly say that the battle of Trafalgar was "won in the playing-fields of Eton?" He referred of course to the floods. Railways take us about through the air. RUSKIN speaks of the advantage of increasing the "range of what we see," forgetting for the moment his views about locomotives.

Among other forms of recreation men reckon Art and meals and their wives' relations. I say nothing of the Drama, though the other day I came across the statement that "All the world's a stage."<sup>5</sup>

Another recreation is letter-writing. Lord CHESTERFIELD wrote letters. But be careful. If you have written a cruel letter, put a stamp on it, lest it come back upon your own head.

I have spoken of a man's wife's relations. This implies marriage. "The wise choice of female friends is . . . important."<sup>6</sup> "Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,"<sup>7</sup> as a writer lately put it, thinking, perhaps, of the Elizabethan skirt. There are risks in marriage. It is "for better for worse."<sup>8</sup> This distinction is well brought out in the two following passages—"And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this!"<sup>9</sup> and "Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state."<sup>10</sup>

One might throw out some thoughts on the question of selection, but, as a friend aptly and originally expressed himself to me—"Silence is golden"; and I remember to have read that "talking should be an exercise of the brain and not of the tongue."<sup>11</sup> Substitute "writing" for "talking," and "pen" for "tongue," and I really wonder why I have written all this. Can it be that I regard the reading public as "mostly fools"?<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lubbock. <sup>2</sup> Don Juan. <sup>3</sup> Ruskin. <sup>4</sup> Sir James Paget. <sup>5</sup> Shakspeare. <sup>6</sup> Lubbock. <sup>7</sup> Lubbock adapting Shakspeare. <sup>8</sup> Marriage service. <sup>9</sup> Tom Moore. <sup>10</sup> Peter Pindar. <sup>11</sup> Lubbock. <sup>12</sup> Carlyle.

## THE MAKING OF A MAN.

["Lord ROSEBERRY is not a man at all: he is a political Joint-Stock Company, Limited."]—Letter from Mr. Chamberlain in the "Times."

OH, CHAMBERLAIN, with joy I note the labour of the file  
In this delightful sample of your literary style.

I seem to see you trying it in half a hundred ways,  
Before your taste could settle on the perfect final phrase.

With just a little polish here, a slight erasure there,  
You got it into shape at last, and made your copy fair.

Lo, how its graceful suavity all meaner folk rebukes,  
In every little word I trace the influence of dukes;

The gallant style, the courtly thrust with controversial sword  
Of one—what need to tell his name?—who dearly loves a lord;

Who learnt amid our feudal halls the ancient courtesy  
That scorns to stoop to Billingsgate, or ape the bold bargee.

Serene and proud he follows still the good old maxim's plan,  
And by his manners proves himself to all the world a Man.

## Solution of Prize Conundrum given in our Last Week's Issue.

"How to make life happy by adding fifty-nine to the latter half of it."

The latter half of "*Life*" is "*fe*," isn't it?

Fifty-nine is "*LIX*," isn't it? Add this to *FE*, and the result is happy—"FELIX."

[\*\* The Conundrumist left the explanation and the country at the same time.—Ed.]



### THE FORCE OF HABIT.

*The Vicar's Daughter.* "OH, PAPA DEAR, DID YOU HEAR OLD MR. ROGERS SNORING IN HIS PEW THIS AFTERNOON?"  
*The Vicar.* "NO, MY LOVE. DURING THE SERMON, I SUPPOSE?"  
*The Vicar's Daughter.* "NO! THAT'S THE FUNNY PART OF IT!"

### "LYING LOW."

"[THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has preserved, with admirable composure, an oracular silence during the controversies of the past few weeks. It is sad to think that the despairing appeals of the Ministerial Press to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to 'remember his swashing blow' may remain unanswered until the opening of the debate on the Address some two months hence.]—*The Times.*]"

"Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn!  
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.  
 Where is the boy who looks after the sheep?  
 He's under the haycock, fast asleep (?)"  
*Old Nursery Rhyme.*

*Much worried Old Liberal Party loquatur:—*

O LITTLE Boy Blue!—('tis a sweet name for you,  
 Though Pickwickian, perhaps, in suggestiveness!)—  
 What are you a-doing? There's mischief a-brewing,  
 Our flocks appear troubled with restiveness!  
 Our cattle are straying. You ought to be playing  
 That horn with your old force and unction.  
 Of what are you thinking? In long forty-winking  
 Boy Blue seems forgetting his function!  
 You're not worth a button! That Forfarshire mutton  
 The Unionist meadow is munching in;  
 Our bonny Brigg cow, boy, now can't you see how, boy,  
 The Tory corn-field she is crunching in?  
 You are losing your sheep, like poor little Bo-Peep,  
 And still that old horn lies unblown, boy.  
 You're letting them roam, and they will not "come home  
 If you do nought but "let them alone," boy!  
 Still drowsing! Oh, drat it! Young PRIMROSE is at it  
 Without half your power of ballows.  
 And cynics are hinting that, while he is sprinting,  
 You're lazy—because you feel jealous.  
 Of course, that's all footle. Still, your rootle-tootle  
 Is wanted our courage to toughen.  
 'Twas never your habit, like artful Brer Rabbit,  
 Of old to "lie low and say nuffin!"  
 Your horn, like great ROLAND's, through high lands and low lands,  
 From Lincoln to Scotland, should blare up.

We need its loud rallies, or our Roncesvallès  
 Will come,—when there *will* be a flare-up!  
 'Tis surely not rifted? When ROLAND uplifted  
 His Olifant, everyone heard it  
 For thirty miles round. So your sheep-horn should sound,  
 And too long, my Boy Blue, you've deferred it.

Their noses foes may cock, whilst under that haycock  
 At Malwood at ease you're reclining.  
 Poor PRIMROSE, our shepherd, is getting will peppered,  
 The flock for your rally are pining.  
 You are only Boy Blue, not the shepherd? That's true;  
 Still, horn-blowing boys have their duty.  
 Wake up, and wake *now*, Sir, and give us a rouser.  
 Your best blast, we know, is a beauty!

Our fold's getting thinnish, our flocks fast diminish,  
 Our milch-cows are sickening or straying.  
 Up! back up the *pastor*, or there'll be disaster.  
 The enemy's sheep-horns are braying;  
 They're "calling the cattle home." Rouse, with a rattle-home!  
 Asleep? Well, perhaps you're "purtending!"  
 But though one may easily play up *too* weaselly,  
 Sheep *do* demand watchful tending.

### TO A LADY.

*(Born so late in the Year, that she nearly missed having a Birthday altogether.)*

ACCEPT, dear girl, the season's compliments  
 For Christmas and the twenty-ninth December,  
 Your birthday—most auspicious of events—  
 Is also Mr. GLADSTONE's, you remember.!

Yours *was* a close shave, but I'm bound to say  
 That February the twenty-ninth far worse is,  
 And worst of all, to come on All Fools' Day,  
 Like BISMARCK—or the writer of these verses!

THE REAL SCHOOL-BOARD.—Its Pupils.



“LYING LOW.”

“LITTLE BOY BLUE, COME BLOW UP YOUR HORN  
THE SHEEP’S IN THE MEADOW, THE COW’S IN THE CORN.”

WHERE IS THE BOY WHO LOOKS AFTER THE SHEEP?  
HE’S UNDER THE HAYCOCK, *FAST ASLEEP (?)*”





## THE GENIAL SEASON.

*Hungry-looking Acquaintance (with eye to invitation). "SO GLAD TO SEE YOU ENJOYING YOURSELF!"*  
*Fat Chap (evidently doing well). "WRONG AGAIN, OLD MAN. I'M ENJOYING MY DINNER!"*

**"THREE CHEERS FOR THE EMPEROR."**

*(Recommended for translation and use in the German Reichstag.)*

For he's a jolly good fellow,  
 And so say all of us.  
 But "hochs" at all seasons to  
 bellow  
 Is sycophant folly and fuss.  
 With a hip, hip, hip hooray,  
 For that capital fellow, our  
 Kaiser!  
 If he'll let our cheers come in  
 spontaneous way  
 As loyal we'll be, and he wiser.

**"COPY."**

SOME call the world a vale of tears,  
 And some a haunt of bliss—  
 "Copy" the world to me appears,  
 And all that therein is.

I loved, I hated, and desired,  
 Despaired, like other men—  
 And "copy" thus I have acquired,  
 Which still informs my pen.

Now, all the scenes whereon I look,  
 All human joy and woe,  
 Spontaneously as a book  
 Into fresh "copy" flow.

There is no pang too terrible,  
 No rapture too sublime,  
 To furnish forth an article  
 Or to suggest a rhyme.

I'd like a little while to break  
 My fetters lucrative,  
 To love again for Love's own sake,  
 For Life's own sake, to live.

To look upon the stars again  
 With no ulterior view.  
 Oh, aspiration wild and vain!  
 But—it is "copy," too!

**"ONE MAN ONE JOB."**

*A Christmassy Story for the Members of the L. C. C.*

MR. BLANK THREESTARS was an eminent member of the London County Council, and had distinguished himself as a supporter of the cry, "One Man One Job." In his opinion a workman should stick to his work, and try no other. If he were a bricklayer, he should lay bricks; if he were a painter, he should daub doors with colour.

"We don't want one man interfering with another man's business," said Mr. BLANK THREESTARS. "Let the shoemaker stick to his last."

And this declaration of policy made him extremely popular in his own set. He was considered a sound reformer. "Sound" in more senses than one, as he happened to be particularly partial to the tones of his own voice.

One day about Christmas time, when the holly and mistletoe were much in evidence, Mr. BLANK THREESTARS happened to be reading the reports of his own speeches at Spring Gardens, and unconsciously closed his eyes. When he reopened them, he found a gentleman in a black costume, who invited him to give his opinion on things in general and the London County Council in particular. Rather pleased to be asked to air his eloquence, Mr. BLANK THREESTARS readily complied with the obliging request. He talked long and well, and the gentleman in black seemed never weary of listening to him. When he paused for a moment his attentive visitor put a question to him which "set him off" again. And this was repeated quite a score of times. At length, however, the orator became exhausted.

"Why do you cease speaking?" asked the gentleman in black rather impatiently.

"Because I am very tired," was the reply; "and now, with your permission, I will go for a turn on my bicycle."

"Not at all. Your job is to speak, and I cannot let you do anything else. So please continue your interesting remarks. What do you think of the report upon the City of London?"

Poor BLANK THREESTARS attempted to give his views on the subject, but broke down. He was extremely exhausted; but the gentleman in black kept him going. He insisted upon being answered

this, and answered that, until the eminent Member of the London County Council became almost senseless with fatigue. He closed his eyes once more, and when he reopened them, found that his own servant was standing by his side.

"Going to Spring Gardens, Sir?" asked the faithful adherent. "If you are it is time to be off."

"No," returned Mr. BLANK THREESTARS; "never again. I shall resign. I have had enough talking to last me a lifetime."

From that moment BLANK THREESTARS became a changed character. He goes in for all sorts of hard work—wood-cutting, cricket, football, and golfing—but he never approaches the L. C. C. In fact, he has only mentioned Spring Gardens once since his conversion, and then only to link with its name an expression usually represented by the fourth capital letter of the alphabet. And with this declaration his story must come to an end, as he declines to utter another syllable in explanation.

**QUEER QUERIES.**

**FUTURE OF AFRICA.**—Having read in the papers that Mr. JOHNSTON, our Commissioner in Central Africa, advocates the colonising of that country by "the yellow races," I write to ask if it would be of any use for me to apply? As I have now suffered from chronic jaundice for sixteen years, complicated with intermittent attacks of bilious fever, and, as my skin is usually of a bright orange, I think that I should fulfil Mr. JOHNSTON's requirements down to the ground. Some of my friends urge me not to go because they are sure the swampiness of the country would carry me off; but Africa can hardly be much swamper than Lower Tottenham has been during the past autumn, and, personally, anything that would really "carry me off" from the latter place I should welcome as a blessed change. Perhaps some reader, with more knowledge of Africa than I possess, could inform me whether there would be much danger of my yellow complexion, in case of my having a fit of the blues out there, being converted into green? Would Mr. JOHNSTON in that case regard me as a sort of colourable fraud, and ship me back home?

WOULD-BE PIONEER.



### THE PERILS OF A JESTING PREMIER.

WHEN Premiers try to joke  
(As they will like other folk)  
They should really have a care  
That their meaning be quite plain  
E'en to Brummagem's slow brain,  
Or it really isn't fair.

For you see a Goodman Dull  
The jest's flower may not cull,  
And he'll send a queer epistle  
To the *Times* which shows him  
crunching  
Gentle irony, and munching  
Like a donkey at a thistle.

The ironical's a trap  
For your solid sort of chap,  
*Au grand sérieux* he'll take it,  
Your elusive little joke,  
And, like terrier or moke,  
Dig his teeth in it and shake it.

Men will then look on and mock,  
And the spectacle's a shock  
To our Commonwealth's stability,  
For it shows how little wit  
Goes to governing us and it.  
E'en in "statesmen of ability."

It's so dangerous to be funny!  
Men may make hardware, and  
money,  
Aye, and even a career,  
Who yet cannot make—or take—  
A good joke. They're wide awake,  
Save to wit, though in a peer.

Therefore, PRIMROSE, do not jest!  
It comes badly, at the best,  
From a man at the State's tiller.  
The ironical reject  
Above all, and recollect  
Every JOE is not a MILLER!

SEASONABLE REFLECTION.—To look  
at *Holly Leaves*—at its glowing red  
appearance—is "quite a little holly-  
day!" The inside quite up to the  
out.



### CARTE BLANCHE!

"YOU WON'T MIND MY PUTTING YOU INTO MY NEW NOVEL,  
O'FLAHERTY!"  
"ME DEAR FELLOW, YE'RE WELCOME TO PUT ANYTHING  
ABOUT ME YE LOIKE—PROVIDIN' IT ISN'T THRU!"

### CURIOS FOR THE CRICKETERS' EXHIBITION.

MR. BLOCKER'S Bat, which he  
carried through a whole season  
without scoring once off it.

A Ball which was "muffed"  
eleven times in one innings.

"Pair of Spectacles" (unclaimed)  
found on a cricket-ground.

Fine Sitting of "Duck's-eggs"  
(exhibitor's name not mentioned),  
and sample of "Butter" used in  
preparing owner's fingers for "a  
great catch."

"The Catch of the Season."  
Taken by Instantaneous Photo-  
graphy. (Twenty-seven of these  
snap-shots—all different.)

Model (on enlarged scale) of the  
"Mountain-molehill" between  
wickets, after an hour's patting  
down by a fidgety batsman. (Photo-  
graph of this, life-size, may be had  
on a slide for microscopic study.)

Instantaneous Photograph picked  
up at the Oval. (It is not known  
whether this represents an epileptic  
octopus, or the crack fast-bowler,  
SPINDLEWHIZ, "delivering" a ball.)

Fragments and Splinters. (Sup-  
posed to be the gathered remains of  
wicket, after being "scattered" by  
one of BUSTER'S lightning-expresses.)

Diagrams. (Supposed at one time  
to be "kodak" of a lightning-flash,  
but discovered to represent the course  
of a "misfielded" ball between  
leaving bowler's hand and returning  
thereto.)

"The Ball which Bowled Boko."  
(Descriptions of—Thirteen in num-  
ber, unique, varied, interesting, but  
unintelligible, selected from the un-  
fortunate, and resentful, victim on  
thirteen several occasions when he  
was "just explaining how he was  
unlucky enough to be given out first  
ball in the Big Match.")

Portrait of Umpire. (After read-  
ing the above thirteen authentic and  
unimpeachable, but irreconcilable,  
explanations.)

### BALLADE TO ORDER.

If you're ever in want of a subject for verse—  
(Which I venture to say you may very well be)—  
When you're strongly disposed to indulge in a curse,  
Like a golfer enraged at an afternoon tee,  
Then take my advice. When you're badly at sea,

Just ask some fair lady to help you  
to settle

Your subject. Here's one which  
was given to me—

*How long would a bat keep alive in a  
kettle?*

How long would it be, ere it felt  
getting worse,  
And seriously thought it must give  
up the G

(Where G is the ghost), and how soon  
would a hearse

Be required for the poor little corpse.  
Or with glee

Would the sprightly small animal  
gaily make free,

And kick up its heels in the finest of fettle,  
Considering it all as a wonderful spree—  
*How long would a bat keep alive in a kettle?*

Now it wouldn't be truthful to say that my purse  
Has a superabundance of £, s., or d.,



Yet I don't mind confessing I'd gladly disburse  
All I have got to know who it was—he or she—  
Who fooled the poor bat to so great a degree.  
But it's really high time to take hold of the nettle  
And end this ballade (you must spell with an e)—  
*How long would a bat keep alive in a kettle?*

### L'Envoi.

Fair Lady, I own that I felt up a tree,  
At the thought of the subject. But, put on one's mettle,  
It can be done somehow—your thanks are my fee—  
*How long would a bat keep alive in a kettle?*

### FIZZ AND FUSS.

ONCE more America "takes the cake" for grotesque absurdity.  
MR. JAMES PAYN tells us the teetotal folks there are shocked at the  
idea of christening ships with champagne! Well, perhaps it is a  
waste of good liquor. "The rosy" in any form must surely be as  
completely "thrown away" on the hull of an ironclad as titillation on a  
turtle's back or (as SIDNEY SMITH put it) the dome of St. Paul's.  
The total abstainer, it seems, "on the occasion of baptising a new  
liner," sent the President (who was to perform the ceremony) "a  
bottle of water as a substitute." The Irishman supplied with  
whiskey to clean windows with drank the liquor and *breathed on the  
glass!* Perhaps the President may see his way to taking a leaf out  
of PADDY'S book. Let him drink the fizz (if it is good enough) and  
"blow the water-drinkers!" Foolish fanatics! They surely forget  
that for every bottle of "the boy" bestowed on an insensible, unap-  
preciative ship, there is one less left to "gladden the heart of man."

THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.<sup>1</sup>

## VII.—THE REAL THING.

THE poll is over, and the Parish Council for Mudford is at last a *fait accompli*—or almost so. Yet, before I come to relate the story of the polling, there are one or two matters which, as a conscientious historian, I think I should not be justified in omitting.

As I ought to have mentioned before, I did not think it necessary or expedient in my candidature to hold any public meetings. Speaking broadly, I declared to win with Miss PHILL BURTT on *Canvassing*. It was far otherwise with some of my fellow-candidates. BLACK BOB and his mates (HARRY JORKINS and WILLIAM BROWN) got down from town a young glib-spoken fellow, who made a magnificent speech, with a Gladstone peroration, that was supposed to be worth any number of votes. BLACK BOB (I am told), in proposing a vote of thanks to him, somewhat cruelly called him "a cool, honest and straightforward lecturer." One of these briefless barristers, no doubt. Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT and Mrs. ARBLE MARCH held a joint meeting (not to be confounded with a meat tea) in support of women candidates, addressed by six enthusiastic ladies who pointed out the various fields of energy provided for woman by this new Engine of Reform. The vicar, the squire, and I, alone out of the eight, contented ourselves with no perverid platform appeals.

I should also state that, as the poll grew nearer, my wife became increasingly confident that I should be beaten—"and that, TIMOTHY," she added, "you won't like." I pointed out (and I still think it was a natural thing to do in the circumstances) that the most formidable obstacle in the way of my succeeding was the apparent lack of interest taken in the affair by my family. This made MARIA perfectly furious. I needn't imagine I should bounce her into it that way; truth to tell, I never for one moment did think so. She would go away and stay at our town house with the girls till the whole affair was over—which she did. So, uncheered by wifely counsel or daughterly devotion, I sallied forth on the morning of the 17th to my Committee Rooms, thence to carry on the last stage of this great contest. I plume myself upon the excellence of my arrangements. Everywhere you were bidden (that is you would have been if you had been at Mudford) to "Vote for WINKINS, the Local Candidate." I am free to admit that there was nothing distinctive in this description of myself. We were all local candidates, since we all lived in the village itself. But this appeal to "local" feeling is always an excellent card to play. I know in my own case that I secured five votes at least from men who at the last General Election had voted for our sitting Member because he was the "local candidate." Then I got some boys to carry round a Big Loaf and a Little Loaf, adorned with suitable placards, inciting persons, men and women, married and single, to vote for me. I did this because I never knew of an election yet in which the loaves did not play a prominent part. I was determined to leave no electoral device—legitimate electoral device, of course, I mean—untried.

Except for the masterly precision and perfection of my arrangements, the polling presented few incidents. There were the usual number of people who did not find their names on the register, and who were consequently turned away sorrowing. (By the way, is "and who" right? I am never sure.) Equally, of course, there were some idiots who would put off voting till it was too late, and found themselves shut out by one minute.



## CAUTIOUS.

Visitor (at out-of-the-way Inn in the North). "DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SALMON-POACHING IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD?"

Landlady (whose son is not above suspicion). "EH—NO, SIR. MAYBE IT'S A NEW STYLE OF COOKING AS WE HAVEN'T HEARD OF IN THESE PARTS, AS YOU SEE, SIR, WE ONLY DO OUR EGGS THAT WAY; AND"—(brightening up)—"IF YOU LIKE 'EM, I CAN GET YOU A DISH AT ONCE!"

At nine the poll closed: and the counting immediately commenced. I did not feel equal to the strain of being present, and was represented by Miss PHILL BURTT. I waited at the house in grim suspense. Suddenly—I heard wild cheering. Then a minute later Miss PHILL dashed up waving a paper excitedly and shouting, "Hurrah! Top of the poll." And so it proved to be. I, who had been last, was actually now first. Here are the figures:—

TIMOTHY WINKINS, J.P. . . . .	219
G. TRAVIS-MERTON (the Squire) . . . . .	203
ROBERT HEDGER (BLACK BOB) . . . . .	203
HARRY JORKINS . . . . .	195
WILLIAM BROWN . . . . .	189
HENRY SANDFORD (the Vicar) . . . . .	172
Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT . . . . .	153
Mrs. ARBLE MARCH . . . . .	153

Tie

I had hardly grasped the significance of these figures when the crowd surged up over the lawn. In a few brief, heartfelt words I thanked them. The greatest moment of my life—should never forget this kind appreciation on the part of those amongst whom I had lived, and amidst whom I hoped to die—wished them all a merry Christmas and good night. And so—they went—home.

The most curious point remains to be noticed. Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT and Mrs. ARBLE MARCH tied for the last place. The Returning Officer declined to give a casting vote. Our Parish Council is to consist of seven Members. The first six are easy enough to find out. The latest Mudford puzzle is—Find the seventh.

I had nearly forgotten to add that my wife (who comes home to-morrow) has written to say she hopes I'm satisfied now. Well, I am.

## A YULE GRETYNGE.

FOR vov and for noon other, ladye dere,  
At this ful jolyf sesoun of the year



Now wol I truste, ne thynkyng naught  
of cost,  
This litel yefte to yon rede pilere post;  
Ryghte wel ystampen sikerly, I trowe,  
Anon myn yefte schal come to noon but  
yow.  
Ne golde han I to yeve, ne pretious gere,  
But floures that ben ful rare (this tyme  
of yer).  
Ne yelwe astere, late ycome to toun,  
Ne yet (God wot) a grene carnacioun,  
But tak al fressche from Convent Gardyn  
plot  
Myn flour, and eek prayere, "For yete-  
me-not."  
With feste and merie chere and moche  
solas  
Some wol this jolyf sesoun yeve us grace;  
So mote ye spende, whanne that bels  
swete chyme

At yule, in sothe a veray parfait tyme.  
"At Cristemasse merie may ye dance,"  
And in the Newe Yeer han gret plesance:  
So fare now wel, myn hertes queene; I praie  
R.S.V.P.—Ther nys no more to saye!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A BARONITE warns me thusly: In opening *The New Standard Elocutionist*, selected by ALFRED H. MILES (HUTCHINSON & Co.), you may think there is a mistake somewhere, as on the first page you are confronted with an anatomical sketch of a cheerful-looking gentleman with his chest laid open for inspection. Don't be afraid, it's all right, the gentleman's countenance is reassuring, still, it makes me wonder if all reciters come to that. But after reading a little of LENNOX BROWN's chapter, we find it is an object lesson teaching the usually inflated reciter how to work his diaphragm as it should be worked. Perhaps its advantages may be felt when the elocutionist wishes to rouse an admiring but slumbering audience with a little thundering out of "Rise! sleep no more." If the average recitation has a soporific effect, PHIL MAY's drawings in *Fun, Frolic and Fancy*, by BYRON WEBBER will soon wake you up. The annual of three F's quite fulfils the "promise of May."

Though *Kitty Alone*, by S. BARING GOULD, runs through *Good Words* this year, edited by DONALD MACLEOD, D.D., she does it surrounded by excellent company. Just imagine how a child's preconceived notions of euphonious spelling will be upset by teaching *Artful Anticks* spelt with a *k*, by OLIVE HERFORD (GAY AND BIRD). Such a frivolous liberty to take with any word in these days of solid moral educational principles.

There always exists a certain sneaking friendly feeling for ghosts, especially at Christmas time, but it's nothing to the Paddies who experience a hurtful resentment if you won't listen to their familiar banshee yarns, and *Banshee Castle*, by ROSA MULHOLLAND is full of their sighing and wailing; they like to make themselves heard.

*A propos* of Christmas numbers, my Baronitess writes: *The Queen* and *The Gentlewoman* present themselves beautifully "got up." They are both decidedly smart, and, like their titles, their stories are by a very select company. By-the-bye, in *The Gentlewoman* the little bird says that her New Year will open with an exciting serial, *Sons of Fire*, from the indefatigable pen of Miss BRADDON. There is a hearty, warm sound in it, agreeable at this time of the year.

According to the researching remarks of JOSEPH JACOBS, who has arranged a new and selected edition of *Æsop's Fables* (MACMILLAN & Co.), one gathers that the "modest violet" is not in it with the retiring manner in which every other writer of fable have hidden their worth under the sheltering leaves of the ever green laurels of Old ÆSOP. Their number might be termed fabulous. But SHERLOCK HOLMES has not lived in vain. With unerring instinct the true mythical authors have been tracked, and their deeds brought to light. The immortal genius may at last enjoy his own wealth, which he finds fits better now that it has not to be stretched. Quaint little pictures, done by RICHARD HEIGHWAY, adorn the pages.

"A pretty volume of fairy tales," writes one of the Assistant Readers, "comes from Messrs. SEELEY & Co. It is called *Lily and the Lift*, and is not only written, but also illustrated, by Mrs. HERBERT RAILTON. *Lily* herself, the little heroine, who is wafted in the magic hotel-lift through the regions of Fairyland, is a darling. Beautiful butterflies, wonderful birds, quaint dwarfs, and

lovely fairies abound in the marvellous country visited by *Lily*. Mrs. RAILTON writes with delightful fancy and quiet humour, and her illustrations add a great charm to a book which is bound to please the little ones for whom it is intended."

In *Furthest Ind* (BLACKWOOD) purports to be the narrative of Mr. EDWARD CARLYON, of the Honourable East India Company's service, comprising his escape from the hands of the Inquisition at Goa, his journey to the Court of the Great Mogul, and much else. It all took place some two hundred years ago, and was "wrote by his own hand in the Year of Grace 1697." As for Mr. SYDNEY C. GREER, he simply "edits the narrative with a few explanatory notes," which is very modest of him. The narrative is a moving one, full of local colour, plastered on pictures of the outskirts of India in John Company's day. Mr. EDWARD CARLYON is a properly pragmatical person, with true British obstinacy knocking his head against any wall that comes in his way. He makes my Baronite almost think kindly of the Inquisition. And this is genial at Christmas time, when we like to think well of everybody, "and so bless us all, Pen-and-Inkysition included," quoth TINY TIM, alias



THE GAY BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## A SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF UNG.

(A FABLE FOR THOSE WHO RESENT CRITICISM.)

In continuation (with apologies) of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's clever "Story of Ung," in the December Number of "The Idler."

Now UNG grew exceeding bumptious along of his scribings on bone;  
And he swore that no one could judge them save only the scribe alone;  
And he cocked his nose at the critics (save such as effusively praised),  
And he prated of "Art for Art's sake," till the tribesmen imagined him crazed.

And UNG grew exceeding abusive, and proudly "uplifted his horn,"  
With an Oscar Wildeish swagger, with a more than Whistlerian scorn.  
He kicked with the wrath of a KIPLING at "the dull-brained bourgeois lot,"  
(Though he put it in different lingo, for *this* Billingsgate then was not.)

But the prehistoric for "Philistine!" fell from his scorn-curl'd lips,  
And he lashed the non-artistic with words which would cut like whips.  
And the non-artistic tribesmen they cried "he is right, this UNG,  
Though we doubt if the sabre-tooth tiger has got such a rasping tongue:

"But there's truth in his 'Art for Art's Sake,' and Art for him shall suffice."  
So they shut him up, with his bones and his tools, in a cave of ice.  
No new-cut tongues if the bison, no pelts of the reindeer there,  
But only cold snow for cover, and only bare bones for fare.

For they said, "We are nowise worthy, we hunting and trapping fools,  
To judge of his fine bone-scribings, and the way he uses his tools,  
Only an artist can judge of an artist's work, and he  
Is our only maker of pictures, our only man who can see.

"So he must be artist and critic and purchaser all in one!"  
And UNG admitt'd their logic, but he did not see the fun.  
He cried "I am cold and hungry!" Then they said, "O picture-man,  
Art for Art's sake is your motto; then live on your Art—if you can!"

And UNG essayed to do so—by gnawing his graven bones,  
But he did not find them nourish, and he begged in humbled tones  
For a lump of stranded whale-meat, succulent, fat and hot;  
In return for which, if they cared for his bones, they might take the lot!

So they let UNG out of the ice-cave upon these liberal terms,  
And cured the fool of regarding his fellow-mortals as worms.  
And whenever ye hear Art crackpots a-wagging an insolent tongue,  
Why then—in the words of RUDYARD—heed ye the "Story of Ung!"

## THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

(Founded upon the Farce of Christmas Cards.)

SCENE—A London Drawing Room. PATERFAMILIAS discovered reading a paper, and MATERFAMILIAS superintending the despatch of a number of cards.

Mater. (in a tone of irritation). I really think, JOHN, that, considering you have nothing earthly to do this afternoon, you might come and help me.

Pater. You have said that twice before, my dear. Don't you see I am enjoying myself?

Mater. So like you! As if you couldn't give up that stupid paper—you declare there's no news in it—and do me a favour!

Pater. (putting down his paper). Well, anything for a quiet life! What is it?

Mater. I am sending a card to Mrs. BROWN.

Pater. (taking up his paper again). Send it.

Mater. My dear JOHN, do attend. I want to know what I shall put into the envelope.

Pater. (giving up paper, and examining Christmas Cards with some vague show of interest). Oh, well—here. (Casually picking up a picture of a country churchyard by moonlight). Won't this be the sort of thing?

Mater. (shocked). How can you, John! Don't you know that Mrs. Brown lost her husband only a year ago?

Pater. Then why are you wishing her "A Merry Christmas"?

Mater. Well, you see she has married again, and so I thought of sending her something with "A Happy New Year" in it.

Pater. (taking up a card showing an owl in an ivy bush). Why not this?



Justified Keeper (who has just beaten up a brace or so of Pheasants, which young Snookson has missed "clane and clever"—to dog, which has been "going seek" and "going find" from force of habit). "AH, RUBY, RUBY, BAD DOG! T'HEEL, RUBY, T'HEEL! AH MUUST APOLOGISE FOR RUBY, SIR. YOU SEE, RUBY'S BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO PICK 'EM UP!"

Mater. Well that would be better, but then she might think that the owl was intended for a sneer at her second husband. And then I always like to keep the happy new year cards till Christmas is over, as you can send them afterwards to the people who have remembered you when you have forgotten them.

Pater. But you wouldn't have "A Merry Christmas," and now you object to "A Happy New Year." What do you want?

Mater. Can't you get something impersonal?

Pater. (taking up card). Well, here's a yacht in full sail.

Mater. Oh, how cruel! It will remind her of her cousin who was lost at sea!

Pater. (selecting another sketch). Then why not this bouquet of flowers?

Mater. Not for worlds! One never knows what the flowers may mean, and we might offend her.

Pater. (trying again). Well, here is a windmill.

Mater. My dear John, you are absolutely provoking. A windmill is suggestive of frivolity, and I wouldn't let Mrs. Brown think that we meant that on any account.

Pater. (making another selection). Well, here's a parrot in a cage.

Mater. You surely are not serious? Fancy sending such a card! Why, as everyone knows that dear Mrs. Brown is rather talkative, all the world would say it was an "insult."

Pater. (losing patience). Oh, hang Mrs. BROWN!

Mater. I am ashamed of you, JOHN! And I suppose you would hang the cards, too! You would curse "Merry Christmas."

Pater. (promptly). That I would, and what is more, I would—well never mind—the glad New Year!

[Scene closing in upon an antiseasonable squabble.]

## THREE CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

BEFORE the fireside's ruddy glow  
I sit, and let my thoughts fly free;  
Lo, these my Christmas greetings go  
To three good friends beyond the sea.  
Vain is the winter tempest's wrack,  
It cannot keep my greetings back.

Oh wind and rain, and rain and wind,  
How purposeless and blind ye are,  
Like fate, for fate was surely blind  
That bade my three friends range afar.  
Like mine, perchance, their fancy strays  
To other scenes and distant days.

Dear FRANK, I think I see you now,  
My flaxen-haired American,  
Brave heart, grey eye, unclouded brow,  
Two stalwart vards of wilful man,  
How oft in laughter and in song  
With you I sped the hours along.

Ah me, the days were all too short,  
Too swift the unreturning hours  
In that old town of Hall and court,  
Of ancient gateways flanked with towers,  
Where once we feared the near exam.,  
And dared the dons, and stirred the Cam.

You went, and now expound the law  
(As Bumble said, the law's a hass)

And argue, as I note with awe,  
For litigants in Boston, Mass.;  
And, though you wear no warlike suit,  
They call you "General" to boot.

And, FRED, how fares it now with you  
In that drear country of the North?  
Too great your needs, your means too few,  
A whim of temper drove you forth.  
On far Vancouver's shore, alone  
You hear the sad Pacific moan.

With us, God wot, you little thrive;  
Your life all fire, and storm, and fret,  
Against relentless fate you strove,  
But strove in vain—and yet, and yet  
God shapes in storm and fire his plan,  
And moulds a world or makes a man.

Good luck be yours on that bleak shore,  
Some fortunate, some golden prize;  
Then be it mine to see once more  
Those friendly, lustrous, Irish eyes.  
Return and face with us your fate,  
The world is small and England great.

You shall return and fill your place,  
But never shall I clasp his hand,  
Whose bright and smiling boyish face  
Makes sunshine in the shadowland.  
Yet shall the night my heart beguile,  
And let me dream I see him smile.

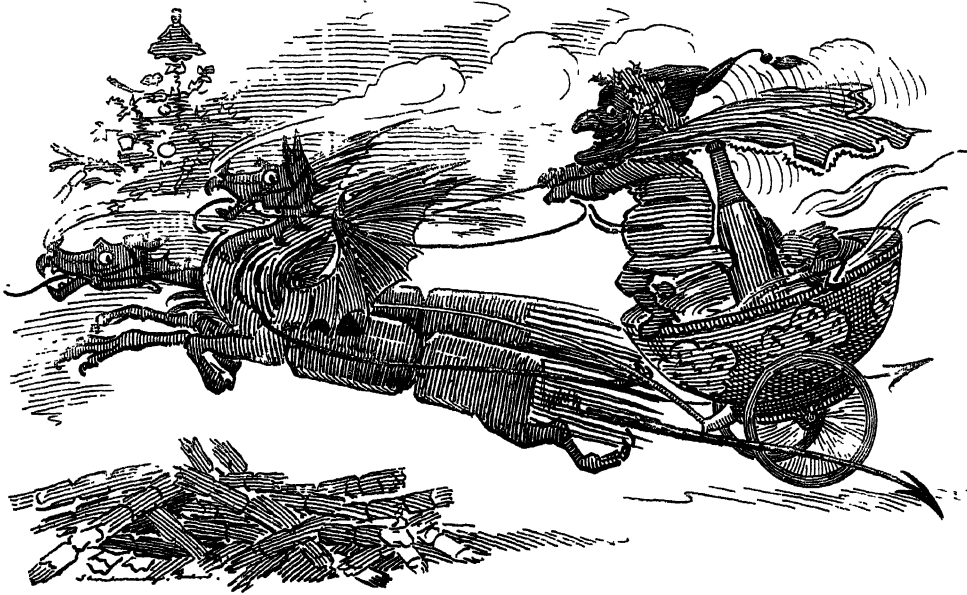
Your voice I may not hear again,  
Oh dear and unforgetten friend,  
Beloved, but ah! beloved in vain,  
Whom love could mourn, but not defend.  
Still take, though far and lost you dwell,  
My love, dear HUGH, and so farewell.

And thus before the fireside's glow  
I sit and let my thoughts fly free;  
Lo, these my Christmas greetings go  
To three good friends beyond the sea;  
To FRANK, to FRED, and ah, to you,  
Beloved, irrevocable HUGH.

## MR. PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS BOXES.

To Japan.—A piece of china.  
To China.—A jappanned hot-water can.  
To Russia.—A slice of turkey.  
To Turkey.—A russia bag.  
To the French Republic.—A napoleon or a louis.  
To Hawaii.—A sovereign.  
To the King of Spain.—Half a sovereign.  
To Don Carlos.—A crown.  
To King Milan.—Half a crown.  
To the German Emperor.—A few notes,  
and a good mark (for attention to harmony).  
To Mr. Labouchere.—An antique noble.

"SOUND CRITICS."—Musical ones.



## A CHRISTMAS IDYLL.

THE SNAPDRAGON GALOP.

## A DOG ON HIS DAY.

*(A Piteful Epistle from Pongo to Mr. Punch at Christmastide.)*

EVERY dog has his day—so they say,—

And mine it seems comes round once a year,  
When all the painter fellows mix their blacks and browns and yellows,

And paint me, in some attitude that's queer,  
And unnatural, and silly; spilling milk or supping skilly;  
With a bonnet or a bib on, or tied up in bows of ribbon!  
Oh, the Dogs' "Decline and Fall" might inspire a doggish Gibbon!  
And they make me most unhappy, and my temper sharp and snappy,

Do these pictures poor and pappy. I'm a decent doggish chappie,  
But in gaudy Christmas Numbers, watching o'er the sloppy slumbers

Of a baby pink and podgy; or squatting scared and stodgy,  
Like a noodle of a poodle—oh! its really wretched foodle!—

At a beetle or a frog staring wildly, in a fog,  
Or lapping baby's custard, or refusing baby's mustard,  
Or dress'd up like a guy, or winking t'other eye,  
In a gown, trimmed with down, like a clown,

Or coquetting with a cat,  
Or chasing that old rat

Down that everlasting hole in the stable! On my soul,  
A dog as is a dog, and not a duffer,  
When the Yuletide pictures come is bound to suffer  
Endless agonies of shame at the loss of his good name  
As the sonsie friend of man, and a watchful guar-di-an,

Not an adjunct of the nursery!

At this happy anniversary

*(Mr. Punch)*

I could cr-r-r-runch!

The daubers who malign me, and such stupid rôles assign me.

*Why, it's worse than hydrophoby!!!*

*Mr. Punch,* do turn on Toby,

As our champion canine to request each painter chap  
To turn off the old stale tap of the porridge and the pap, and the  
baby in the cap, or the kid (who needs a slap) and the pug (not  
worth a rap) in an apoplectic nap, the toy-terrier on the snap, or  
a-sniffing at a trap, or essaying milk to lap, like a small pot-  
bellied Jap; and all the old clap-trap

Which makes a decent doggy in sheer desperation say  
That he'd rather be a kitten with a ball and string to play,  
Or live on clockwork rats, or make breakfast on chopped hay,  
Or be smeared all o'er with mustard like a cold beef sandwich,—Aye!  
Or—*whisper!*—Bite a Baby!—on the nose!! in nursery play!!!  
Better dare renewed distemper than another Christmas Day!!  
For unless I have your promise—and dear Toby's—I much fear  
I must spend a pappy Christmas and a yappy New Year!

## TO PHILADELPHIA.

*To Resolve his Doubt.*

I HAVE no passion to bestow,  
My heart no more can beat  
Like the caged bird that to and fro  
Flutters your hand to greet.

In a sad peace no raptures stir  
My twilight years have set,  
Embalming but in bitter myrrh  
All I cannot forget.

When hope's dead, and sweet desire  
And love's brief April rains,  
Only the spirit to inquire  
Unconquered still remains.

'Tis that that bows my soul;  
although  
I'm prostrate at your feet,  
Only because I want to know—  
That's why I ask you, sweet!

SUGGESTED TITLE.—GEORGE NEWNES brings out *Zigzags at the Zoo*, writ by MORRISON and drawn most humorously by the Gentle SHEPHERD. A good title would have been *Fore-Newnes at the Zoo*.

## AN AFTERPART À LA L. C. C.

As the L. C. C. have taken in hand the morals of the music halls, and shown an inclination to supersede the Lord Chamberlain, it may be as well to publish a rough sketch of a specimen scene from the afterpart of a pantomime for the guidance of theatrical managers desirous of standing well with the successors to the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The "opening" would, of course, be written by "a serious bard with a mission." No doubt the story would be told in a manner most productive to the manufacture of prigs. The transformation over, Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine would be discovered in a group.

*Clown (in the conventional tone).* Here we are again!

*Bumble (representing the L. C. C.).* Scarcely. Allow me to point out that in future you will be entirely different.

*Clown (as before).* Come along, old 'un; let's make a butter slide.

*Bumble.* You must permit me to interpose. The Council cannot recognise any practical joke of the kind. If you wish to have the same sort of fun, pull up the streets in the most frequented thoroughfares in the metropolis—the Strand and Fleet Street for choice.

*Clown (as before).* Oh, here's a baby! Let's smash it!

*Bumble.* Please accept my advice. The Council do not object to the keeping down of babies in the abstract. But personal violence is contrary to the law. If you really wish to decrease the surplus population, why not work it to death at a board-school? It may be a slower process than throwing it over a lamp-post, but the incident will be truer to life, and therefore more convincing.

*Clown (as before).* Oh! old 'un, here's a peeler coming!

*Bumble.* Pray be under no apprehension. Until the Police Force is placed under the direct control of the Council, the members will do their best to protect you. It stands to reason that a great community like London should have its own guardians under its own direct control.

*Clown (as before).* And now let's jump through this building.

*Bumble.* Again I must put my veto upon your proceedings. If you were to jump through that wall no doubt a placard would appear bearing the legend "Somersault Place." This might be apt, but no change in the nomenclature of the streets can be permitted without the direct sanction of Spring Gardens.

*Clown (as before).* And now let's pelt this house, and all who's in it!

*Bumble.* Stop, stop! You are attacking our own sacred building. (To Harlequin.) Will you be so good as to change the locale. (Harlequin strikes building, which turns into the Mansion House.) Now you may do what you please. For the Corporation of the City of London is so effete that we have no sympathy for it!

*[Scene of bustle and confusion, and curtain.]*

NEW MUSICAL WORK: *Leading Strings*.—If it isn't a title it ought to be for the biographies of celebrated violinists from Paganini to Joachim.



## THOSE LANCERS.

PRETTY partner, how are you  
 After such a set of lancers?  
 No one knowing what to do;  
 We alone of sixteen dancers,  
 Knew a figure, one or two.  
 Pretty partner, how are you?  
 Seven men and seven girls,  
 All in such a fog together;  
 One pair strides, and one pair  
 twirls,  
 Neither of them knowing  
 whether  
 That is what they ought to  
 do,  
 Pretty partner, not like you.  
 You, who dance so very well,  
 Slight, and light, and quite  
 delightful,  
 Belle who bears away the bell;  
 We were forced to stop, how  
 frightful!  
 Yet I found one thing to do,  
 Pretty partner—look at you.  
 In that lamentable block,  
 Some poor lout was sure to  
 trample  
 On the lace that trims your  
 frock,  
 Though the space of floor  
 seemed ample  
 Even for his feet which flew,  
 Pretty partner, after you.  
 Oh, the links of that "grand  
 chain"  
 In such desperate confusion!  
 Feet, not hands, I met with pain,  
 Stamps on toes, kick, bruise,  
 contusion!  
 Yet, alive, I've struggled  
 through,  
 Pretty partner, here with  
 you.



## THE ARAUCARIA.

(Reversion to an early Ancestral Type.)

Grigson. "I SAY, OLD CHAPPIE, IT WOULD PUZZLE YOU TO CLIMB THAT TREE!"

Figures! one alone was good,  
 That was yours, so slim and  
 charming.  
 In your company I would  
 Welcome bruises more alarm-  
 ing.  
 I would dance till all was  
 blue,  
 Pretty partner, if with you.

## AT THE WESTMINSTER PLAY

PLAUDITE! Bravo! Brave!  
*Domini Quippus et Punnus* are  
 very much alive! A fact that  
 may be inferred from just one  
 line (there are more whence this  
 came) in the Westminster  
 play, when *Darus* takes *Mysis*  
 "the New Woman," for his  
 wife, and exclaims:—  
 "O *Mysis*, *Mysis*, tu mea *Missis*  
 eris!"

Surely if the punhating Criticus  
*Sagitaris* (*Mundi*) were present  
 he must have staggered out  
 weeping on hearing the Latin-  
 Anglo-modern-classical pun! O  
 shade of 'Arry Stophanes! O  
 Ghost of Terence (the Corkasian!)  
 are our youths at Westminster  
 to start thus on their career, with  
 nothing better than a poor pun  
 not worth a punny in their  
 pockets! Let *Sagitaris* watch  
 this youthful punster's line of  
 life! He will live to be punished!  
 or to be rewarded as he deserves?  
 After all, Great Pun is not dead;  
 he may be dull, commonplace  
 sometimes, but as he was pre-  
 historic, so is he immortal.  
 There is a great future before  
 the author of the Westminster  
 epilogue.

## Robert Louis Stevenson.

BORN NOVEMBER 13, 1850.  
 DIED DECEMBER 8, 1894.

BRAVE bringer-back of old Romance  
 From shores so few may see,  
 Who oft hath made our pulses dance  
 With thy word-wizardry.  
 We wished, who loved thee long and well,  
 Thy life as endless as the spell  
 Which lured us lingeringly  
 To loiter, like a moon-witched stream,  
 Through thine enchanted world of dream.  
 We mused, with much-expectant smile,  
 On that strange life afar,  
 Flower-girt, in yon Pacific isle,  
 Whereto an alien star  
 Had drawn thee from thy northern home,  
 Scourged by a greyer, chillier foam,  
 Yet dear as the white bar  
 Whose snowy break home-haven marks  
 To battered shore-returning barks.  
 And now across the sundering seas,  
 Delayed, unwelcome, dread,  
 Comes news that breaks our dreamful ease.  
 The Great Romancer dead?  
 It comes like an unnatural blight.  
 That sunny vision quenched in night,  
 That subtle spirit fled?  
 One-half our best soul-life seems gone  
 Out like a spark with STEVENSON.  
 Enough for fame that hand had wrought,  
 But not enough for those  
 Who dreamed his dream, who thought his  
 And grieve that so should close [thought,  
 Fresh-opened doors to Faeryland

Before the poet-Prospero's wand  
 Had wrought the spells he chose.  
 Without *him* amaranth-blooms to cull  
 The world looks Stygian now, and dull.

Teller of Tales, those southern folk  
 Their *Tusitala* hailed.  
 Samoan hearts may mourn the stroke.  
 We, who must leave unsealed,  
 Save in fond fancy, that high peak  
 Where he is tomb'd, who, though flesh-weak  
 In spirit never failed  
 More than his stalwart fathers,—we  
 Send half our hearts across the sea.

The lighthouse-builder raised no light  
 That shall outshine the flame  
 Of genius in its mellowest might  
 That beacons him to fame.  
 And Pals's peak shall do yet more  
 Than the great light at Skerryvore  
 To magnify his name,  
 Who mourned, when stricken flesh would tire,  
 That he was weaker than his sire.

Teller of Tales! Of tales so told  
 That all the world must list.  
 Story sheer withery, style pure gold,  
 Yet with that tricky twist  
 Of Puck-like mockery which betrays  
 The wanderer in this world's mad maze,  
 Not blindly optimist,  
 Who woos Romance, yet sadly knows  
 That Life's sole growth is *not* the Rose.

Dreamer of dreams! Such dreams as draw  
 Glad through the Ivory Gate,  
 In rapt and visionary awe,  
 The soul alert, elate;  
 Eblis obscure, Elysium dim,

And a strange Limbo of wild whim,

Upon us seem to wait,  
 In solemn pomp, when willing thrall  
 To him who held the keys of all.

Thinker of thoughts, fresh, poignant, fine,  
 Wherein no wit may trace  
 That burthen of the Philistine,  
 Chill, barren Commonplace.  
 Who hath not felt the subtle stroke  
 Which can in one choice phrase invoke  
 The soul of charm and grace,  
 Haunting the ear like an old rhyme,  
 A cherished memory for all time?

No more, no more! We shall not see  
 Again the glorious show;  
 No more will wake the wizardry,  
 Nor the charmed music flow.  
 Samoa's silence holds it hushed,  
 The voice whereat our cheeks have flushed  
 A hundred times; and lo!  
 For happy hours, for haunted days,  
 We can but pay with sad, proud praise!

CRACKERS.—TOM SMITH, the up-to-date  
 magician, sends forth from his treasure-cave  
 "bright things which gleam," but not "un-  
 recked of"—at least they won't remain so  
 long, especially if any quiet demon of a school-  
 boy with martial aspirations hears a report of  
 "The Gatling Gun Cracker." The repeating  
 process will be an uncertain pleasure—to  
 others. Then "Snap Shots," taken unawares  
 by a naughty little Cupid—we can imagine the  
 "Surprises!" Knick-knacks are boomed in  
 "Ye Olde Curiosity Shop"—but soft! I will  
 not reveal any further the secrets of the "King  
 of Crackers." Get them—they are an "Open  
 Sesame" to a gaiety of delights.



### ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

*Cyclist (to Fox-hunter, thrown out). "OI SAY, SQUOIRE, 'AVE YOU SEEN THE 'OUNDS?"*

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A BARONTESS junior sends word from the children's quarters that *Your Fortune and Character* is an amusing game, told by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, but published by JOHN JAKES & Co.—evidently not a descendant of the "melancholy JAKES," for he would have "rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms" had the game been at his expense. MASSA BLACKIE & SON send in a story by G. A. HENTY, always so Hentytaining, entitled *When London Burned*. We all ken that when Rome burned NERO fiddled, but this hero—not an 'ero—had every opportunity of extinguishing—my Baronite means "distinguishing himself;" and our cavalier availed himself, after many other wondrous episodes, to rush with warm enthusiasm to throw cold water on this enlightenment of London. Needless to remark, he came scatheless through the fire!

*From Snowden to the Sea*, by MARIE TREVELYAN, shows us Wales in the days of *Merlin* and mythical superstitions, likewise of queer doings on the part of bold, bad buccaneers, in whom we seem to trace something of the origin of the modern Welsher.

A perfect black and white school romance is continued in *My Lost Manuscript*, by MAGGIE SYMINGTON (WELLS, GARDNER AND DARTON). Evidently this youthful writer had not read the wise counsels conveyed in a manual *On the Art of Writing Fiction* (brought out by same publishers), or so much ink would not have been wasted. "After perusing this cheery little book, the much encouraged aspirant," quoth our Baronite with a sigh, "for literary fame, will promptly lay down the pen and write no more." Good news for the editors.

MISS BRADDON, in her delightful story *Christmas Hirelings* (SMITH, MARSHALL & Co.), hits upon a novel suggestion for those folks who don't know how to keep the festive season as it should be kept. Away flies boredom! How? I will not reveal the secret, but if any nicely suppressed little children possess an average Scrooge-like relative, take my advice, and present him with this book. The result will be more than even a child's dream can anticipate. Rather powder in jam to boys will be *The Battle of Frogs and Mice*, by JANE BARLOW (METHUEN), who is evidently a distant connection of

the immortal Mr. Barlow, with so much kind thought for youthful learning. It may be Greek to many who have but a dim, far-off knowledge of the first great burlesque writer: but this his book will bring it all Homer again to us. Quite a relief to turn to our dear *Nonsense Songs and Stories*, by EDWARD LEAR (FREDERICK WARNE & Co.) Vague yellow undulating pessimism notwithstanding, how pleasant is real good nonsense! And even the fairy story cannot be crushed by our juggernaut modern science, than which the imaginative impossible, as in *Thought Fairies*, by HELEN WATERS, and in the *Seven Imps*, by KATHLEEN WALLIS, is so much more attractive to youthful brains. Both books issued by DIGBY, LONG, & Co., and wise of them to do so. MACMILLAN'S issue a splendid new edition of the wonderful *Gulliver's Travels*, with over a hundred illustrations by CHARLES E. BROCK, which ought to make the book go off like BROCK'S fireworks. Its very warm cover suggests a seasonable book, *A Righte Merrie Christmase*, by JOHN ASHTON (Leadenhall Press), who, fancying that some of its customs and privileges might be forgotten, collects all that has been done or could be done at this annual event. Some of ye ancient goings on make one wonder whether feasts were better kept when they spelt with such unreasonable euphony. It must have been "merrie in halle" when the wassail song was ordinarily sung as depicted by A. C. BEHREND in his exquisite copper etching.

*London Society* is peculiarly bright and cheerful this Yuletide, and keeps up its excellent reputation. A good medley is *London Society*. And here is a very bright little *Woman* this Christmastide. Quite a festive party with her capital stories and supplement of "Types of the World's Women." Just "Woman, lovely woman" in all styles and shades. Without being more vain than any other average islander, one feels grateful for belonging to the British group—no offence to the other ladies, to whom we take off our hat, and, whilst including the rest, salute advancing *Woman*. "And it is this New *Woman*, not the New Woman of the period, whom," quoth the Baron, "I salute with pleasure," and to whom he wishes a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year, and signs himself

THE GENTIAL BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## READING BETWEEN THE LINES.

(A Physician's Protest.)

MR. PUNCH,—As a specialist of some standing and experience, I wish, Sir, to call attention, through the medium of your valuable paper, to the injurious effects of a certain occupation upon the minds of the individuals engaged therein, and to the advisability of taking steps, before it is too late, for their protection.

The occupation to which I refer is that of devising and arranging what I understand are technically known as "head-lines" for the contents-bills of the more inexpensive London evening papers—an occupation which I have no hesitation in characterising, on evidence unconsciously supplied by the sufferers themselves, as a highly dangerous employment.

I am not sufficiently versed, Sir, in the *minutiae* of newspaper routine, to know what precise class of persons are entrusted with this particular responsibility, though I have a strong suspicion that it may be one of the many forms of degrading drudgery which the selfishness of man has imposed upon the weaker sex. If so, of course it only increases the necessity for interference.

And, whoever and whatever the persons performing such duties may be, it is painfully obvious that they are labouring under conditions of mental excitement, the strain of which no nervous system can support for any length of time without inevitable and complete collapse.

Should there be any who consider this an overstatement on my part, I merely ask them to give a glance at some of these same contents-sheets which are nightly displayed in our chief thoroughfares. Let them mark the monstrous size of the lettering, the peculiar extravagance of the epithets selected, the morbid insistence upon unpleasant details, and then doubt, if they can, that the unhappy persons employed in such an industry are affected thereby with some obscure form of hysteria. Otherwise, let me ask you, Sir, is it likely, is it credible, that seasoned journalists, tough men of the world, in touch with life at innumerable points, could, in a normal state of health, be so constantly "Startled," "Amazed," "Astounded," "Shocked," "Appalled," and "Revolted," as they admit themselves to be, almost every evening, by reports and rumours which a little reflection would convince them were utterly unfounded, or by events too ordinary and commonplace, one might have supposed, to upset the mental equilibrium of a neurotic rabbit?

Occasionally, too, there are symptoms of an excessive reverence for rank, which, when found in the more democratic organs (where, indeed, they are chiefly observable), denote a somewhat distempered state of intellect, the delusion apparently being that the mere possession of any sort of title renders its owner immaculate. Thus, they announce with awestricken solemnity "A Peer's Peccadilloes," or "A Baronet Bilks his Baker," giving these events a poster all to themselves, as others would an earthquake, or some portent of direst significance.

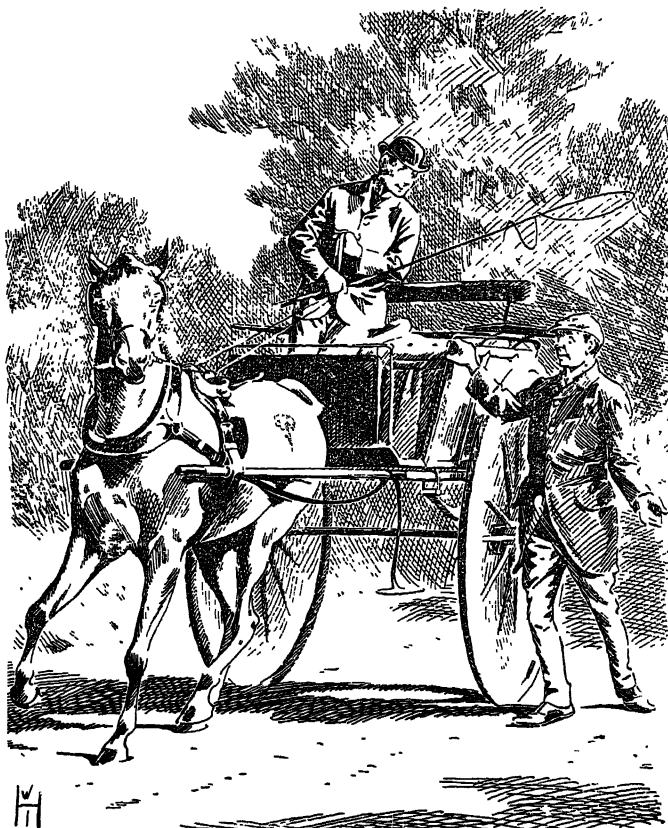
Now this loss of the sense of proportion in human affairs, Sir, is a very bad sign, and a well-nigh infallible indicator of nerve-strain and general overpressure.

But I find a yet more unmistakable evidence in support of my contention in the extraordinary emotional sensibility revealed by these headlines whenever some unfortunate person has been sentenced to death for the most commonplace murder. There is clearly a profound conviction that the jury who heard the evidence, the judge who pronounced their verdict of guilty, the only possible conclusion they could reasonably come to, and the HOME SECRETARY who found himself unable to recommend a reprieve, were, one and all, engaged in a cold-blooded conspiracy against a perfectly innocent man. The convict has said so himself, and that seems to be considered sufficient. And so, night after night, the authors of these headlines harrow themselves by announcing such items as "Blank protests his innocence to his Solicitor," "A Petition in Preparation," "Painful Interview," "Blank Hopeful," "Blank Depressed," "Distressing Scene on the Scaffold," "Blank's Last Words."

Consider the strain of all these alternations of hope and despair, repeated time after time, and almost invariably without even the consolation of deferring the fate of their *protégé* by a single hour! Is it not too much for the strongest constitution to endure? a service which society has no right to demand from any of its members?

Yes, Sir, whether these devoted servants of the public know it or not, they are running a most frightful risk; the sword which hangs above their heads may fall at any moment.

Suppose, for example—and it is surely not wholly an imaginary danger I foresee—suppose that some day some event should happen somewhere of real and serious importance. Have they left themselves any epithet in reserve capable of expressing their sensations at



## VERY HARD LINES.

*Young Farmer (pulling up at urgent appeal of Pedestrian).* "HILLO! THAT YOU, TIM? WANT ANOTHER SITUATION! WHY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE LIVING WITH CAPTAIN ADDLEPATE AS COACHMAN?"

*Tim.* "SO I WAS, SOR; BUT 'TWA'SN'T A FAIR BARGIN. SHURE WE WAS NEVER TO GET THRUNK BOTH AT WANCE, SOR!"

*Young Farmer (amused).* "WELL, THAT SEEMS FAIR ENOUGH, ANYWAY."

*Tim.* "BUT, BEGORRA, SOR, THE CAPTIN WAS THRUNK THE WHOLE BLISSID TOIME!"

all adequately? They have not; they have squandered participles and adjectives in such reckless profusion that they will discover they are reduced to the condition of inarticulate bankrupts; and, speaking as a medical man, acute cerebral congestion would be the very least result that I should anticipate.

Or the determining shock might come from more trivial causes. For instance, we might lose a distinguished statesman, or an iron-clad, at the very moment when a football match was decided, or when the professional tipster attached to their particular journal published his "finals." Think of the mental conflict before determining the relative importance of these events, and awarding one or the other its proper prominence on the posters; and then ask yourself, Sir, whether it is an ordeal that any human being of an impressionable, excitable temperament should be required to undergo.

What precise remedy should be adopted I do not profess to point out. Perhaps some one of the numerous leagues established to protect adult citizens against themselves might take the matter up, and insist upon these contents-bills being set up for the future in smaller type and with epithets of a more temperate order. Perhaps Parliament or the London County Council might be asked to interfere. All that is not within my province, Sir, but this I do say: unless some measures are taken *soon*, the heavy responsibility will be upon us of having permitted a small but deserving class of our fellow-creatures to hurry themselves into premature mental decay by the pernicious and unwholesome nature of their employment.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,  
HIPPOCRATES HELLEBORE, M.D., F.R.C.P.

THE REV. DR. GEE, Vicar of Windsor, is now installed Canon of St. George's Chapel. *Prosit!* Our best wish for him is that, when he is going to give an exceedingly good sermon, may this particular Gee not discover that he is a little hoarse.



### MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAID OTHERWISE!

*He (to elderly Young Lady, after a long Walk). "YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A SPLENDID DANCER!"*

#### "OH, THE MISTLETOE BOUGH!"

*(A New Seasonable Song to an old Seasonable Tune.)*

THE mistletoe hung on the brave old oak,  
The sickle went clinketing stroke upon stroke;  
The lads and the lasses were blithe and gay,  
And gambolled in Old Father Christmas's way.  
Old Christmas held high with a joyous pride  
The berried branch dear unto damsel and bride;  
For its silvery berries they seemed to be,  
The stars of that goodly companie.

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!!

"Who wearies of kissing?" the Old Man cried.  
"Let her be a New Woman, but never a bride!"

Ha! ha! The old custom's approval I trace  
In red lip and blue eye upon every face.  
It was ever so, since time began.

'Tis the way of the maid, 'tis the way of the man.  
'Tis also 'the way of a man with a maid,'  
For Cupid's barter's the oldest trade."

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!

"They are seeking to-day every new fangled  
way;

Some tell us that wooing has had its day.  
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest lot,  
The gleam of Love's berry makes one bright  
spot.

And years may fly, as they will fly, fast,  
But one good old custom at least shall last;

And when Christmas appears still the maids  
will cry:—

'See! the Old Man bears the Love-berry on  
high!'"

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!!

"Gather!" he cried, and he waved his sickle.  
"Oh! fortune changes, and fashion's fickle;  
And youth grows mannish, and manhood old,  
And red lips wither, warm hearts grow cold:  
But whenever I come, midst the Yuletide  
snows,

'Tis not Spring's lily, or Summer's rose  
Young men and maidens demand, I trow,  
But old Winter's white-berried Kissing-  
bough."

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!!

"For lilies wither, and roses pale,  
But the Kissing-bough keeps up the old, old  
tale.

And dull were the world should the old tale  
cease!

Be it kiss of passion, or kiss of peace,  
The meaning when lip unto lip is laid  
Is goodwill on earth to man, and maid.  
That's Yule's best lesson, good friends I vow,  
So reckon ye the rede of the Mistletoe Bough!"

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!!

So they gather around him with laugh and  
joke.

'Neath the spreading boughs of that brave  
old oak,

Which hath shelter for all, from the English  
rose

To the whitest snow-bell from Canada's snows,  
Or hot India's lotus-bud dainty and sweet.

But the cry of them all, as in mirth they meet  
Old Father Christmas, as ever, so now,

Is "Hands all round 'neath the Mistletoe  
Bough!"

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough!!

Our brave, bonny Mistletoe Bough!!!

### CURIOUS ACCIDENT TO MRS. RAMSBOTHAM.

STROLLING through Pimlico the other day  
Mrs. R. was attracted by evidence of a sale  
by auction going forward in one of the resi-  
dences in that desirable quarter. Having  
half an hour to spare she thought she would  
look in. "I was quite surprised," she writes  
to her son, "when I entered the room to see  
a gentleman standing in a pulpit which I  
knew was Mr. PIPCHOSE, leastway, his  
whiskers were not so mutton-ch'ppy; but I  
could not mistake him, though n eeting him  
only once at tea at Mrs. BROWN's where he  
was very pressing with the muffins. He  
looked at me in just the same meaning way  
as when he said, 'Mrs. RAM. won't you take  
another piece of sugar, though as I know it's  
carrying coals to Newcastle?' I'm not above  
recognising my friends, wherever I meet  
them, and gave him a friendly nod, and  
before I knew where I was, I found I had  
bought for £3 9s. 6d. a wool mattress; a pair  
of tongs (rather bent); a barometer (with the  
quicksilver missing); a small iron bedstead;  
a set of tea-things (mostly cracked); an arm-  
chair, and a sofa warranted hair-stuffed, but  
certainly having only three legs. It wasn't  
Mr. PIPCHOSE at all, as I might have known  
if I had taken another look at his whiskers,  
but only a forward auctioneer."

"THE Chinese Government," observed the  
*City Times* last week, "is seeking new  
channels for money." Decidedly China is in  
straits, and will soon be apparently quite at sea.





“OH, THE MISTLETOE BOUGH!”

FATHER CHRISTMAS. “HA! HA! WITH ALL THEIR NEW-FANGLED NOTIONS, HERE’S ONE OLD CUSTOM ALL AGREE IN KEEPING UP!”





## TO MELENDIA.

(A Repentance in Triolets.)

I SWORE to you, dear, there was mistletoe there,  
 Though I knew all the time there was none.  
 As I stole a sweet kiss from you out on the stair  
 I swore to you, dear, there was mistletoe there.  
 I have plenty of sins on my soul, dear, to bear,  
 But at least I've confessed now to one.  
 I swore to you, dear, there was mistletoe there  
 Though I knew all the time there was none.



I am sorry. I never will do it again,  
 And please am I fully forgiven?  
 In the future from falsehood I mean to refrain.  
 I am sorry. I never will do it again,  
 But look at yourself in your glass to explain  
 Why to mistletoe tale I was driven.  
 I am sorry. I never will do it again,  
 And please am I fully forgiven?

There's an answer you'll send if you're thoroughly kind,  
 That will make me feel free from all blame.  
 I hope you'll be glad, dear MELENDIA, to find  
 There's an answer you'll send if you're thoroughly kind.  
 It's this, "Though the mistletoe was but a blind,  
 Still with none I'd have done just the same."  
 There's the answer you'll send if you're thoroughly kind  
 That will make me feel free from all blame.

THE BARON'S P.S.—*The Border Waverley*, brought out by NIMMO, and edited by ANDREW LANG, is now concluded, and a fine set of volumes it makes. No better collection of books as a Christmas present for anyone with a regard to a future of literary enjoyment.

Nos omnesne laudamus Nimmo?  
 Et respondit Echo: "Immo."

"Ha! ha! I don't go to a Westminster Play, for nothing quoth the Baron; though he added *sotto voce*, "Yes I do though, as I'm a guest."

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

GENOA in November. It is summer time. Put on thin suit, drink my *café au lait* by open window, and stroll out into beautiful Genoa, basking in the sunshine. *Déjeuner* in the garden of a restaurant, among the old palaces. Sit in the shade, without my hat. Think of all the poor people in London. Wonder if anyone is having a frugal lunch at the funny little open-air restaurant in Hyde Park. Lemonade and a bath bun in a fog. Should imagine not.

Charming place, Genoa. Hardly any Germans. Can at last hear people talking Italian. In Venice there are so many Germans that one might as well be in Germany. Sitting out on the Piazza, one hears incessantly their monotonous, guttural chatter, always in the same tone of voice, without inflections, without emotion, and, worst of all, without end. Watched at the hotel *table d'hôte* a German lady sitting between two German gentlemen. One man talked loudly without ceasing, mouth full or mouth empty, from soup to dessert. The other man, rather older and feebler, also talked without ceasing, but he could not equal the other's noise; he only added to it. As for the lady, her lips moved all the time; one could imagine the *ja wohl*, the *ach*, so? the *ja, ja, ja*, but one could not hear a word. At Florence, at Milan, on the Lakes it is the same. If by chance one hears a Frenchman speak, his charming language sounds more vivacious and melodious than ever before. So it is good to be in Genoa, where even the best hotel is kept by Italians. Apparently every other good hotel in Italy is kept by Herr SCHMIDT, or Herr WEBER, or Herr SOMETHINGROTHER, and all the servants are German also. There is one hotel in Genoa kept by a German. It faces the harbour. All night long there are whistles, screams, bangs, rumblings, bumps, roars, and other sounds from trains, ships, and tramways. All day long there is the same noise, only more of it. But the Germans do not mind; they talk just the same, and they make each other hear through it all.

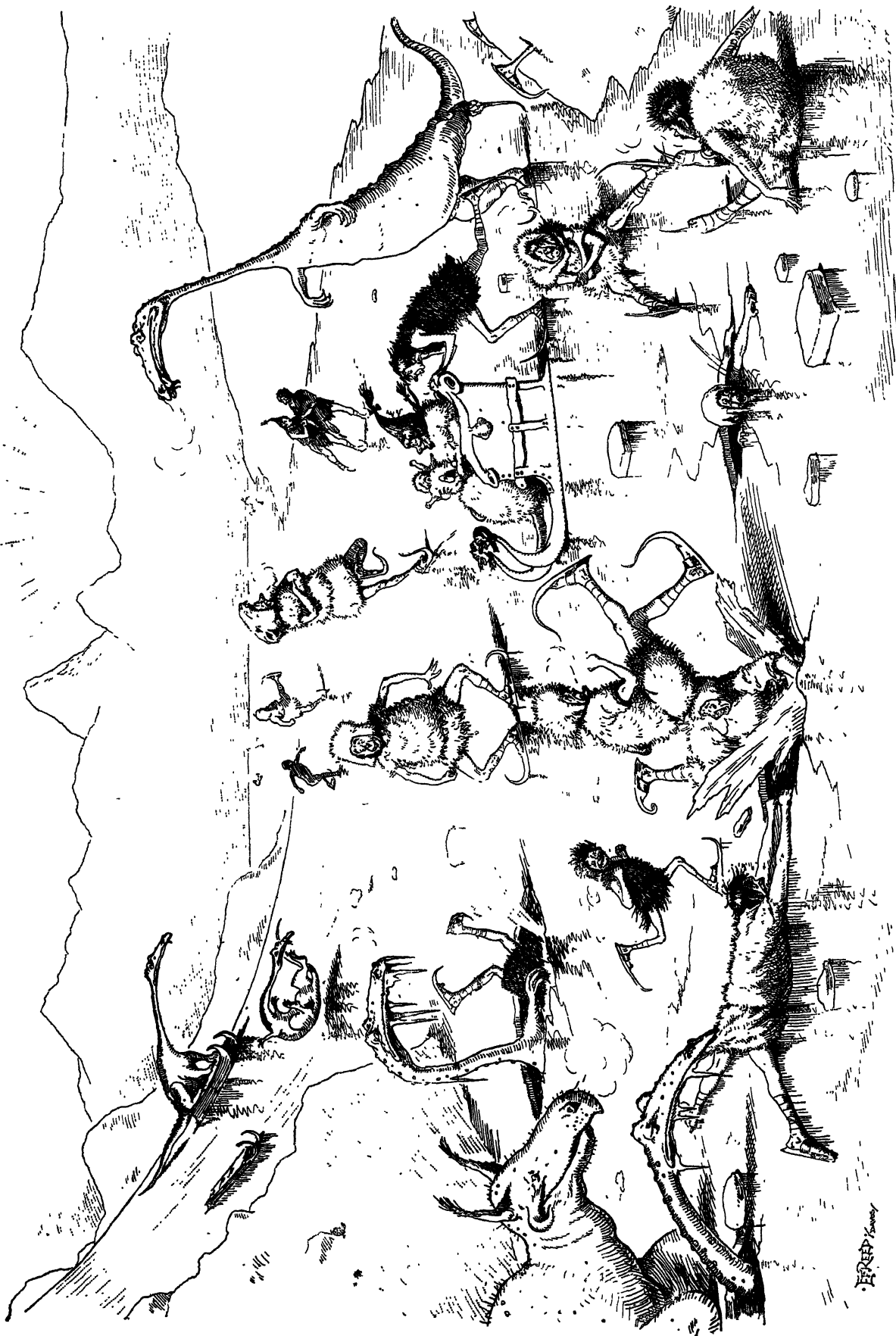
Charming place, Genoa, with a town hall that is the gayest imaginable. Marble staircases, vestibules adorned with palms, beautiful little gardens, at all sorts of levels, outside the windows of the various offices. Everywhere flowers. If the town rates in Genoa are paid at the Town Hall, the paying of them must be almost pleasant. One would go with that horrible demand note, if that is used also in Italy, and fancy that one was arriving at a ball. The palm-decorated entrance looks just like it. It only needs a lady rate collector, such as one hears of in England, and one surely, in whatever manner the Italians may say it, would beg the charming signora to give one the honour and pleasure of a dance, and scribble her name on the programme—I mean the demand note. And no doubt, the Italian officials being leisurely and the space being ample, one could find time for a waltz in the intervals of rate paying, or at least sit it out in one of the delightful little gardens of this ideal Palazzo Municipale.

And so farewell to sunny Genoa, and off to Turin. German hotel again, German proprietor, German servants. Solitary German visitor drinking his morning coffee. The hotels of Turin are not crowded; he and I are alone. What will the poor man do? He must talk his awful language to someone. He shan't talk it to me, for I will pretend I do not understand even one word. The waiter has left the room. Must the poor man be silent? Thunderweather, ah no! Happilywise he is saved. The considerate proprietor, thoughtful of his countryman's needs, enters; he stands by the visitor's table, and the talk begins. When it ends I cannot say, for I leave them, well started and in good voice, and hear, as I think, their sweetly melodious phrases for the last time in Italy. The train carries me away. There is not much more of Italy now, for here is the Mont Cenis tunnel. Farewell, beautiful country, beautiful pictures, beautiful language! There is someone leaning out of the next carriage window. No doubt he is also saddened; he is speaking to others inside, his voice is cheerful, he is evidently trying not to give way to despair. Now I hear what he says, "*Da werde ich ein Glas Bier trinken, ja, ja, ja!*"

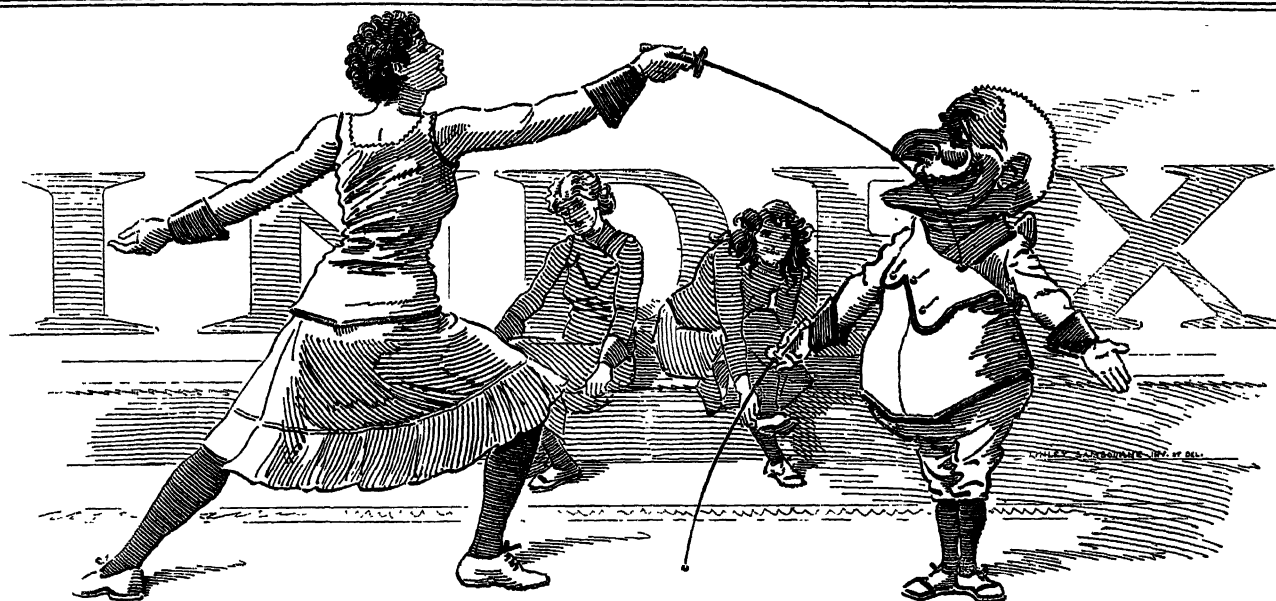
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